HOLLIS DANN MUSIC COURSE

FIFTH YEAR MUSIC

HOLLIS DANN

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HOLLIS DANN MUSIC COURSE

FIFTH YEAR MUSIC

HOLLIS DANN, Mus. D.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, AND HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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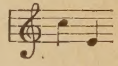
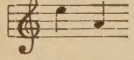
BY HOLLIS DANN

DANN FIFTH YEAR MUSIC

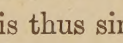
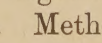
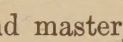
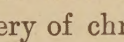
E. P. 37

PREFACE

Music reading, like the reading of English, is possible only when the symbols convey definite thought to the reader. Hence, oral mastery of all tonal and rhythmic problems used in sight reading material should always precede the use of such material in sight singing practice. The lessons and methods of presentation are outlined in detail in the author's New Manual for Teachers. Music Writing Book Number Two is especially designed for the written work of the Fifth Year.

EYE TRAINING. Instant recognition through the eye of intervals represented on the staff, must supplement the knowledge of intervals acquired by ear training. A pupil may know intervals aurally,  or  for example, and still be unable to recognize them on the staff fast enough to read successfully. Sufficient practice in eye training is a prime essential and is earnestly recommended.

TONE STUDY. Chromatic tones are treated not as new problems but as new applications of scale relations already known. The pupil is led to see that *di, ri, fi, si,* and *li* each has the same relation to the scale tone just above as *ti* has to *do;* that *ra, me, se, le,* and *te* have the same relation to the scale tone just below as *fa* has to *mi.* The study of chromatic tones is thus simplified by "welding" together the chromatic tone and the relative scale tone as one thought. Methods and material for the study and mastery of chromatic tones will be found in the author's New Manual for Teachers.

NEW RHYTHMS. The new rhythmic problem is four even tones to the beat ($\frac{2}{4}$ ). No difficulty will be found with these rhythms if the pupil has acquired the habit of beating the measure, and if he is taught always to think four tones to the beat. He should feel four tones to the beat when he sees such combinations as  or , which are equivalent to  and  . Sensing the rhythm is as necessary to music reading as is the power to hear the tones mentally.

Material for practice of these important rhythms will be found in the little songs at the bottom of the several study pages and the pages opposite, and in many songs throughout the book.

PART SINGING. Extensive part singing has been purposely deferred until now, when the age and advancement of the pupil should insure a safe and successful experience. The two-part material has been chosen with especial reference to maintaining good tone quality while acquiring the power to sing either part. The continued study of triads begun orally in the fourth year, will be found useful in developing independence in part singing.

SONG INTERPRETATION. The importance of artistic interpretation cannot be overestimated. Mellow and pleasing tone quality, clear enunciation and articulation of the text, and musicianly rendering of the music should be the aim of every school. Correct tempo is a vitally important feature of song interpretation. Extraordinary care has been taken to secure a natural, rhythmic setting for every text, so that the words may be sung as a good reader would render them. Hence the correct tempo may usually be found by reading the text of the song.

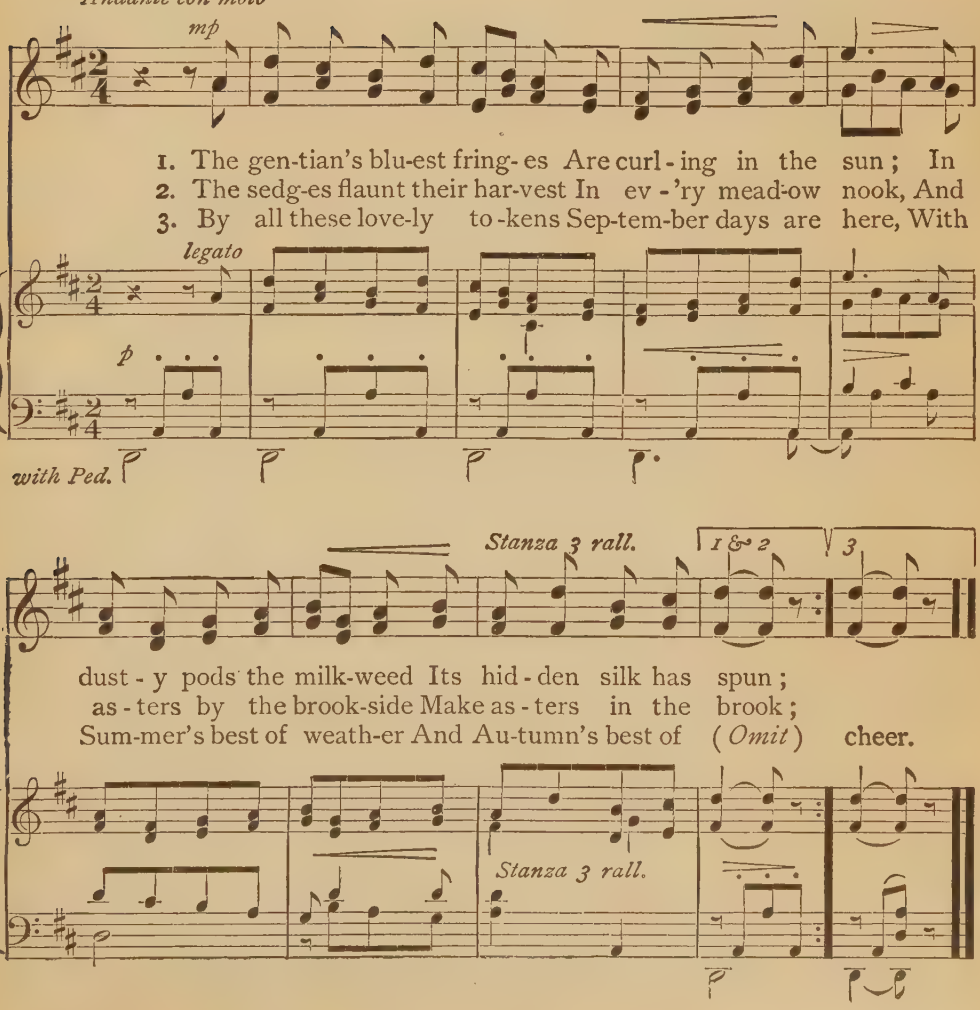
HOME SINGING. The use of school songs in the home is a most important feature in the development of community singing. It is an index of the pupil's interest in the songs he has learned as well as an effective means of interesting parents in the work of the school. There is something radically wrong with school singing which does not reach a large proportion of the homes of the children. With this in mind the adaptability of the material to home use has been carefully considered.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. Thanks are due to the Century Company for the privilege of using the following poems which appeared in St. Nicholas: "Elinor Jane," "Going to the Fair," "The Big Drum," "The Land of Make-Believe," "The Waterfall"; and to The Youth's Companion for the poem, "Playmates."

FIFTH YEAR MUSIC

SEPTEMBER

Helen Hunt — John E. West

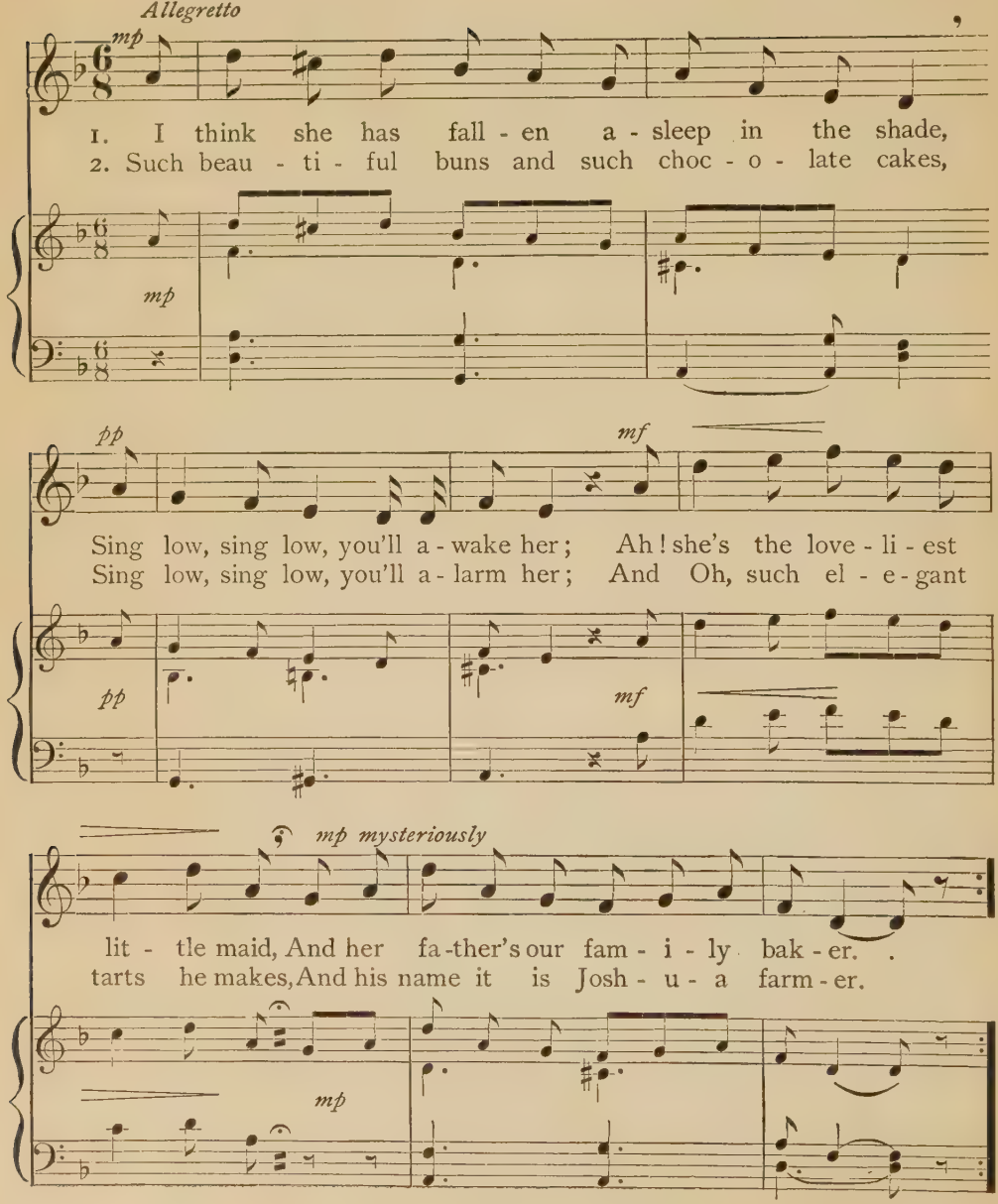

Andante con moto
mp
1. The gen-tian's blu-est fring-es Are curl-ing in the sun; In
2. The sedg-es flaunt their har-vest In ev-'ry mead-ow nook, And
3. By all these love-ly to-kens Sep-tem-ber days are here, With
legato
p
with Ped.
Stanza 3 rall.
1 & 2
3
dust-y pods the milk-weed Its hid-den silk has spun;
as-ters by the brook-side Make as-ters in the brook;
Sum-mer's best of weath-er And Au-tumn's best of (Omit) cheer.
Stanza 3 rall.

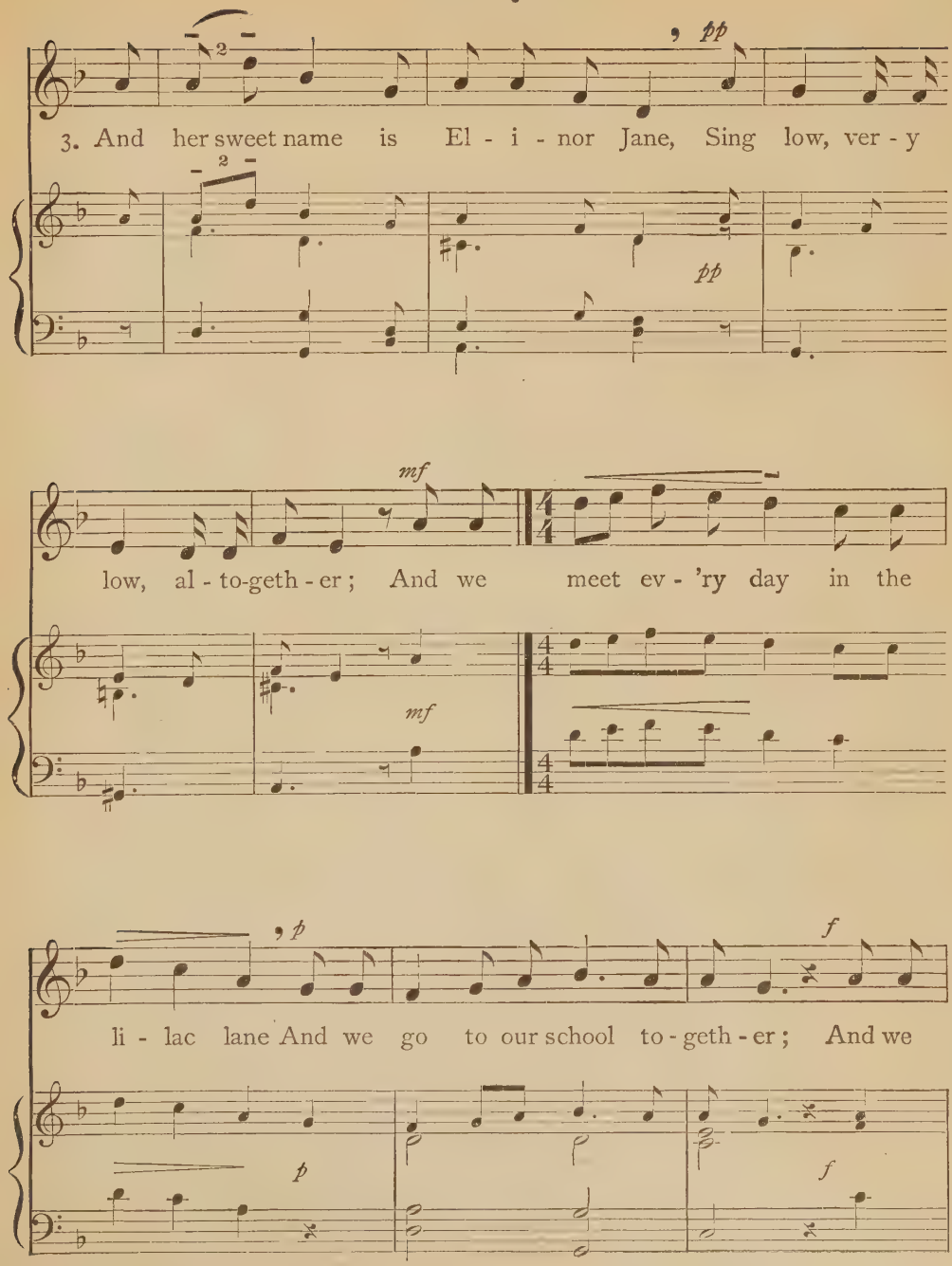
ELINOR JANE

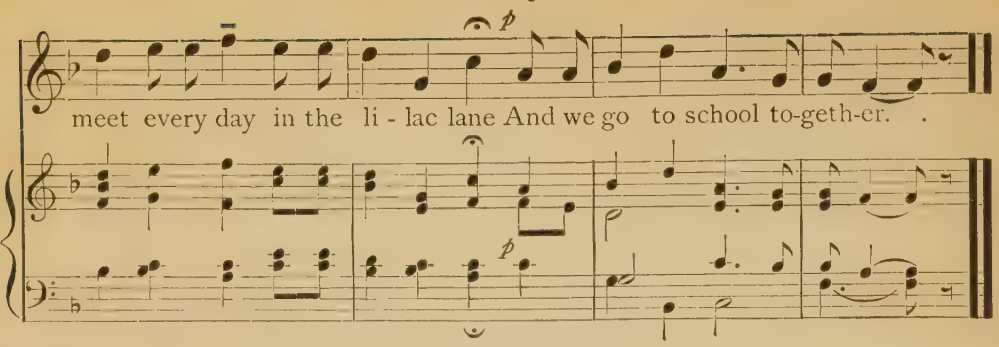
ROTE SONG

C. F. Cranch in St. Nicholas

D. H. Ellsworth

Allegretto

mp
1. I think she has fall - en a - sleep in the shade,
2. Such beau - ti - ful buns and such choc - o - late cakes,
mp
pp
mf
Sing low, sing low, you'll a - wake her; Ah! she's the love - li - est
Sing low, sing low, you'll a - larm her; And Oh, such el - e - gant
pp
mf
mp mysteriously
lit - tle maid, And her fa-ther's our fam - i - ly bak - er.
tarts he makes, And his name it is Josh - u - a farm - er.
mp

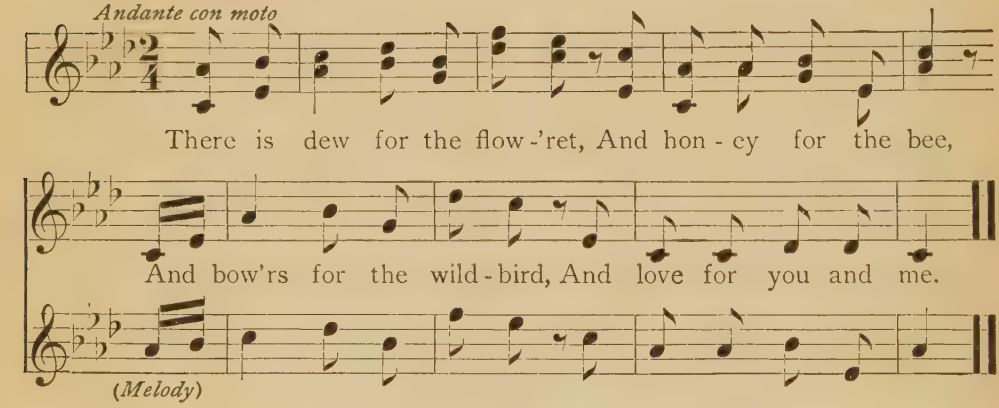

3. And her sweet name is El - i - nor Jane, Sing low, ver - y
low, al - to-geth - er; And we meet ev - 'ry day in the
li - lac lane And we go to our school to - geth - er; And we



BLESSINGS

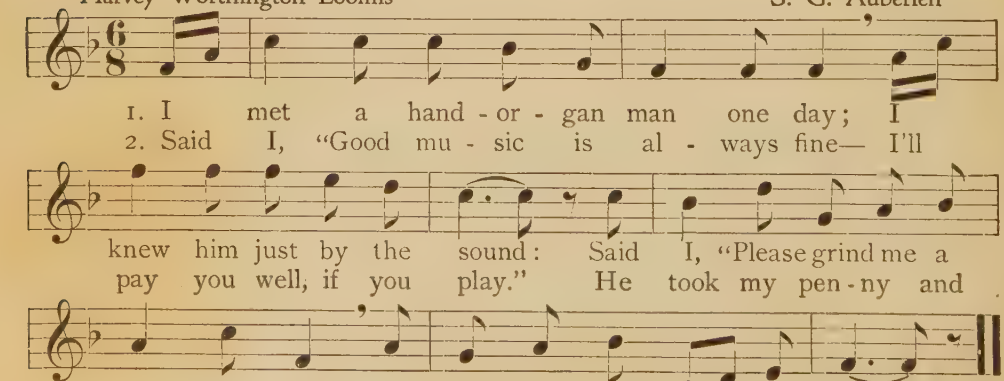
Thomas Moore

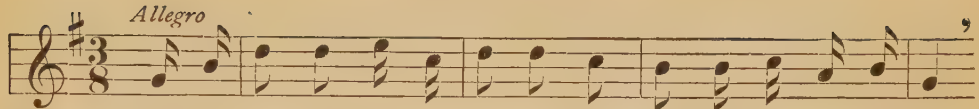
Andante con moto

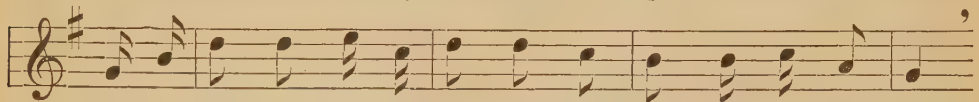


THE ORGAN GRINDER

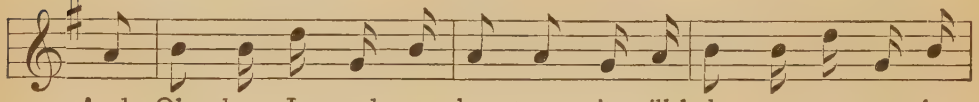
Harvey Worthington Loomis S. G. Auberlen

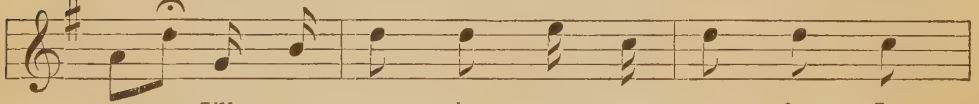
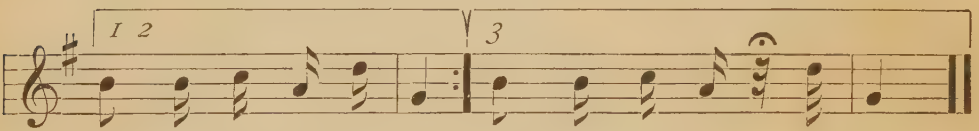

1. I met a hand - or - gan man one day; I
2. Said I, "Good mu - sic is al - ways fine— I'll
knew him just by the sound: Said I, "Please grind me a
pay you well, if you play." He took my pen - ny and
tune;" said he, "How fine do you want it
turned the crank, And ground the whole tune a - way!
ground?"

THE LANTERN

Boys 1. "May I take your lit - tle lan-tern? The night's ver - y, ver - y dark;
Girls 2. "Oh, I do not want to lend it, 'twould leave me with-out a light;
Boys 3. "Man-y thanks then, for your kindness; I'll go to an - oth - er friend,



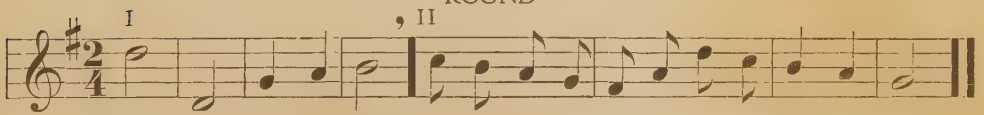
Not a star shines up a - bove me, nor moon, tho' the dogs bark;
Call a - gain some oth - er eve - ning, with stars shin - ing all bright.
For a lan - tern, just a lan - tern is so ea - sy to lend.



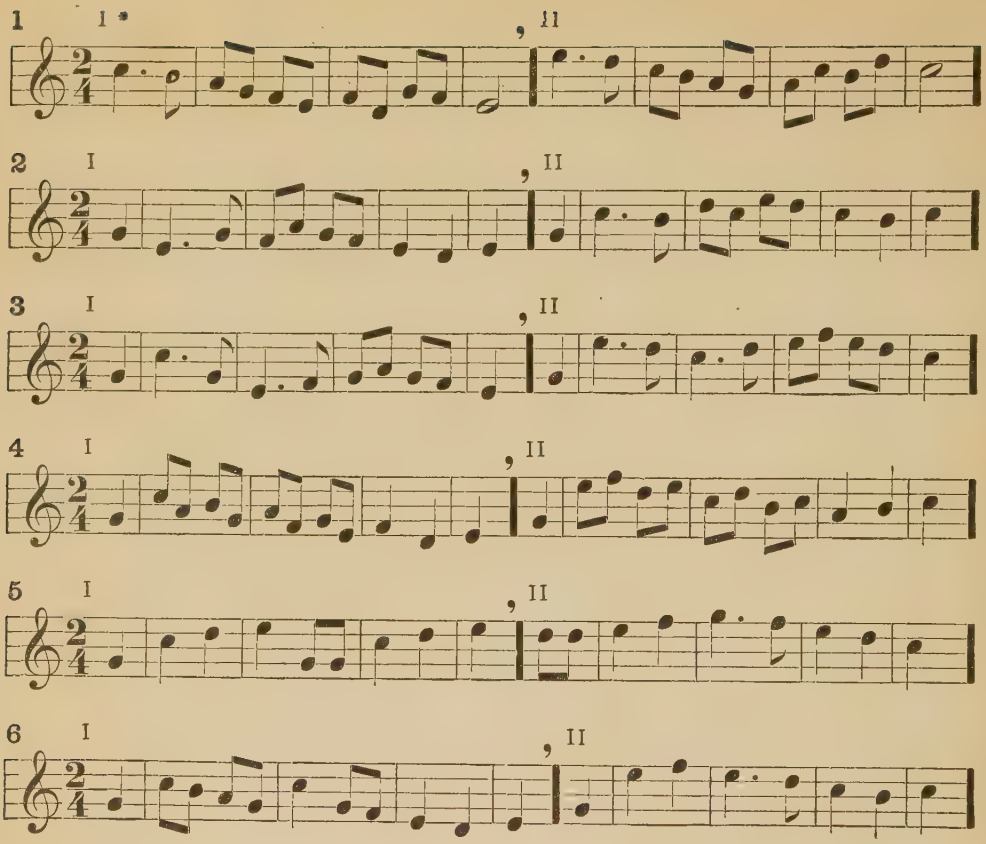
And Oh, how I need a lan - tern, it will help me up - on the
A girl lives a - round the cor - ner; bor-row hers, but I've not a
A fair's go - ing on to - mor - row and I hoped to have tak - en

way; I'll re - turn it ver - y soon, for I
doubt That as soon as you have lit it, her
you, But I might not see my way there, so

pass ev - 'ry oth - er day."
moth - er will blow it out."
(*omit.* . . . . . .) *fair,* pret - ty Miss, a - dieu!"

VOICES

ROUND

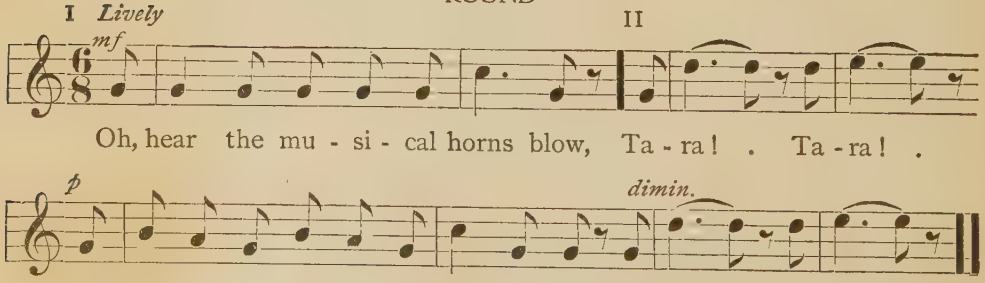


1. High, low, voic - es sound, Blending in the mu-sic of a joy - ful round.
2. Loud, soft, sad or gay, Sing-ing is a sol-ace on the dark-est day.



HUNTING HORNS

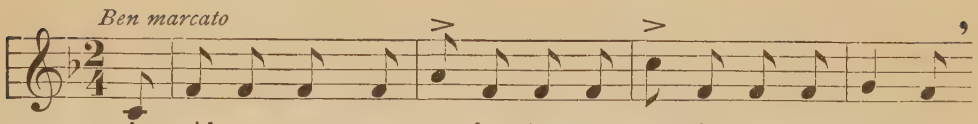
ROUND



* These studies should be sung first in unison; afterwards they may be sung as rounds

THE MAID AND THE HAZEL TREE

Ben marcato



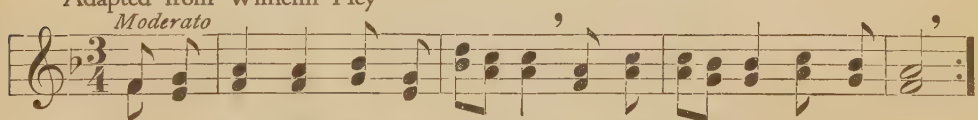
1. A maid - en saw an eg - lan-tine* a - mong the au-tumn heath-er ;
2. The maid - en said, "Dear ha - zel-tree, how sweet-ly you are grow - ing!"
3. "And that, with all the sun and dew will keep me look-ing sight - ly,

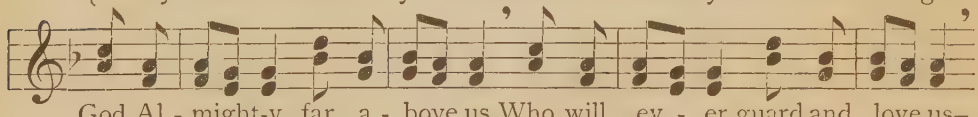
The rose-bush and a ha - zel - tree, were grow-ing there to - geth - er--
The tree re - plied, "My child, no more than you, with cheeks a - glow-ing ;
As you with food and slum-ber ev - er grow to blos - som bright-ly,

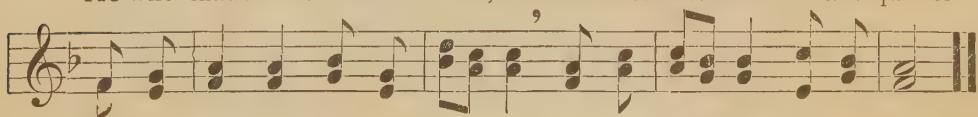
The tree, the maid, the eg - lan - tine, and bright Sep-tem-ber weath - er !
What makes me green and gold, you know, is sap with - in me flow - ing."
And each of us, with heav-en's care, will learn to live a - right - ly."

GOD'S GIFTS

Adapted from Wilhelm Hey

Moderato

1. Can you count the sil - ver star-rays In the Sky-land of the Night ?
   Can you say how man - y cloud-ships At the dawn-time sail in white ?
2. Can you count the notes of mu - sic In the song-birds air - y flight ?
   Can you tell how man - y rose-buds On the way-side blos-som bright ?



God Al - might-y far a - bove us, Who will ev - er guard and love us--
He who made the sea and riv - er, Where the sunbeams dance and quiv-er--

He has num-bered all these wonders, And he holds them in his sight.
He has named each thing of beau-ty Which he made for our de - light

**Eglantine*, the wild rose; *Ben marcato*, well marked

THE OWL

ROTE SONG

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Daniel Protheroe

Moderato con moto

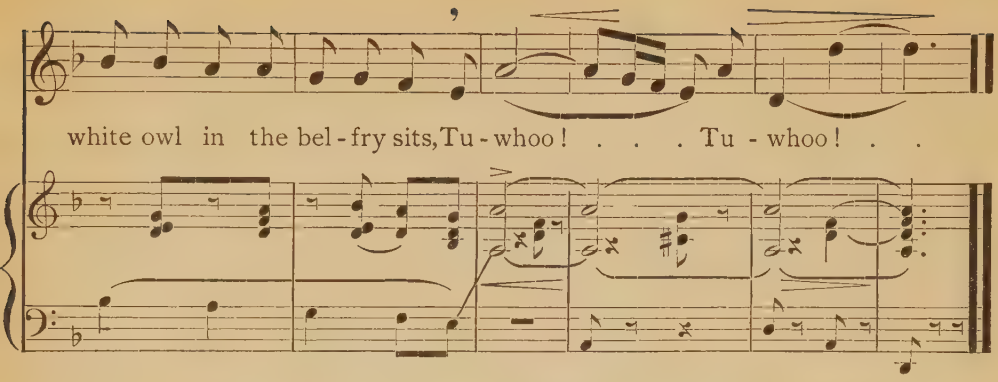
1. When cats run home and the light is come And the dew is cold up -
2. When mer - ry milk - maids click the latch, And rare - ly smells the

on the ground, And the far - off, far - off stream is dumb, And the
new - mown hay, And the cock hath sung be - neath the thatch,

poco rit. *a tempo*

whirr-ing sail goes round, goes round, A-lone and warming his five wits, The
Twice or thrice his round - e - lay, A-lone and warming his five wits, The

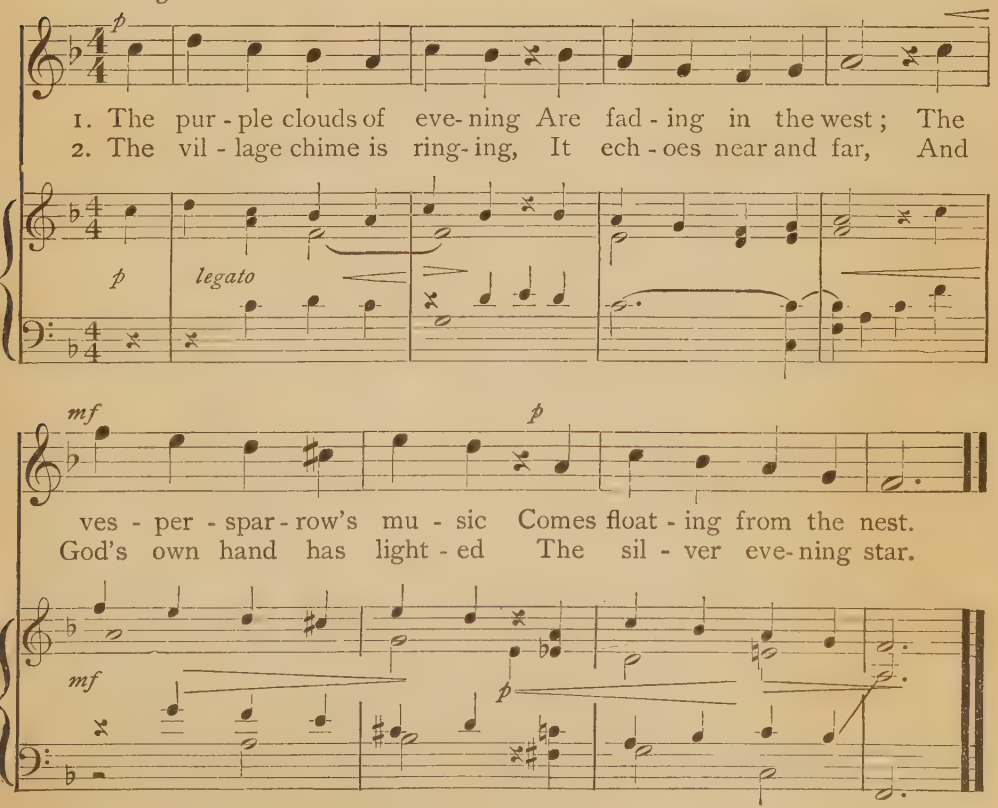
poco rit. *a tempo*



TWILIGHT SONG

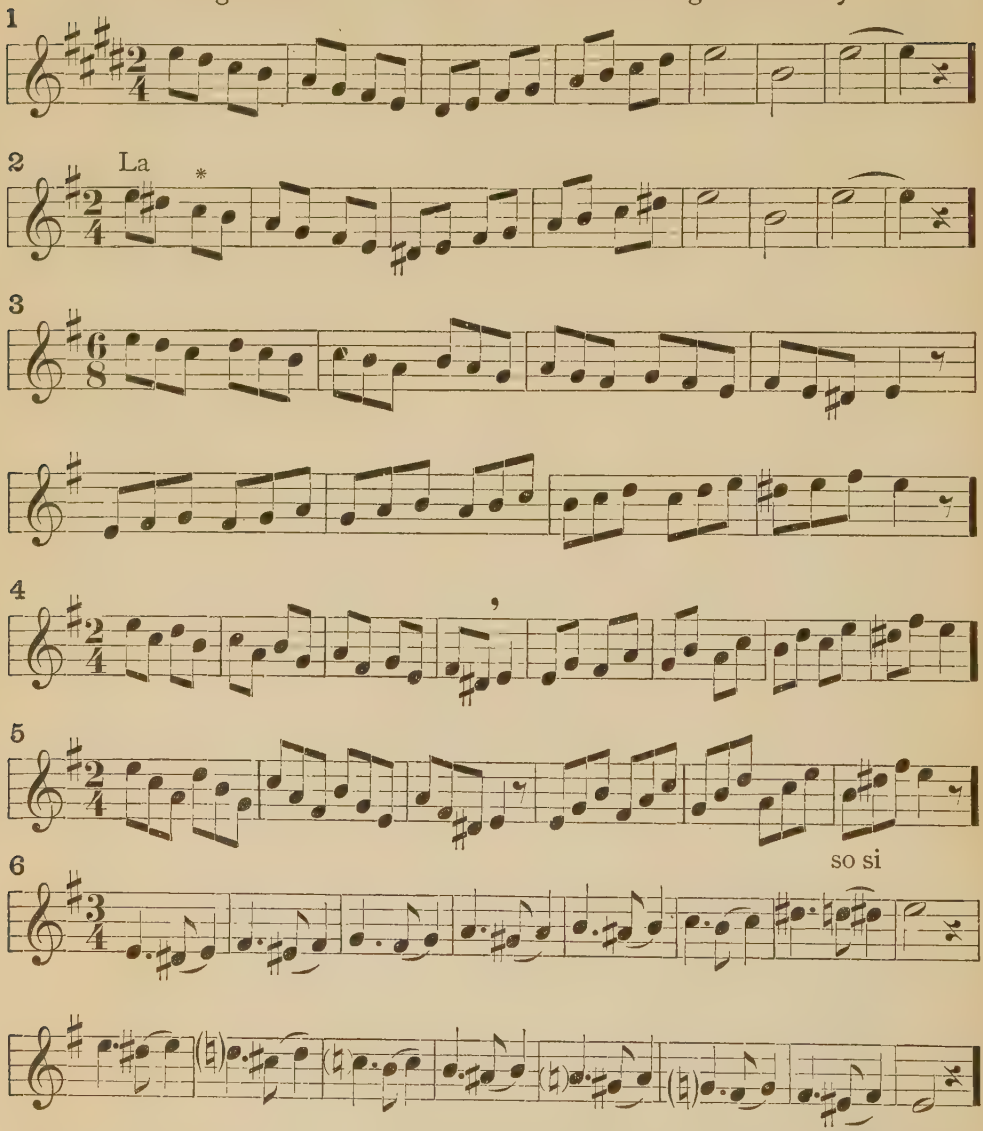
George W. Pennington — James Lloyd Fullerton

Allegretto


p
1. The pur - ple clouds of eve - ning Are fad - ing in the west; The
2. The vil - lage chime is ring - ing, It ech - oes near and far, And
p
legato
mf
p
ves - per - spar - row's mu - sic Comes float - ing from the nest.
God's own hand has light - ed The sil - ver eve - ning star.
mf
p

Reference: **Manual, Book Two, Pages 70–71**

The following studies should be memorized and sung individually



An accidental (♯, ♭, or ♮) in parentheses is a reminder that the one used in the previous measure is cancelled. It is an additional precaution against carrying the effect of an accidental over the bar.

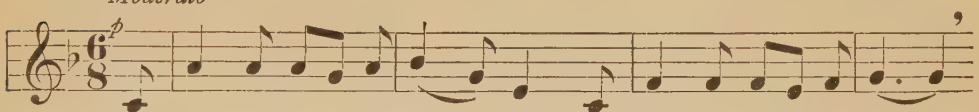
* This tone in the descending harmonic minor scale is usually sung flat of the correct pitch

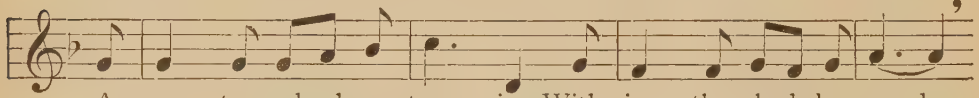
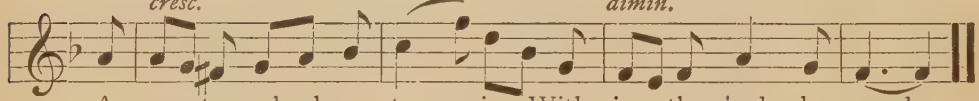
Practice Studies, Manual, Book Two, "Material for Practice," pages 43–44.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

Frederick Winthrop — J. L. F. Glück

Moderato

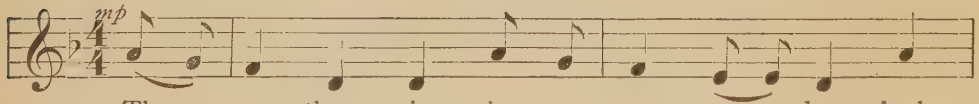


1. The gold-en sun was burn - ing A-bove the sleep-ing pond;
2. The mil-ler's love-ly daugh-ter A sim-ple bal-lad sang,
3. Thro'-out the hours of May - light Its mu-sic rose and fell;
4. Her voice no lon-ger sound-ing Brings glad-ness to the mill,

A wa - ter-wheel was turn - ing With-in the shade be-yond,
A-bove the plash-ing wa - ter Its thrill - ing ca-dence rang,
I lis-tened till the day-light Was dy - ing o'er the dell,
But thro' my heart re-sound-ing, I hear its mu-sic still,

A wa-ter-wheel was turn - ing With-in . the shade be-yond.
A-bove the plash-ing wa - ter Its thrill-ing ca-dence rang.
I lis-tened till the day - light Was dy-ing o'er the dell.
But thro' my heart re-sound-ing, I hear its mu - sic still.

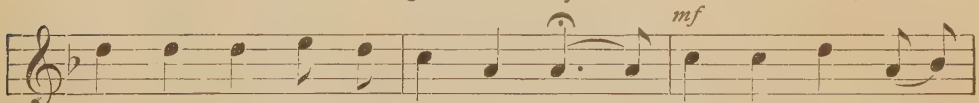
THE WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GIPSIES

Traditional (abridged) — Somerset Folk Tune

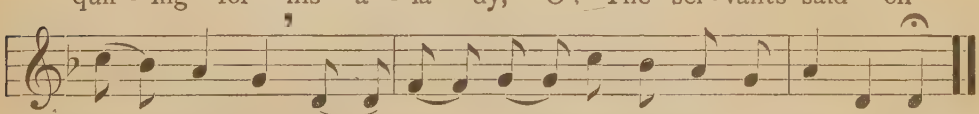
Allegro moderato



1. There were three gip - sies a - come to my door, And
2. It was late last night when my lord came home, En -



down-stairs ran this a - la - dy, O! One sang high and an-
quir - ing for his a - la - dy, O! The ser-vants said on

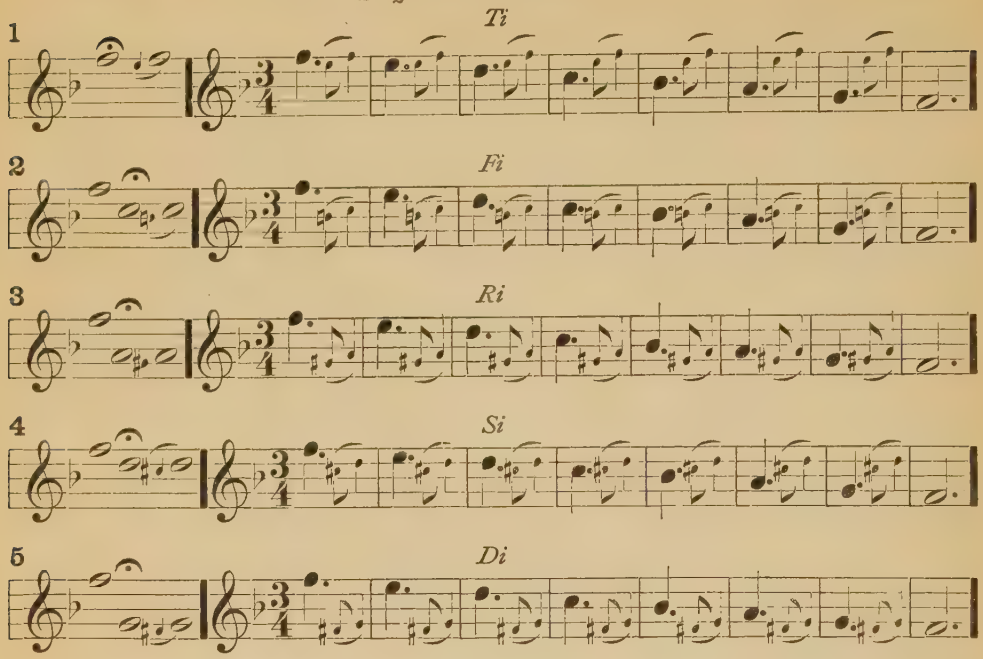


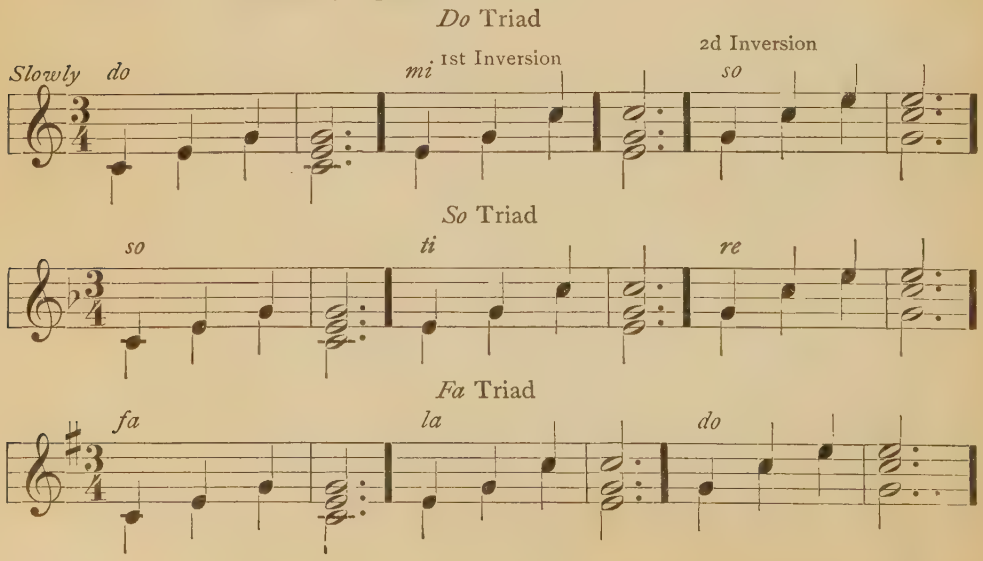
oth-er sang low, And the oth-er sang "Bon-ny, Bon-ny Bis-cay, O!"
ev - 'ry hand: "She's gone with the wraggle-tag-gle gip-sies, O!"

Reference: New Manual, Pages 127–129

Studies 1 to 5 inclusive should be memorized and sung individually

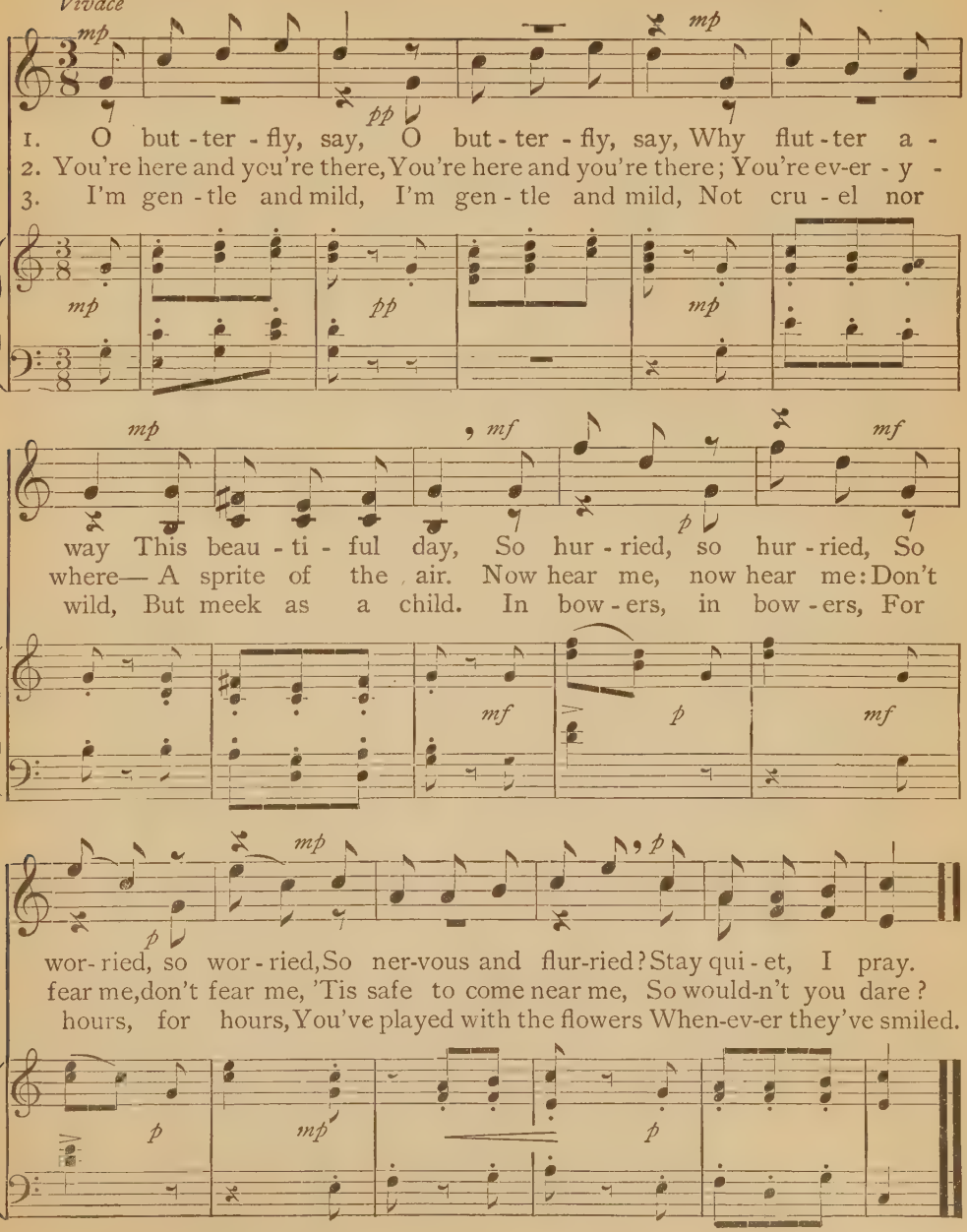
Sequential Studies



Reference: New Manual, Pages 100–101.

BUTTERFLY

From Hoffman von Fallersleben — Robert Schumann (Arr.)

Vivace


mp
pp
mp
1. O but-ter-fly, say, O but-ter-fly, say, Why flut-ter a-
2. You're here and you're there, You're here and you're there; You're ev-er-y-
3. I'm gen-tle and mild, I'm gen-tle and mild, Not cru-el nor
mp
pp
mp
mp
mf
p
mf
way This beau-ti-ful day, So hur-ried, so hur-ried, So
where— A sprite of the air. Now hear me, now hear me: Don't
wild, But meek as a child. In bow-ers, in bow-ers, For
mf
p
mf
p
mp
p
wor-ried, so wor-ried, So ner-vous and flur-ried? Stay qui-et, I pray.
fear me, don't fear me, 'Tis safe to come near me, So would-n't you dare?
hours, for hours, You've played with the flowers When-ev-er they've smiled.
p
mp
p

CAPTIVES

Russell M. Dodge

Allegro moderato

mp

1. There are cag - es of wire in a dark cit - y store,
   And in - stead of the clouds and the flow'rs and the grass,
2. In a dim cit - y street there's a shop that I know,
   But they ne'er have been out where the breez - es are stirred,

Shut in the cag - es are song - sters by the score;
Naught can they see but the bus - y crowds that pass.
Crowd - ed with flow'rs that will make a bril - liant show;
Ne'er have been kissed by a bee or spring - time bird.

But they're trill - ing there Like birds of air That
Still they bud and blow And smile and glow, Their

mf *mp*

live up high in the sky, Tho' they nev - er have known how it
per - fume rare on the air, For a bird and a blos-som are

mp

looks in the spring, Out in the fields where the wildwood birds all sing.
ev - er as sweet, What tho' they live in a dark and gloom - y street.

A SONG BY THE WAY

I *p* ROUND II *mp*

Sing a lay that light - ly floats, Sweet with mur - m'ring,

III *pp*

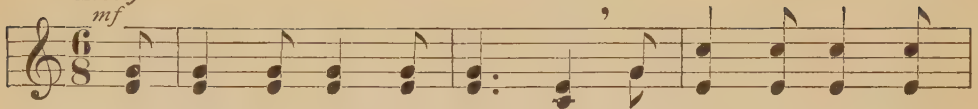
dy - ing notes, Fall - ing soft as snow, As on we go!

A double-sharp (×) causes the staff degree to represent a pitch one whole-step higher than it would without any sharp.

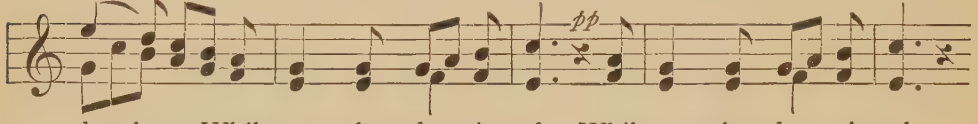
GOOD HUNTING

Lively

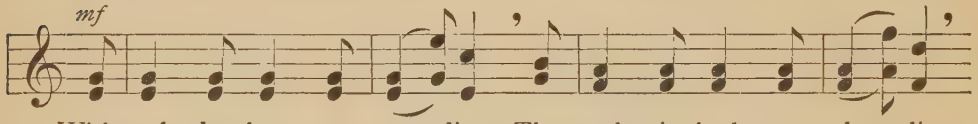
mf

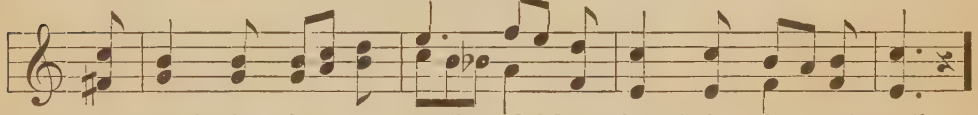


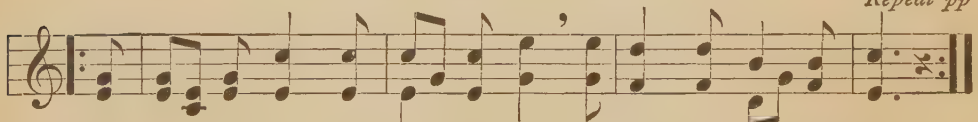
1. In crisp No - vem - ber weath - er, Thro' copse and o'er the
2. The flee - ing deer we fol - low O'er hill and thro' the

pp

heath - er, While yet the dawn is pale, While yet the dawn is pale,
hol - low, For hounds are keen of scent, For hounds are keen of scent.

mf



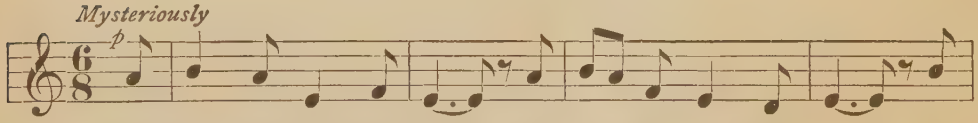
With mel - low horn re - sounding, The pack o'er hedg - es bounding,
The prize is in our grasp, now; Each oth - er's hands we clasp, now,

We thread the hunter's trail, O! We thread the hun-ter's trail.
To mark a day well spent, O! To mark a day well spent.

Repeat pp

With "View-hal - lo!" With "View-hal-lo" The joy - ful huntsmen go.

JACK–O'–LANTERNS

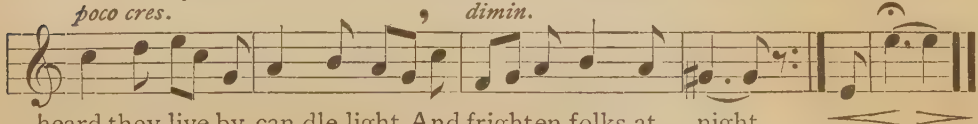
Mysteriously

p



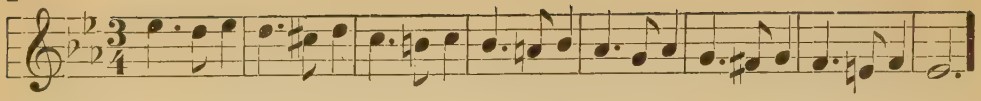
They say that spooks are seen On ev - 'ry Hal - low - een; I've
Their eyes are made of flame, With nose and mouth the same; So

poco cres. *dimin.*



heard they live by can-dle-light, And frighten folks at night.
all who see them prowl about Should try to blow them out. O whoo!

1



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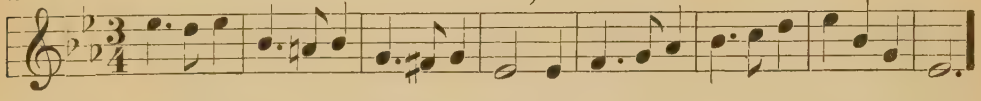

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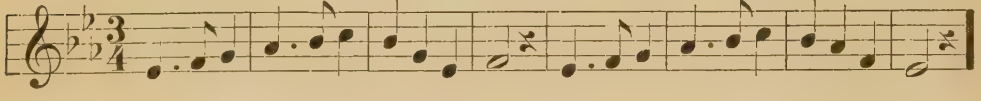

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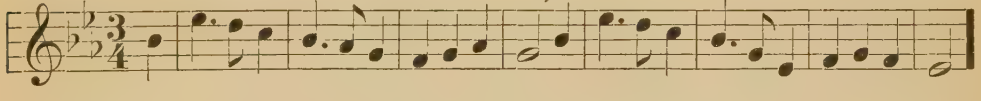

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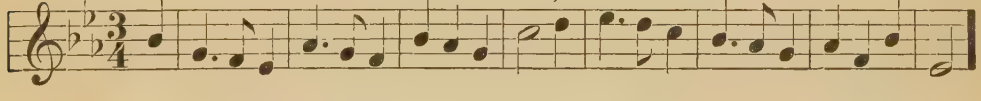
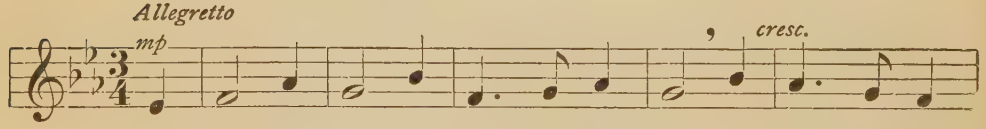
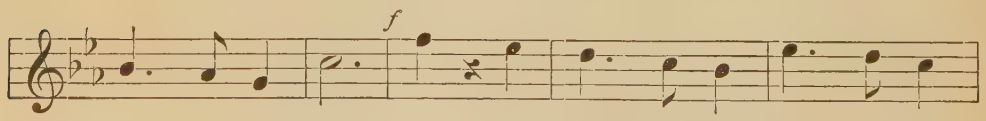
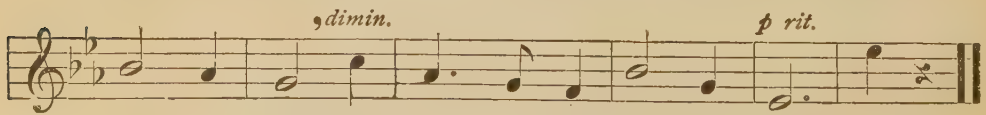


QUEEN OF THE MONTHS



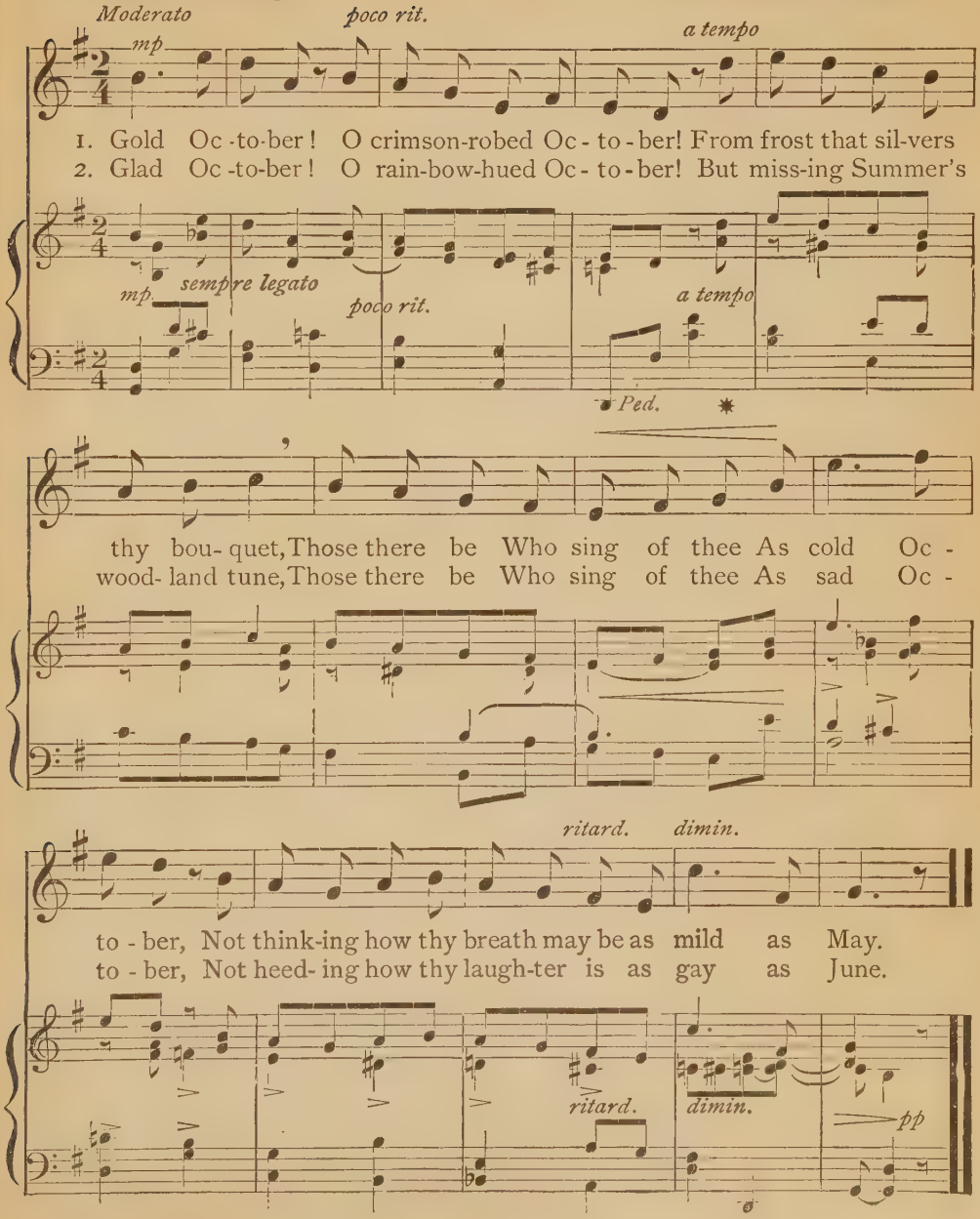
1. Sweet June has no such col - or to show As gold - en Oc -
2. Thro' tree and vine rich Au - tumn will twine Her rib - bons as

to - ber puts forth, O! Her leaves are more gay than the
bright as the flame, O! O'er months of the year, be they



flow'rs of May, Tho' weath - er - vanes point due North, O!
glad or drear, Oc - to - ber for queen we claim, O!

GOLD OCTOBER

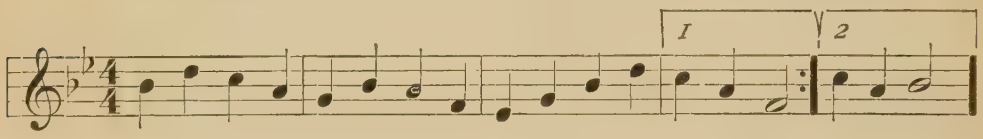
Frederick Winthrop — Arthur Edward Johnstone

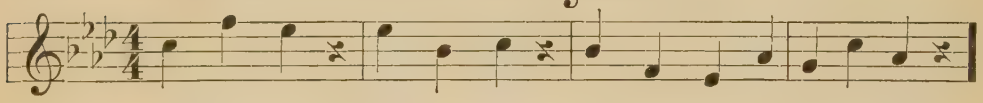

Moderato
mp
poco rit.
a tempo
1. Gold Oc-to-ber! O crimson-robed Oc-to-ber! From frost that sil-vers
2. Glad Oc-to-ber! O rain-bow-hued Oc-to-ber! But miss-ing Summer's
mp
sempre legato
poco rit.
a tempo
Ped.
thy bou-quet, Those there be Who sing of thee As cold Oc-
wood-land tune, Those there be Who sing of thee As sad Oc-
ritard.
dimin.
to-ber, Not think-ing how thy breath may be as mild as May.
to-ber, Not heed-ing how thy laugh-ter is as gay as June.
ritard.
dimin.
pp

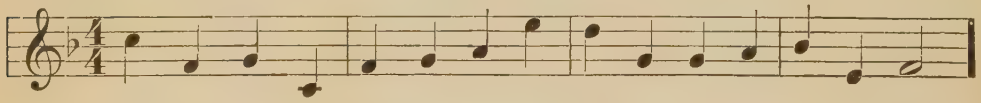
EYE TRAINING STUDIES

To be practiced with syllable names until each child can speak or sing the studies rapidly without breaking the rhythm. The lines and spaces on the staff are called staff degrees.

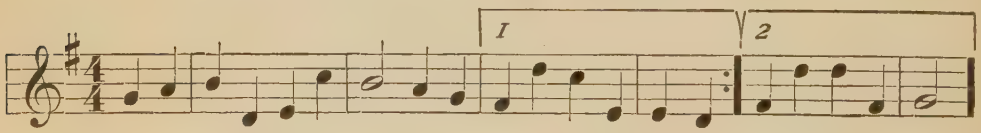
3ds. An interval (skip) of a third includes three staff degrees, thus :



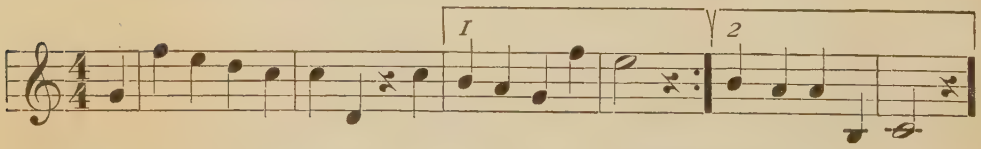
4ths. A Fourth includes four staff degrees

5ths. A Fifth includes five staff degrees



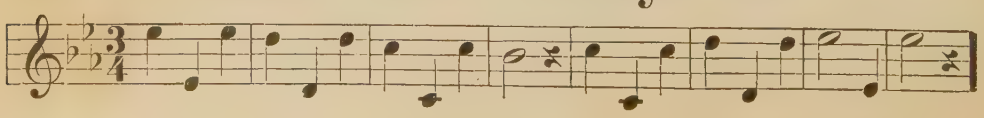
6ths. A Sixth includes six staff degrees



7ths. A Seventh includes seven staff degrees



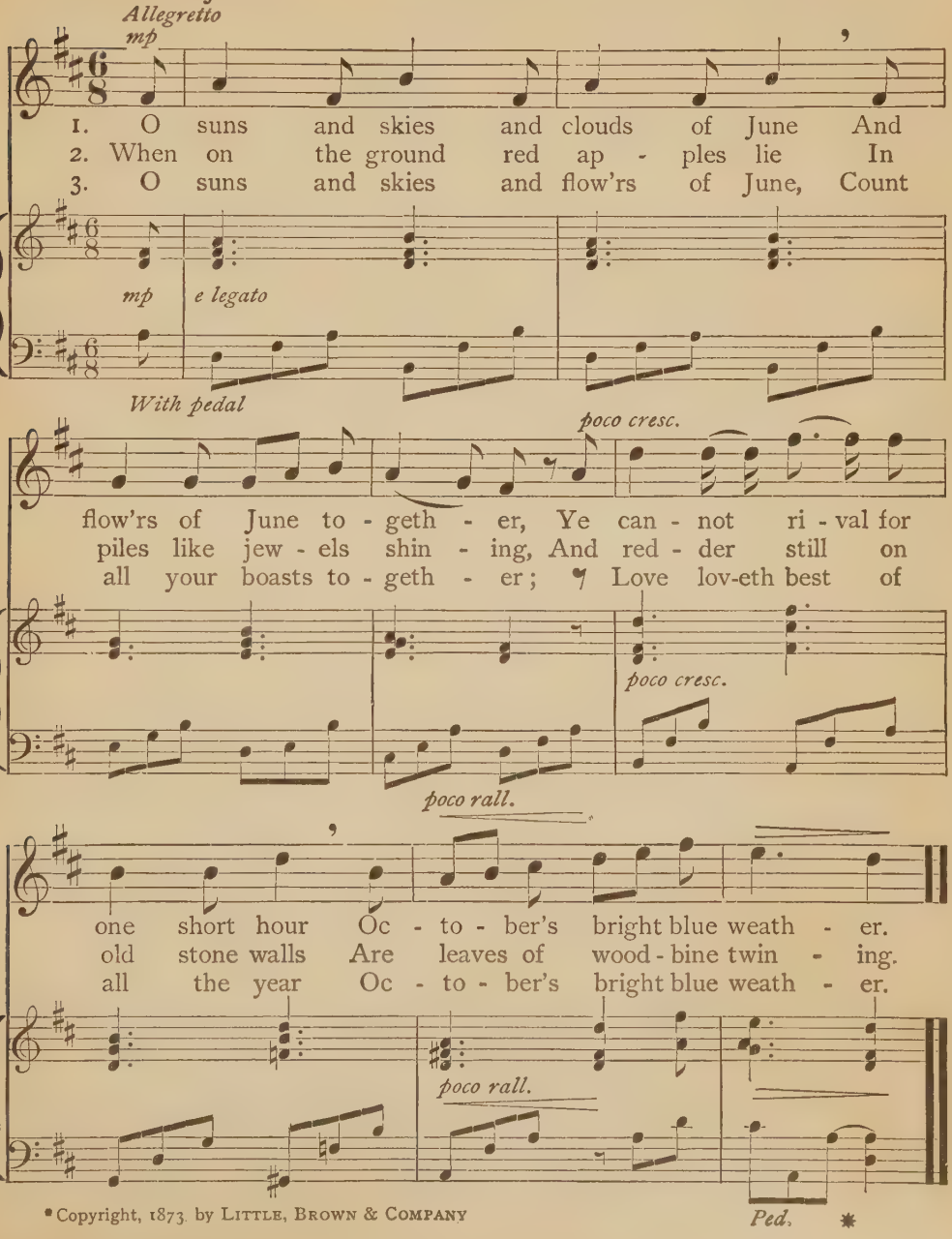
Octaves. An Octave includes eight staff degrees



OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

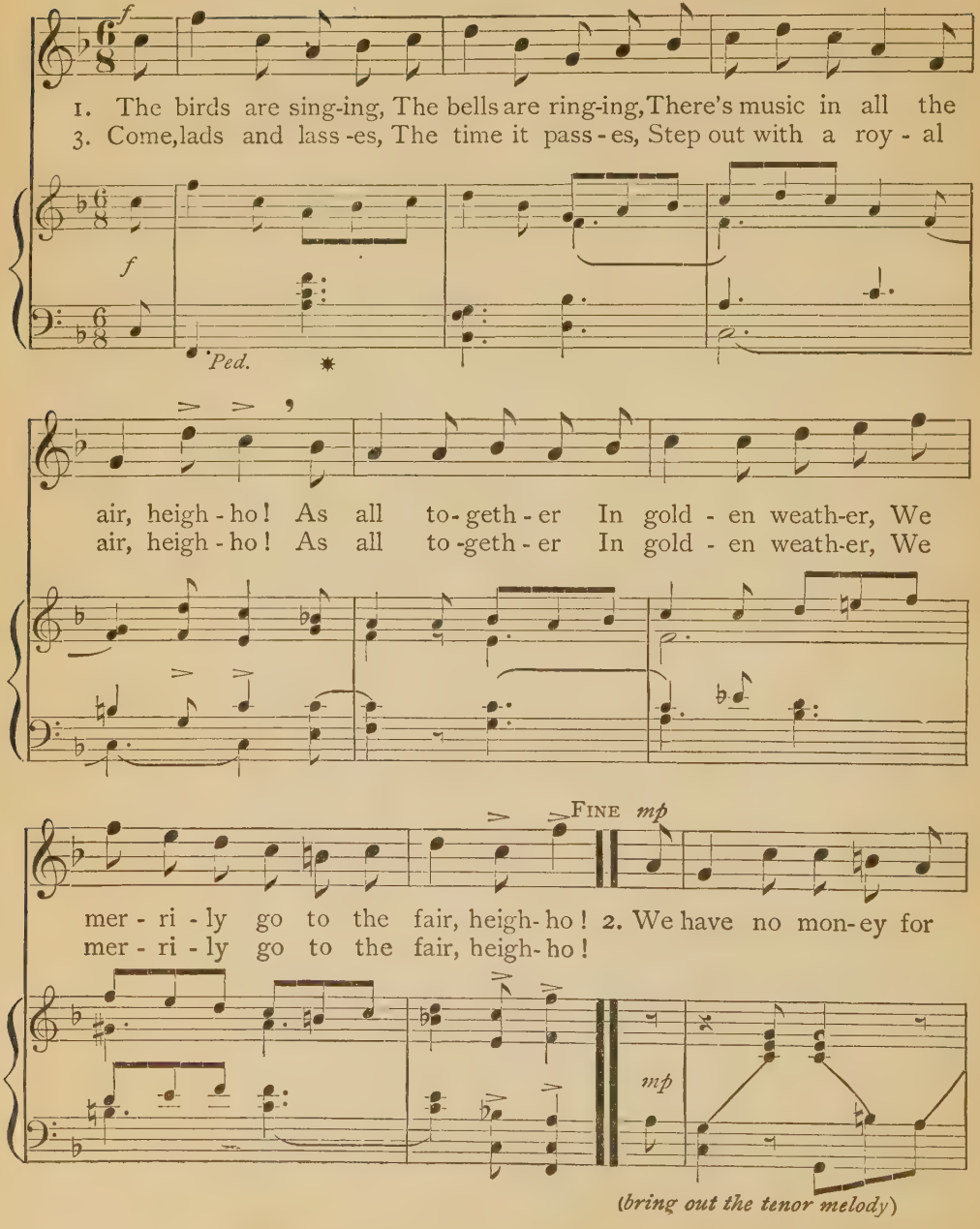
Helen Hunt Jackson*

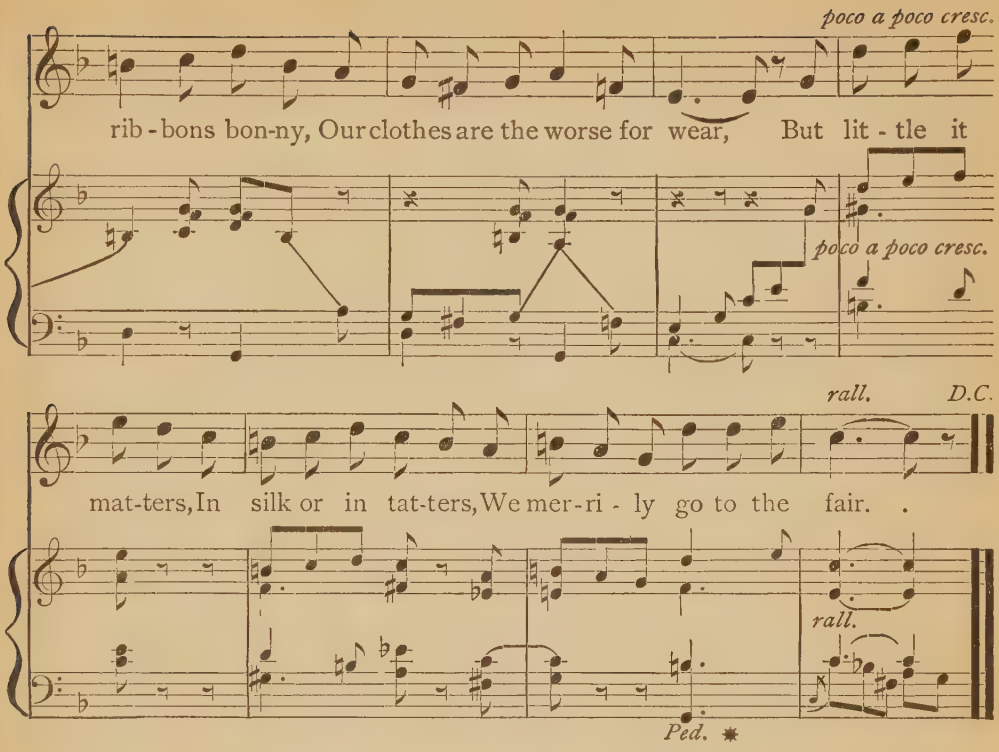
Daniel Protheroe


Allegretto
mp
1. O suns and skies and clouds of June And
2. When on the ground red ap - ples lie In
3. O suns and skies and flow'rs of June, Count
mp
e legato
With pedal
poco cresc.
flow'rs of June to - geth - er, Ye can - not ri - val for
piles like jew - els shin - ing, And red - der still on
all your boasts to - geth - er; Love lov-eth best of
poco cresc.
poco rall.
one short hour Oc - to - ber's bright blue weath - er.
old stone walls Are leaves of wood - bine twin - ing.
all the year Oc - to - ber's bright blue weath - er.
poco rall.
Ped.

* Copyright, 1873, by Little, Brown & Company

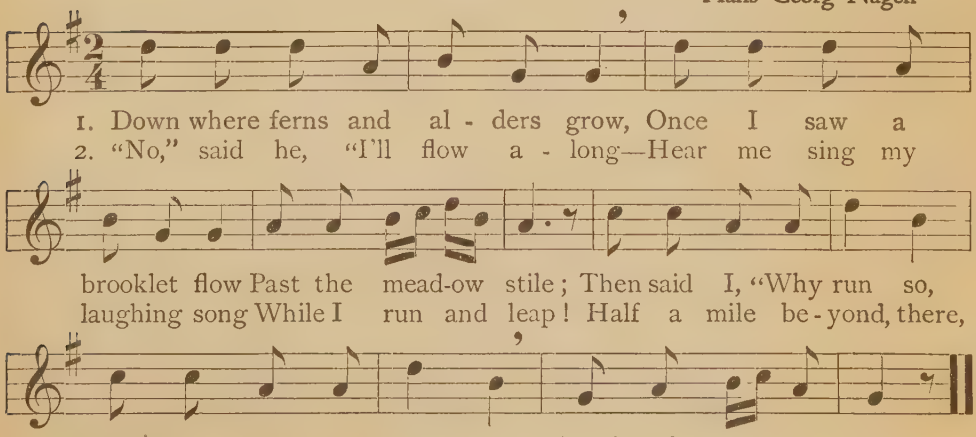
GOING TO THE FAIR

Vivace Wm. Luton Wood

f
1. The birds are sing-ing, The bells are ring-ing, There's music in all the
3. Come, lads and lass-es, The time it pass-es, Step out with a roy-al
f
Ped.
air, heigh-ho! As all to-geth-er In gold-en weath-er, We
air, heigh-ho! As all to-geth-er In gold-en weath-er, We
Fine mp
mer-ri-ly go to the fair, heigh-ho! 2. We have no mon-ey for
mer-ri-ly go to the fair, heigh-ho!
mp
(bring out the tenor melody)


poco a poco cresc.
rib - bons bon-ny, Our clothes are the worse for wear, But lit - tle it
poco a poco cresc.
rall. D.C.
mat-ters, In silk or in tat-ters, We mer-ri - ly go to the fair.
rall.
Ped.

THE TALKING BROOK

Hans Georg Nägeli

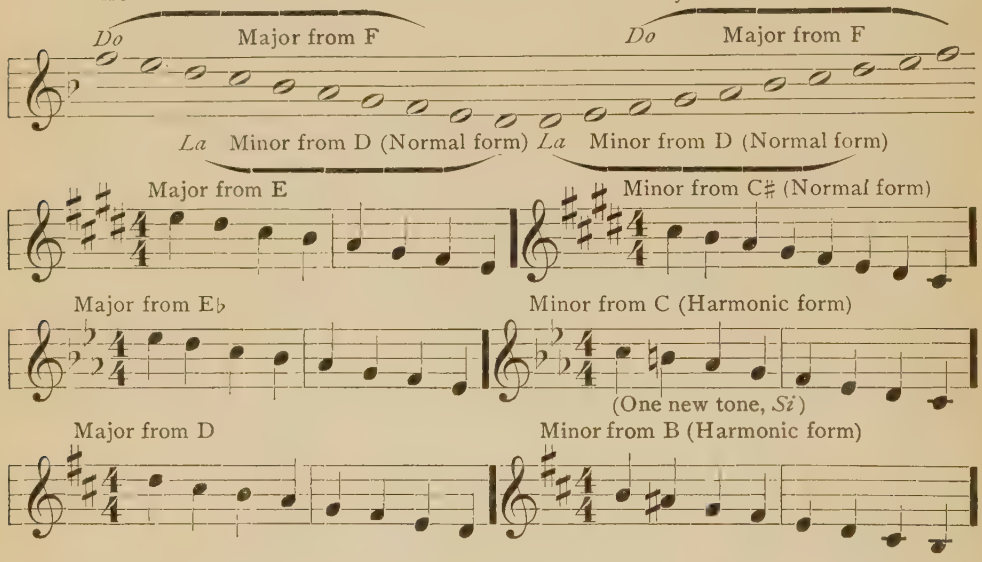

1. Down where ferns and al - ders grow, Once I saw a
2. "No," said he, "I'll flow a - long—Hear me sing my
brooklet flow Past the mead-ow stile; Then said I, "Why run so,
laughing song While I run and leap! Half a mile be - yond, there,
Rac - ing in the sun, so? Stay and rest a - while."
Nest - ling in the pond, there, I shall rest and sleep"

MAJOR AND MINOR SCALES

Reference: New Manual, Pages 94; 119–123

Each key signature may indicate two keys—a major key and its relative minor.

The Normal Minor has the same tones as the Major.



MY SONG

Katherine Whitmore

Moderato

B♭ major

There stole in - to my heart to-day A song, a song;

rit.

I think it had no name, I think it had no name.

G minor

B♭ major

Yet, should it ev - er fly a - way, My song, my song,

G minor *rit.*

I'd love it just the same, I'd love it just the same.

WHO KNOWS?

Pauline Cushing

John E. West

Poco allegro

SOLO *mf*

1. When do the but-ter-flies paint their wings?
2. When does a daf - fo - dil sew her gown?

mf *p*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *simile*

CHORUS *f* SOLO *mf*

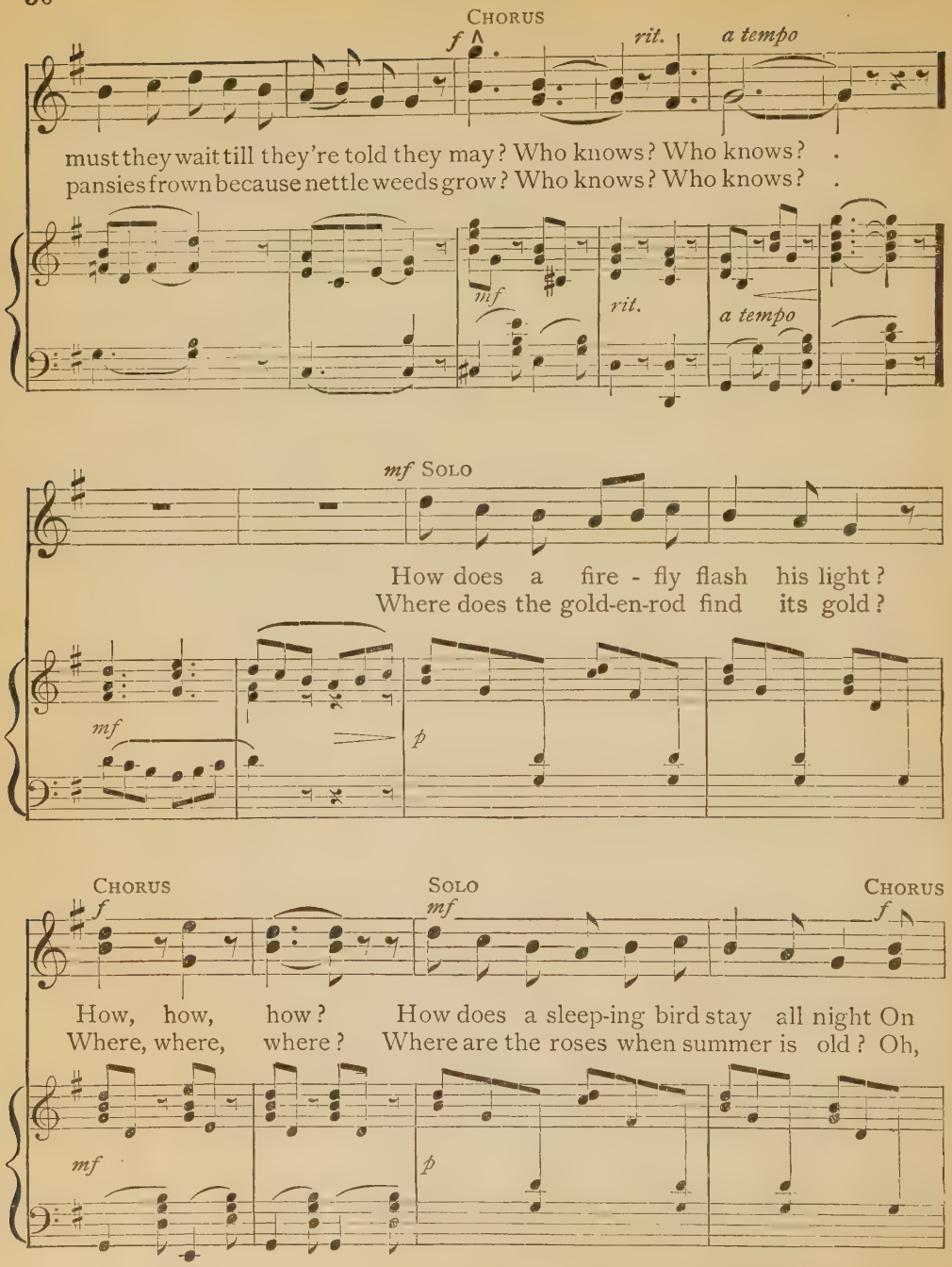
When, when, when? When do the bum-ble-bees buy their stings?
When, when, when? When does a pan - sy for - get to frown?

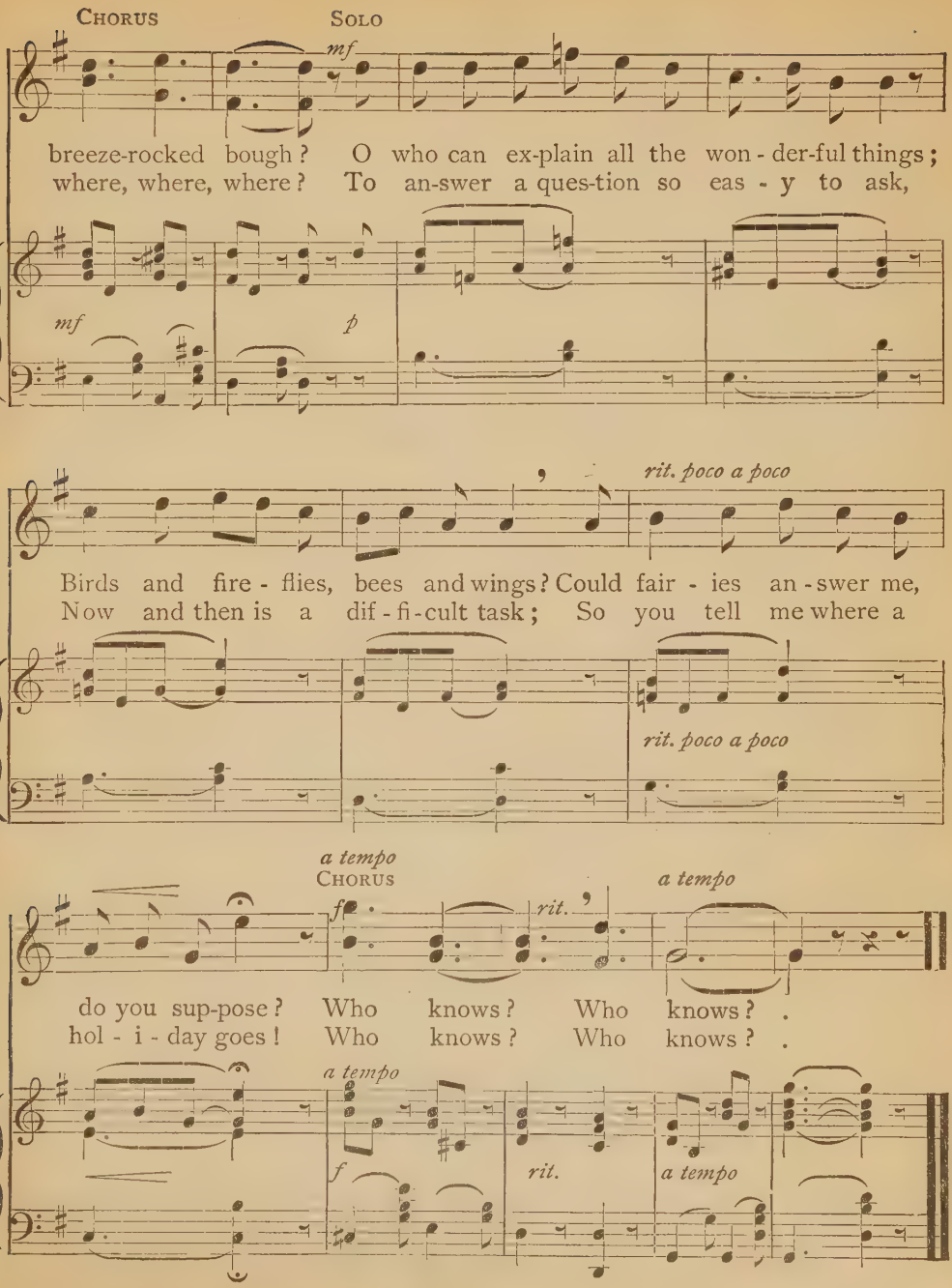
mf *p*

f CHORUS SOLO *mf*

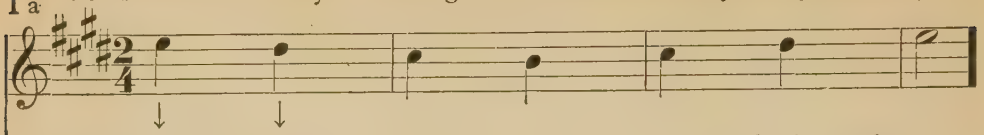
When, when, when? Do they choose the time in their very own way, Or
When, when, when? Do you think the daf - fo - dil real-ly can sew? Do

mf *p*

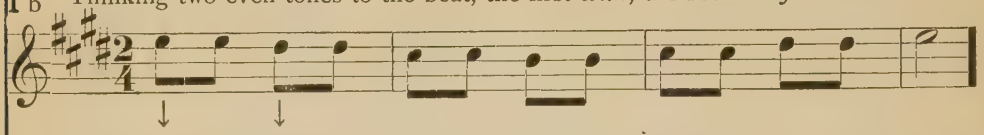

Chorus
f
rit.
a tempo
must they wait till they're told they may? Who knows? Who knows?
pansies frown because nettle weeds grow? Who knows? Who knows?
mf
rit.
a tempo
mf Solo
How does a fire - fly flash his light?
Where does the gold-en-rod find its gold?
mf
p
Chorus
Solo
Chorus
f
mf
f
How, how, how? How does a sleep-ing bird stay all night On
Where, where, where? Where are the roses when summer is old? Oh,
mf
p


CHORUS
SOLO
mf
breeze-rocked bough? O who can ex-plain all the won-der-ful things;
where, where, where? To an-swer a ques-tion so eas-y to ask,
mf
p
rit. poco a poco
Birds and fire-flies, bees and wings? Could fair-ies an-swer me,
Now and then is a dif-fi-cult task; So you tell me where a
rit. poco a poco
a tempo
CHORUS
f
rit.
a tempo
do you sup-pose? Who knows? Who knows?
hol-i-day goes! Who knows? Who knows?
a tempo
f
rit.
a tempo

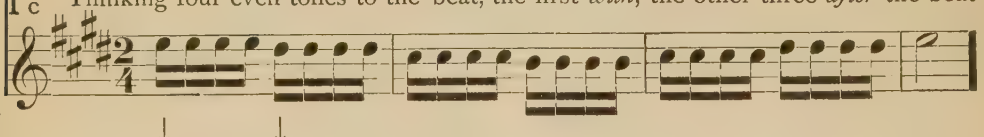
1 a You should feel the rhythmic swing of the measure before you begin to sing

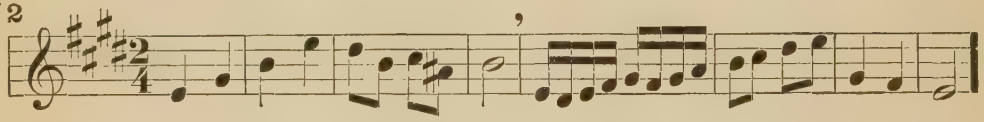


1 b Thinking two even tones to the beat, the first *with*, the second *after* the beat

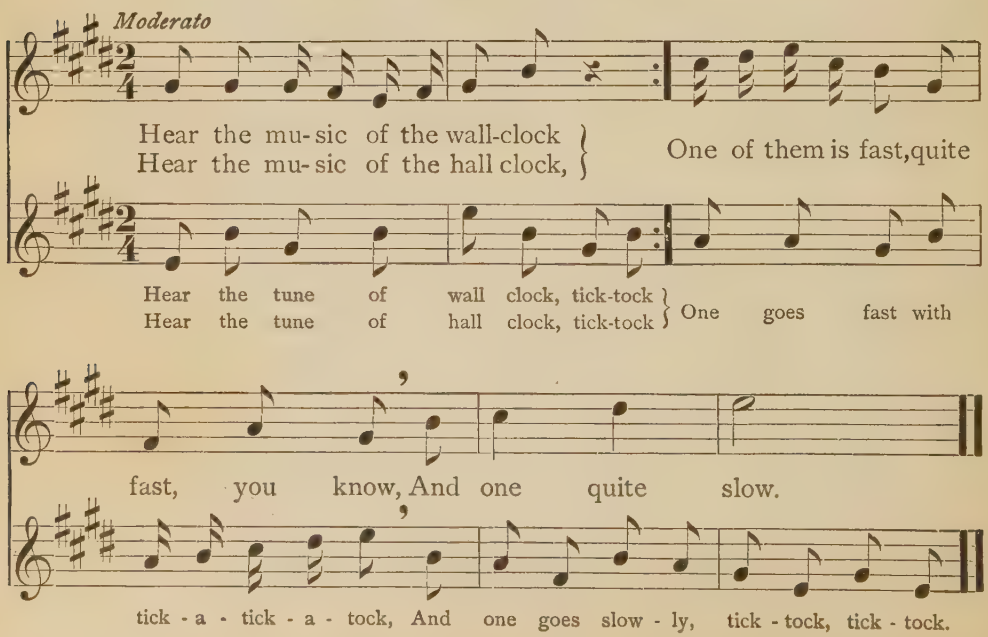


1 c Thinking four even tones to the beat, the first *with*, the other three *after* the beat



2

THE TWO CLOCKS

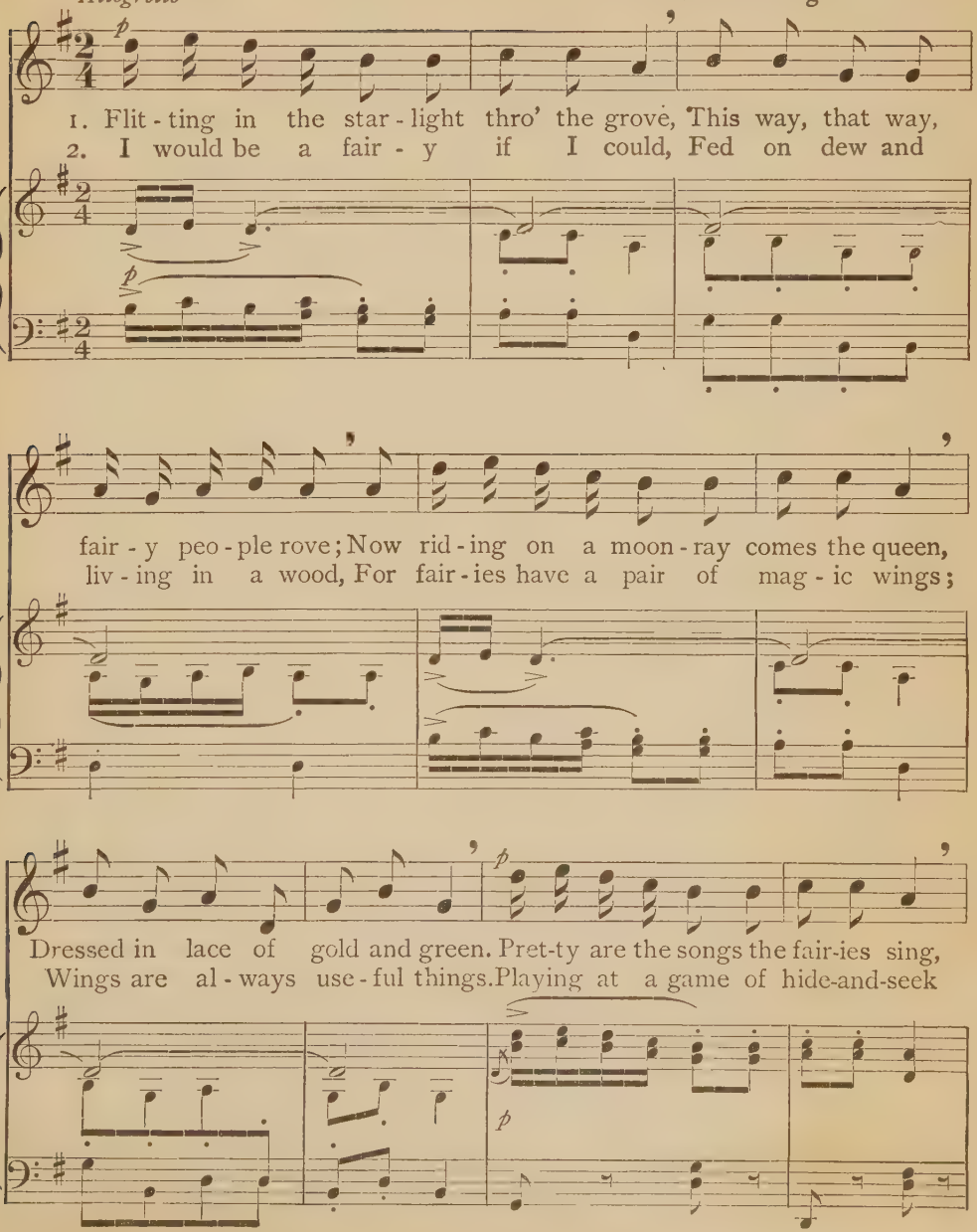
Moderato

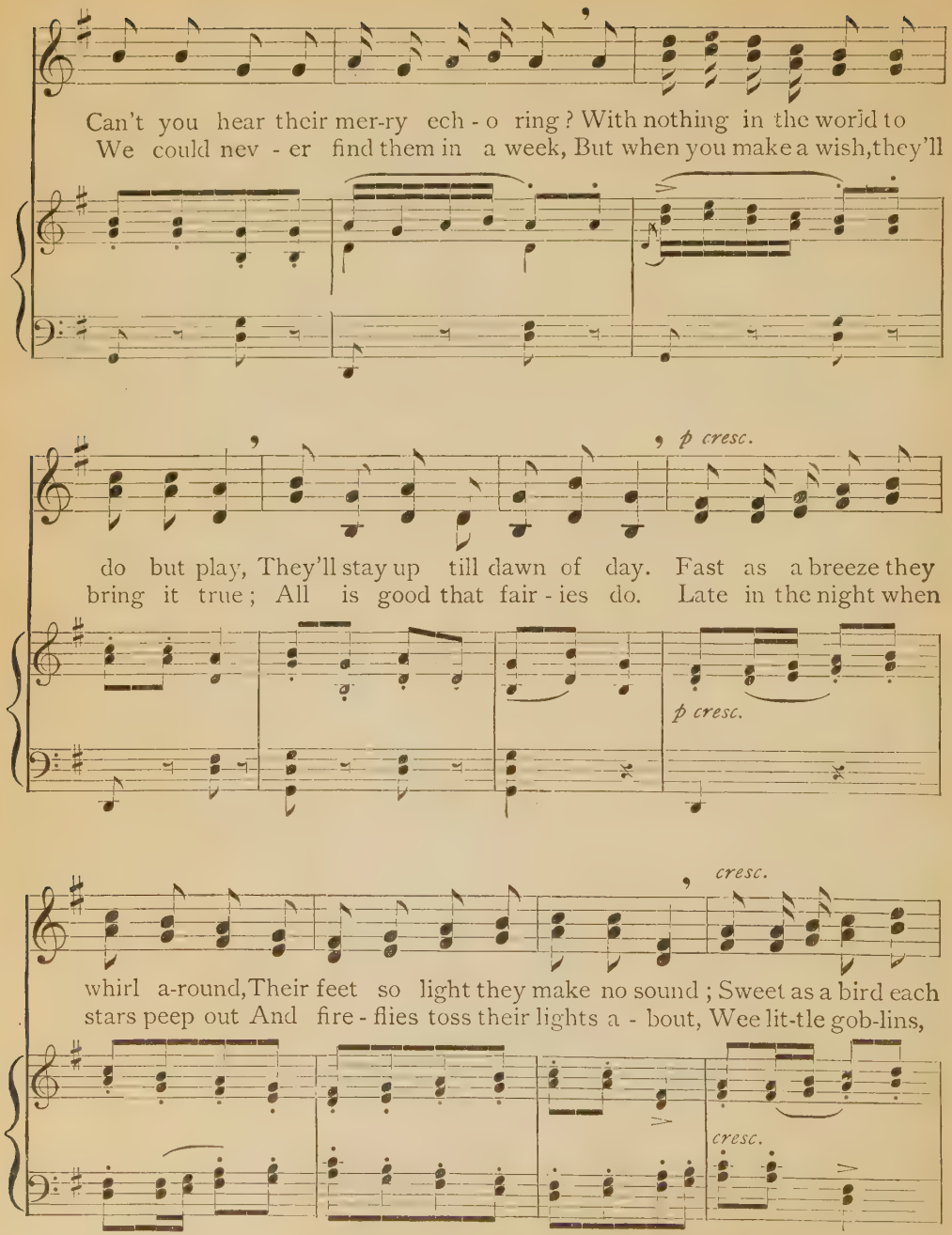

Hear the mu-sic of the wall-clock
Hear the mu-sic of the hall clock,
One of them is fast, quite
Hear the tune of wall clock, tick-tock
Hear the tune of hall clock, tick-tock
One goes fast with
fast, you know, And one quite slow.
tick - a - tick - a - tock, And one goes slow - ly, tick - tock, tick - tock.

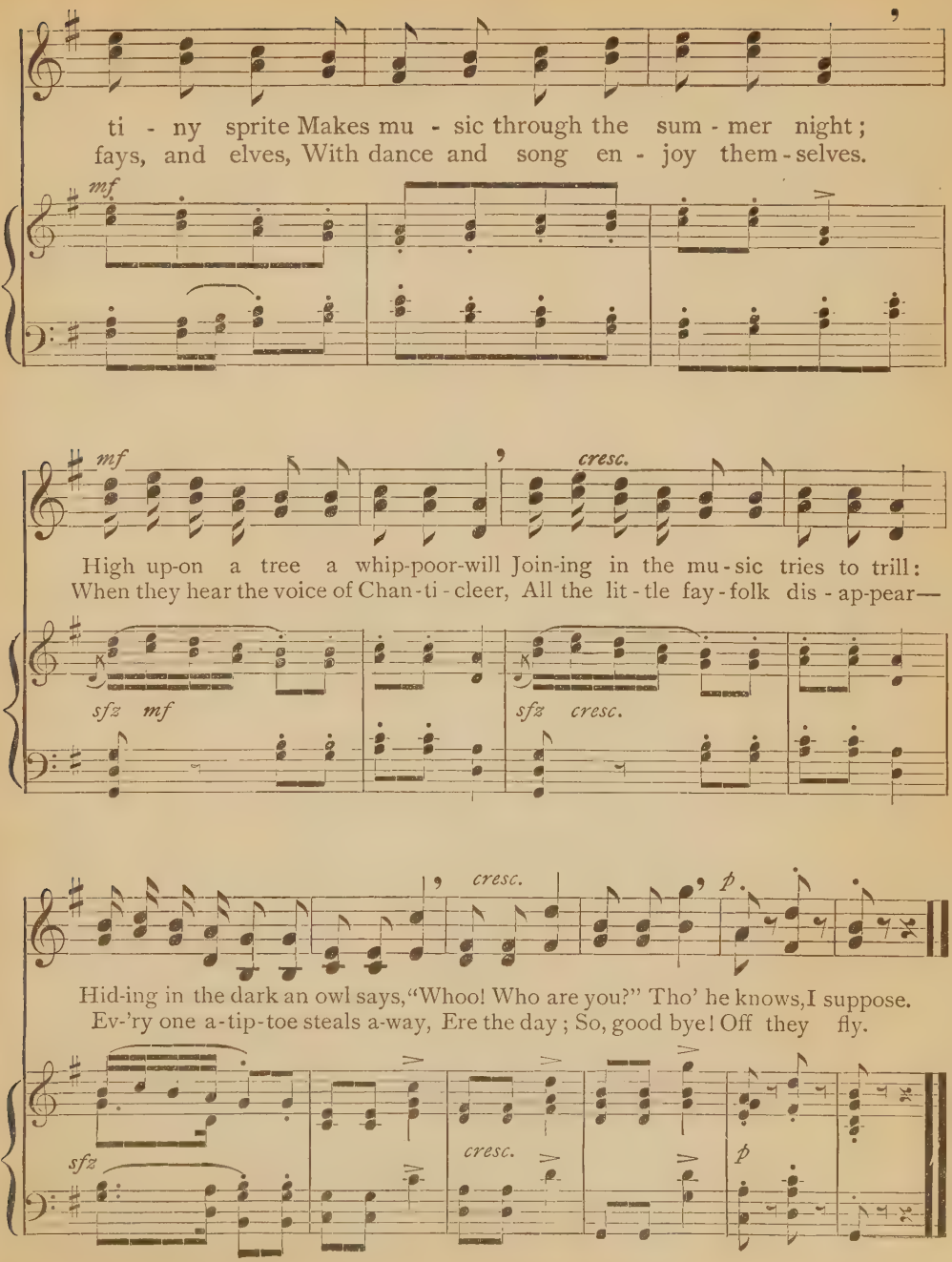
FAIRIES

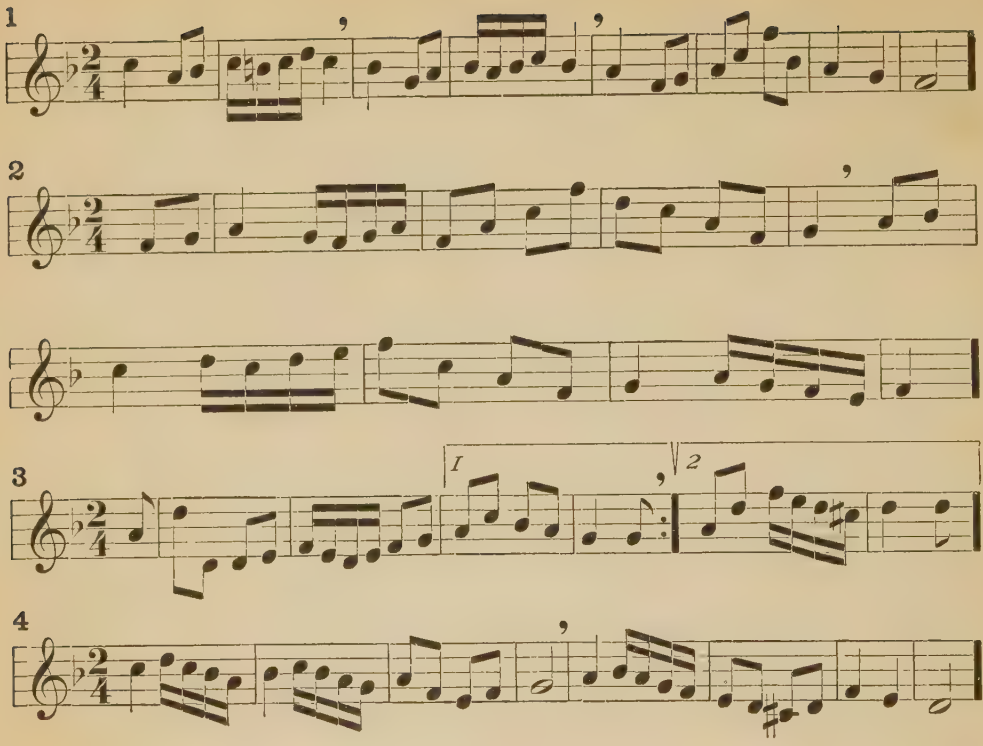
Frederick Winthrop

Felix Mendelssohn–Bartholdy
in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Allegretto

1. Flit - ting in the star - light thro' the grove, This way, that way,
2. I would be a fair - y if I could, Fed on dew and
fair - y peo - ple rove; Now rid - ing on a moon - ray comes the queen,
liv - ing in a wood, For fair - ies have a pair of mag - ic wings;
Dressed in lace of gold and green. Pret-ty are the songs the fair-ies sing,
Wings are al - ways use - ful things. Playing at a game of hide-and-seek


Can't you hear their mer-ry ech - o ring? With nothing in the world to
We could nev - er find them in a week, But when you make a wish, they'll
p cresc.
do but play, They'll stay up till dawn of day. Fast as a breeze they
bring it true; All is good that fair - ies do. Late in the night when
p cresc.
cresc.
whirl a-round, Their feet so light they make no sound; Sweet as a bird each
stars peep out And fire - flies toss their lights a - bout, Wee lit-tle gob-lins,
cresc.


ti - ny sprite Makes mu - sic through the sum - mer night;
fays, and elves, With dance and song en - joy them - selves.
mf
mf
cresc.
High up-on a tree a whip-poor-will Join-ing in the mu - sic tries to trill:
When they hear the voice of Chan - ti - cleer, All the lit - tle fay - folk dis - ap-pear—
sfz mf
sfz cresc.
cresc.
p
Hid-ing in the dark an owl says,"Whoo! Who are you?" Tho' he knows,I suppose.
Ev-'ry one a-tip-toe steals a-way, Ere the day; So, good bye! Off they fly.
sfz
cresc.
p

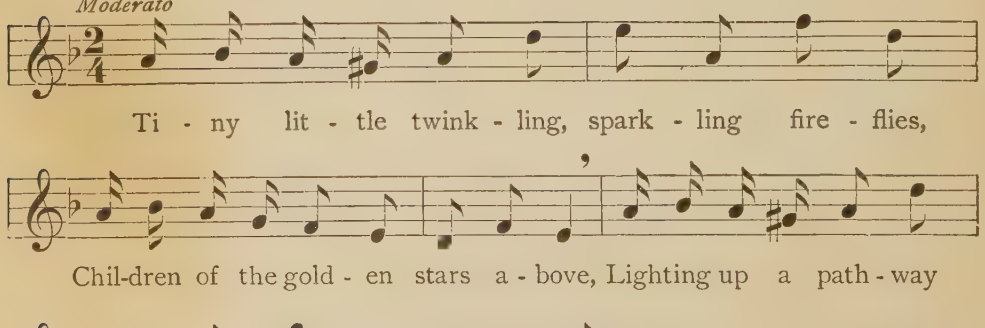


WILL–O'–THE–WISPS

From the Japanese

F. Halévy

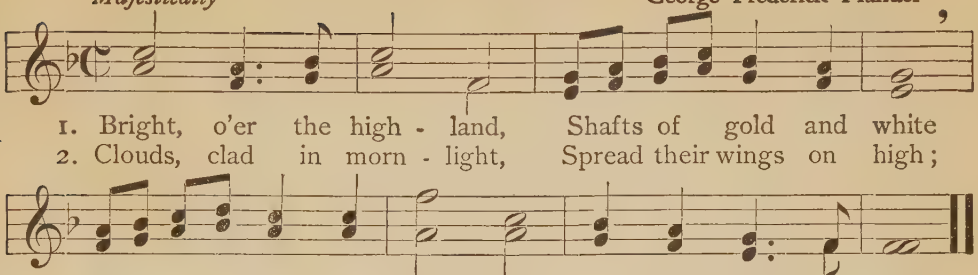
Moderato


Ti - ny lit - tle twink - ling, spark - ling fire - flies,
Chil-dren of the gold - en stars a - bove, Lighting up a path - way
through the rice field, Lead me to the one I love.

CONQUERORS

Majestically

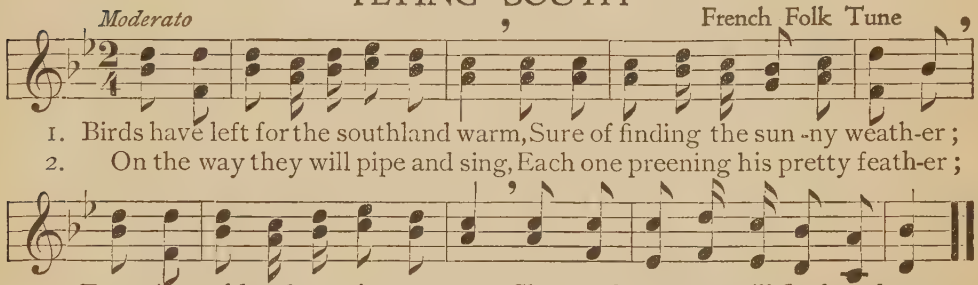
George Frederick Handel


1. Bright, o'er the high - land, Shafts of gold and white
2. Clouds, clad in morn - light, Spread their wings on high;
Sped from out the sky - land, Van - quish gloom and night.
Le - gions armed with dawn - light March a - cross the sky.

FLYING SOUTH

Moderato

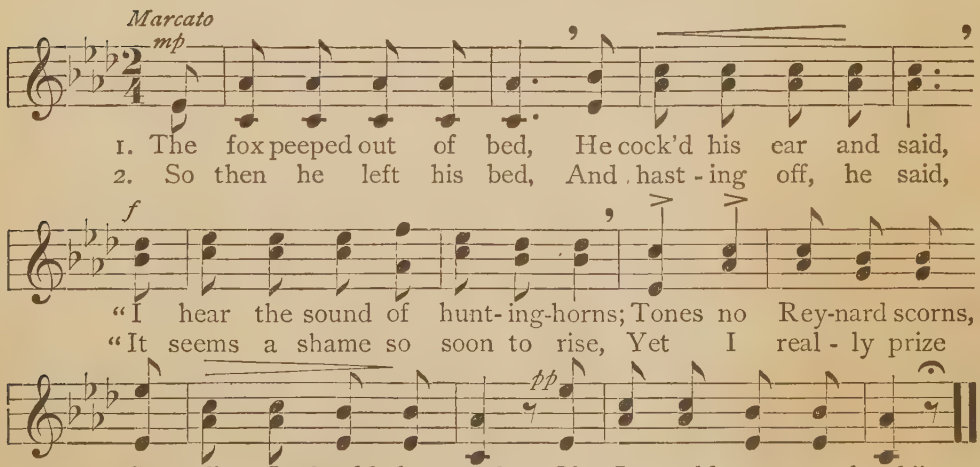
French Folk Tune


1. Birds have left for the southland warm, Sure of finding the sun - ny weath-er;
2. On the way they will pipe and sing, Each one preening his pretty feath-er;
Fear - ing cold and a win - ter storm, Close as bees they will flock and swarm.
Cheer and joy they will surely bring, Where they go they will find the spring.

THE HUNTING MORN

Marcato

mp

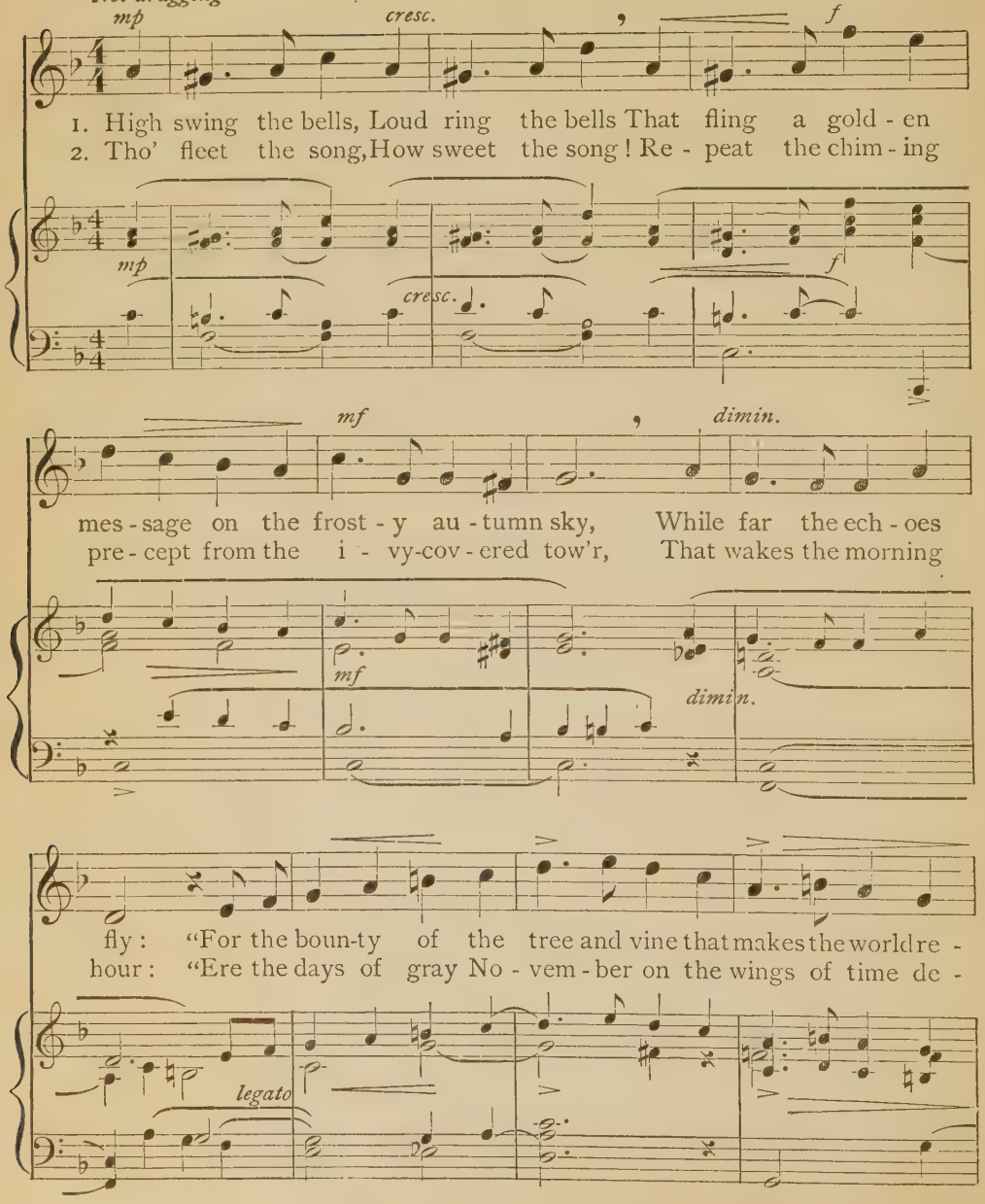

1. The fox peeped out of bed, He cock'd his ear and said,
2. So then he left his bed, And hast - ing off, he said,
f
"I hear the sound of hunt - ing-horns; Tones no Rey-nard scorns,
"It seems a shame so soon to rise, Yet I real - ly prize
pp
So off I should be sped, If I would save my head."
My hand-some brush of red, So use - less when I'm dead!"

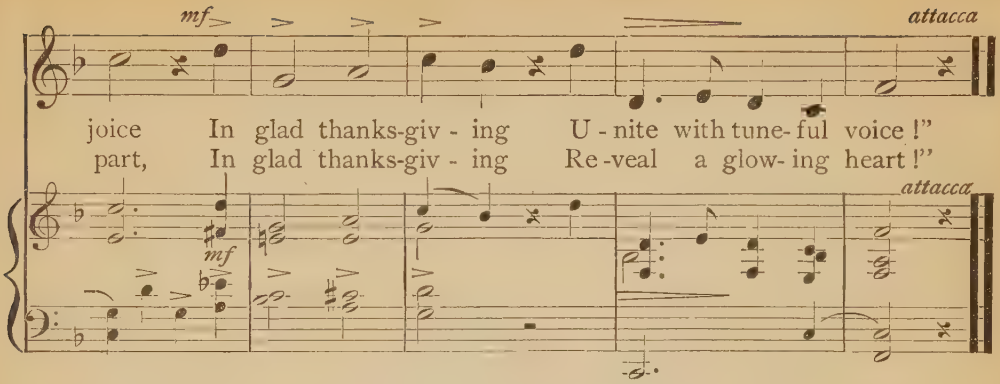
THANKSGIVING BELLS

James F. Caldwell

Arthur Edward Johnstone

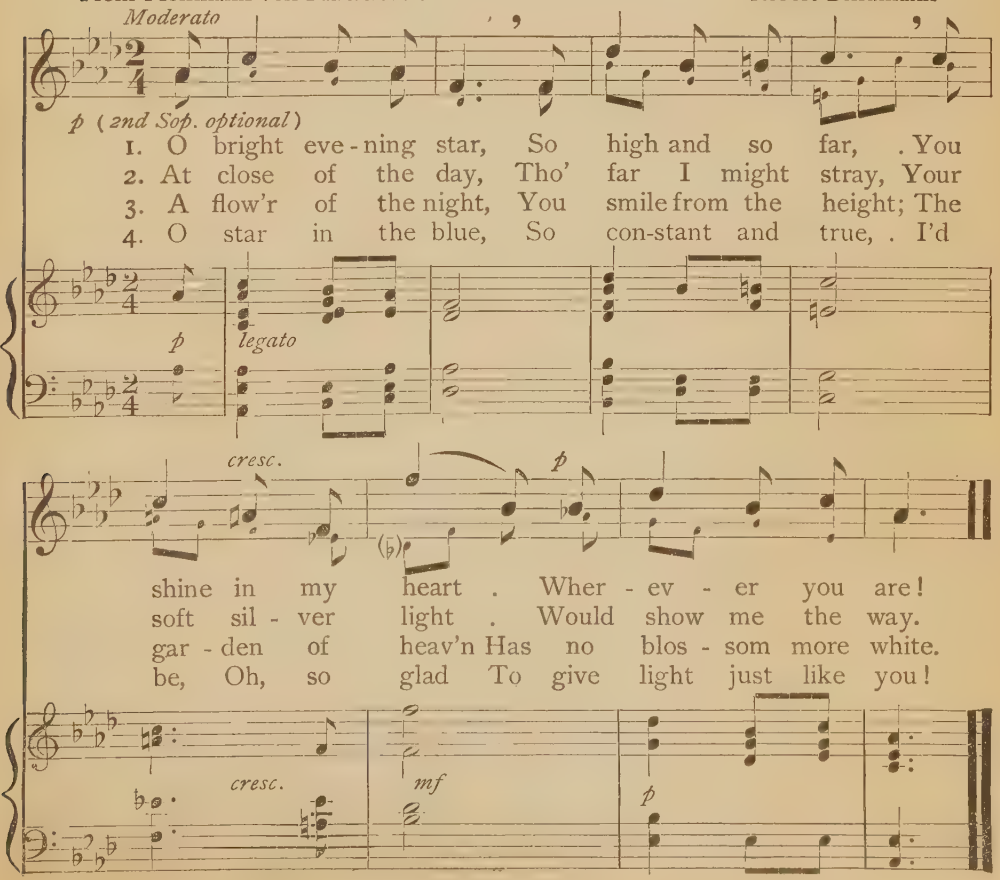
Not dragging

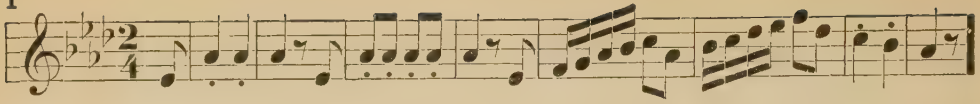

mp
cresc.
f
1. High swing the bells, Loud ring the bells That fling a gold - en
2. Tho' fleet the song, How sweet the song! Re - peat the chim - ing
mp
cresc.
f
mf
dimin.
mes - sage on the frost - y au - tumn sky, While far the ech - oes
pre - cept from the i - vy-cov - ered tow'r, That wakes the morning
mf
dimin.
fly: "For the boun-ty of the tree and vine that makes the world re -
hour: "Ere the days of gray No - vem - ber on the wings of time de -
legato

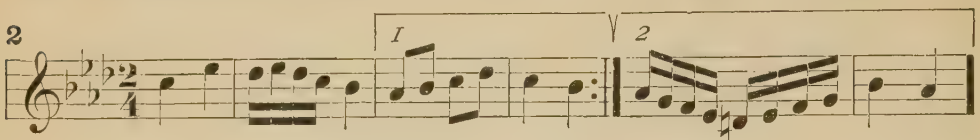

mf
attacca
joice In glad thanks-giv - ing U - nite with tune- ful voice!"
part, In glad thanks-giv - ing Re - veal a glow- ing heart!"
attacca
mf

THE EVENING STAR

From Hoffmann von Fallersleben — Robert Schumann


Moderato
p (2nd Sop. optional)
1. O bright eve - ning star, So high and so far, . You
2. At close of the day, Tho' far I might stray, Your
3. A flow'r of the night, You smile from the height; The
4. O star in the blue, So con-stant and true, . I'd
p legato
cresc.
p
shine in my heart . Wher - ev - er you are!
soft sil - ver light . Would show me the way.
gar - den of heav'n Has no blos - som more white.
be, Oh, so glad To give light just like you!
cresc.
mf
p

1

2



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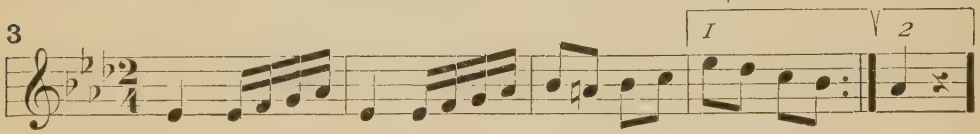
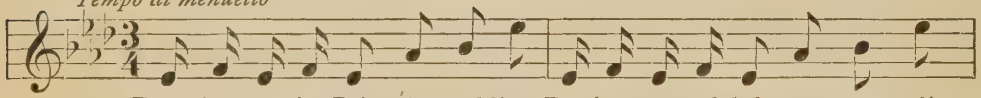


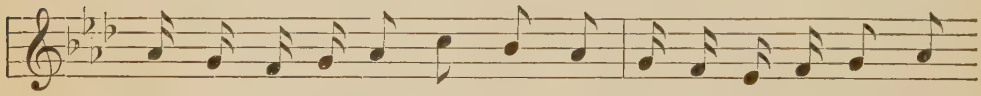
THE PRINCE'S WEDDING

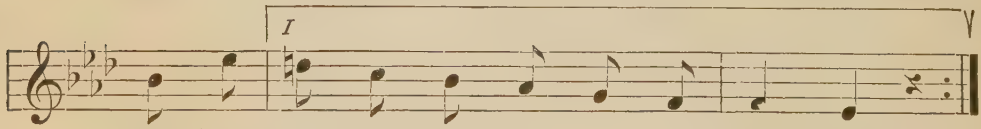
Katharine Whitmore

Tempo di menuetto

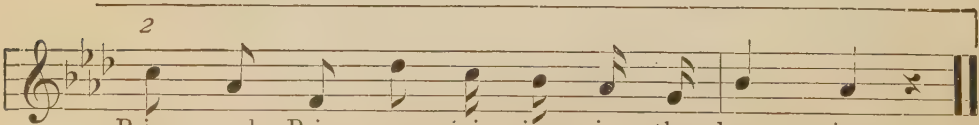


1. Danc-ing at the Prince's wedding, Duchesses and dukes were treading
2. Tim-ing to the sil - ver flut - ing, Ev'-ry one his mate sa - lut - ing,

Mu - sic of a min - u - et en - tranc - ing; Dames were
Pret - ty was the maid - en's ten - der glanc - ing, Such a

curt - sey - ing se-date - ly— O the mel - o - dy was state - ly;
cap - ti - vat - ing pleas-ure, Such a fas - ci - nat - ing meas-ure,



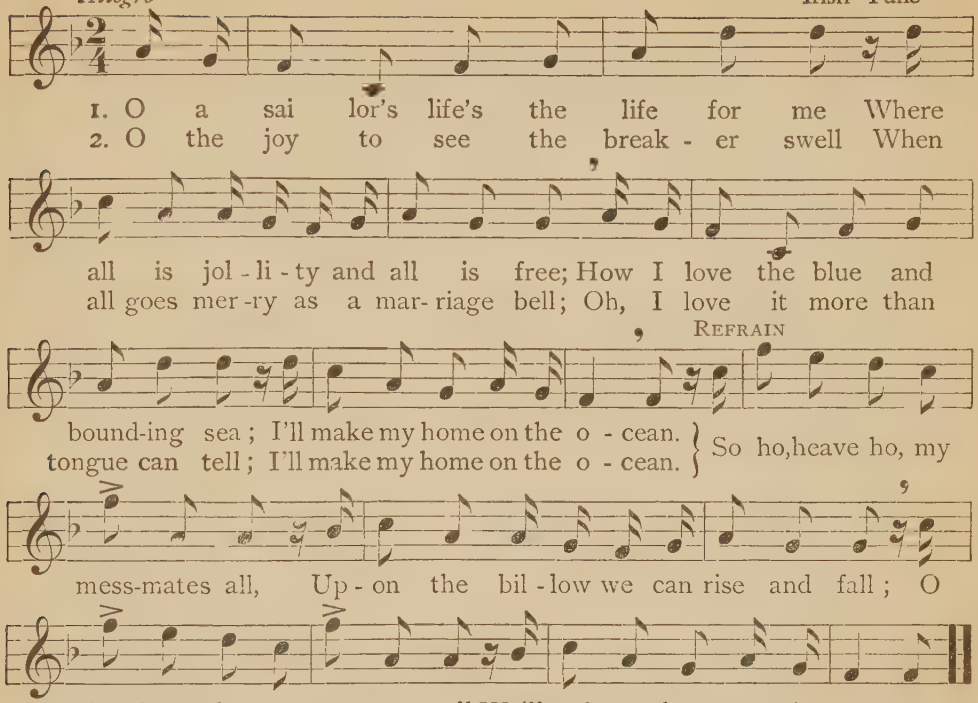
Bril - liant
With the
cos - tumes all the scene en - hanc - ing.



Prince and Prin - cess join - ing in the danc - ing.

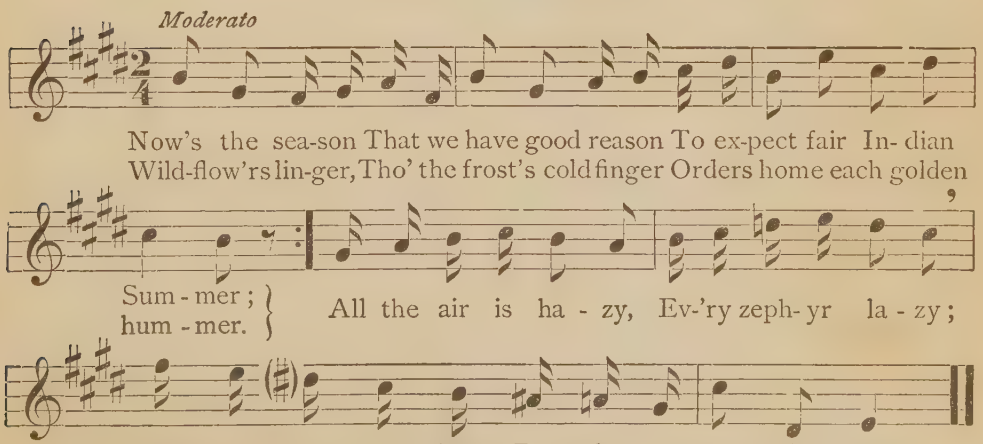
SAILOR LIFE

Allegro — Irish Tune


1. O a sai lor's life's the life for me Where
2. O the joy to see the break - er swell When
all is jol - li - ty and all is free; How I love the blue and
all goes mer - ry as a mar - riage bell; Oh, I love it more than
REFRAIN
bound-ing sea; I'll make my home on the o - cean.
tongue can tell; I'll make my home on the o - cean.
So ho, heave ho, my
mess-mates all, Up - on the bil - low we can rise and fall; O
ho, heave ho, my mess-mates all, We'll make our home on the o - cean.

INDIAN SUMMER

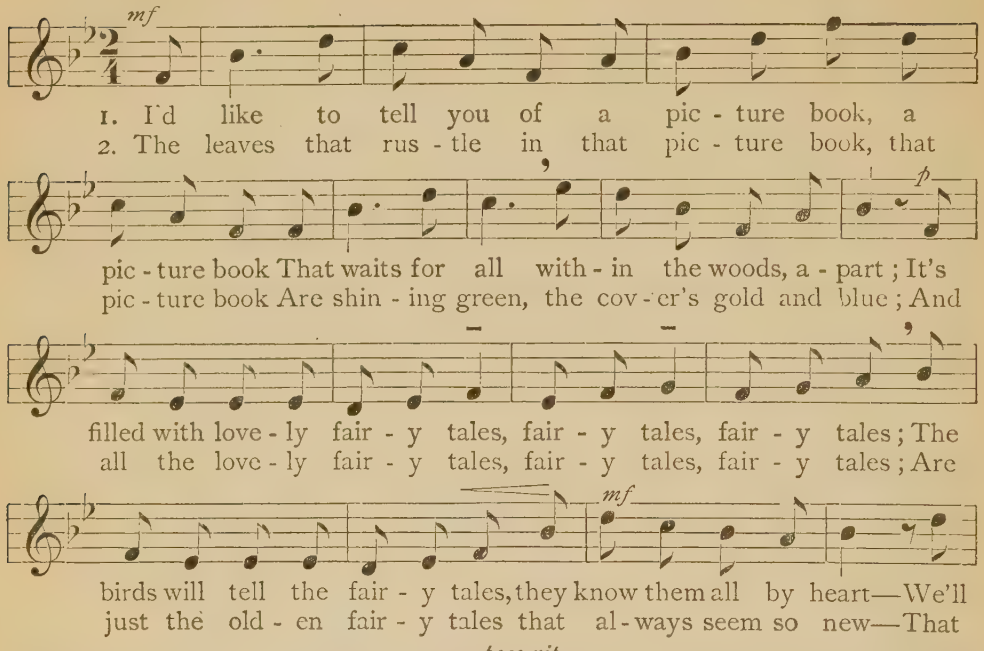
Moderato


Now's the sea-son That we have good reason To ex-pect fair In- dian
Wild-flow'rs lin-ger, Tho' the frost's cold finger Orders home each golden
Sum - mer;
hum - mer.
All the air is ha - zy, Ev-'ry zeph- yr la - zy;
What a hap - py time To take a moun - tain climb.

THE WOODLAND PICTURE BOOK

Foster B. Merriam

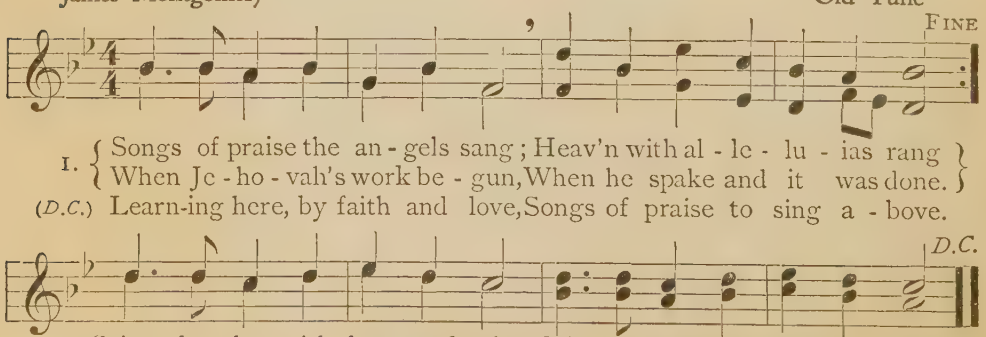
Moderato


mf
1. I'd like to tell you of a pic - ture book, a
2. The leaves that rus - tle in that pic - ture book, that
p
pic - ture book That waits for all with - in the woods, a - part ; It's
pic - ture book Are shin - ing green, the cov - er's gold and blue ; And
filled with love - ly fair - y tales, fair - y tales, fair - y tales ; The
all the love - ly fair - y tales, fair - y tales, fair - y tales ; Are
mf
birds will tell the fair - y tales, they know them all by heart—We'll
just the old - en fair - y tales that al - ways seem so new—That
poco rit.
find the wood-land pic - ture book as soon as you will start.
mag - ic wood-land pic - ture book was made for me and you.

WORSHIP

James Montgomery

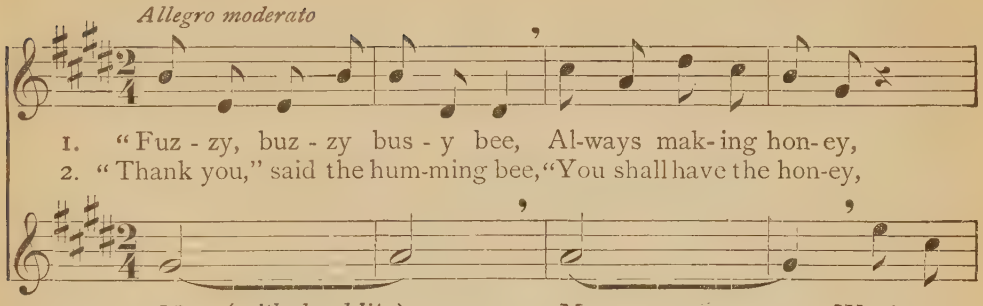
Old Tune


FINE
1. { Songs of praise the an - gels sang ; Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang }
{ When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When he spake and it was done. }
(D.C.) Learn-ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.
D.C.
2. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice,

FREE HONEY

James F. Caldwell — Harvey Worthington Loomis

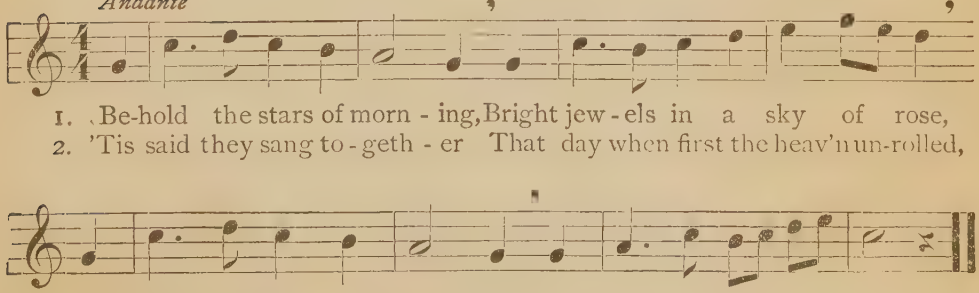
Allegro moderato


1. "Fuz - zy, buz - zy bus - y bee, Al-ways mak- ing hon- ey,
2. "Thank you," said the hum-ming bee, "You shall have the hon-ey,
M-m (*with closed lips*) . . . M-m . . . . "Won't you
M-m . . . . . M-m . . . . . "But my
M-m . . . . . If I will pay you mon - ey?"
M-m . . . . . So I won't take your mon - ey."
sell a lit - tle bit to me, If I will pay you mon - ey?"
hon - ey-sweets are al-ways free, So I won't take your mon - ey."

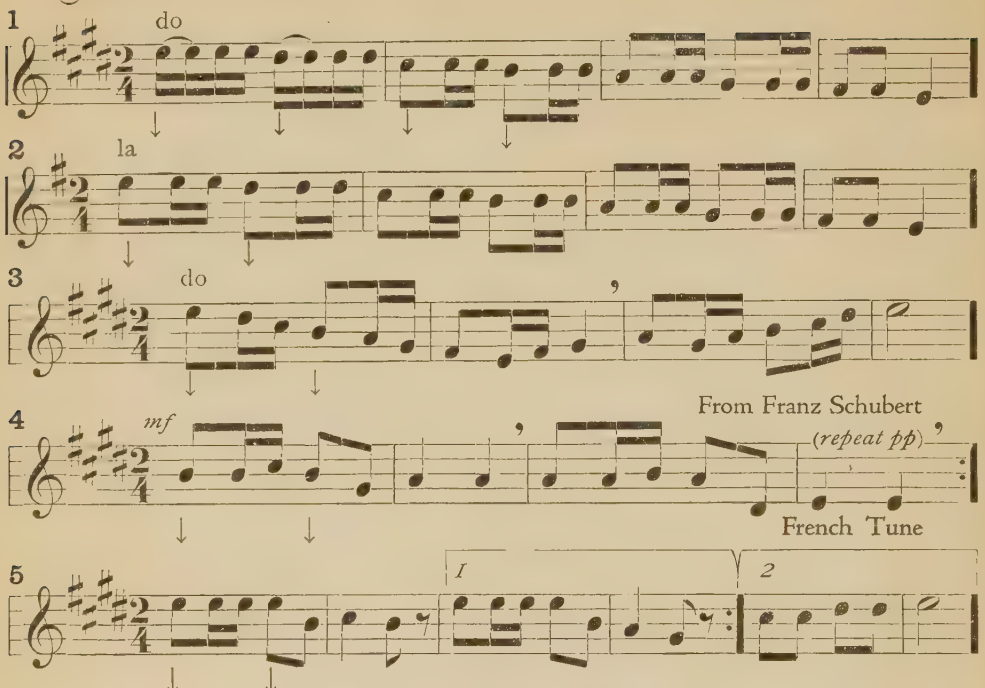
MORNING STARS

Irish Folk Tune

Andante

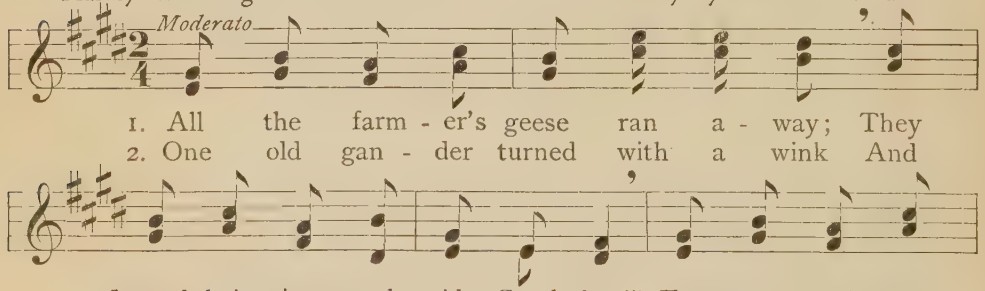

1. Be-hold the stars of morn - ing, Bright jew - els in a sky of rose,
2. 'Tis said they sang to - geth - er That day when first the heav'n un-rolled,
The crown of day a - dorn - ing While ear - ly twi - light glows.
A lay of spring-time weath - er— A mag - ic song of gold.

Reference: **New Manual, Pages 113–116**



THE WISE GEESE

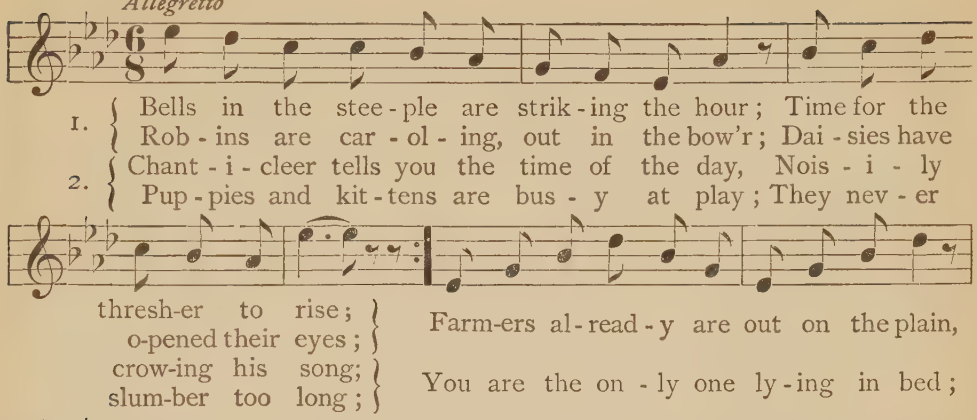
Harvey Worthington Loomis — Melody by Robert Schumann


Moderato
1. All the farm - er's geese ran a - way; They flapped their wings and said, "Good day!" Farm - er cried, "Oh,
2. One old gan - der turned with a wink And said, "We need a change, I think; Now that once we're all run-ning loose, If I came back they'd call me a goose."
why do you go? I'll have no poul - try left but a crow!"

THE THRESHERS

Adapted from Johann Friedrich Schelz

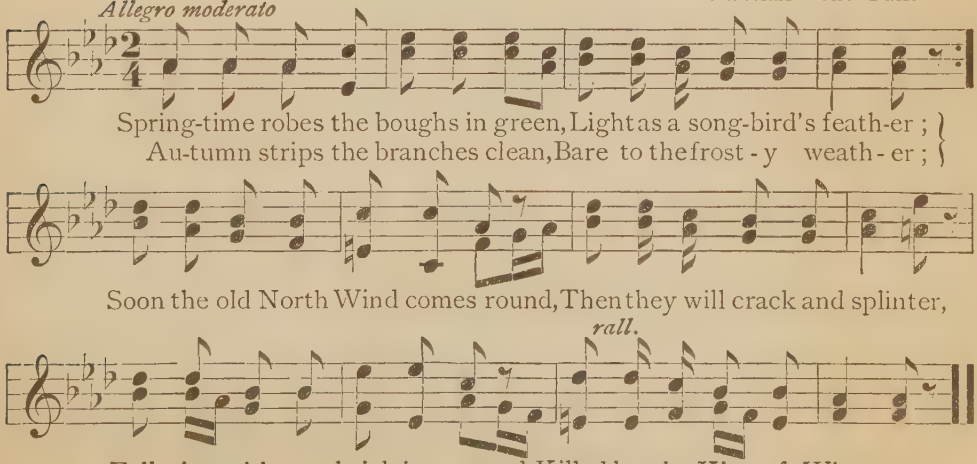
Allegretto


1. Bells in the stee-ple are strik-ing the hour; Time for the
Rob-ins are car-ol-ing, out in the bow'r; Dai-sies have
2. Chant-i-cleer tells you the time of the day, Nois-i-ly
Pup-pies and kit-tens are bus-y at play; They nev-er
thresh-er to rise;
o-pened their eyes;
crow-ing his song;
slum-ber too long;
Farm-ers al-read-y are out on the plain,
You are the on-ly one ly-ing in bed;
Bus-i-ly, mer-ri-ly threshing the grain, Bus-i-ly, mer-ri-ly,
All of the oth-ers are work-ing in-stead, Cheer-ful-ly, nois-i-ly,
bus-i-ly, mer-ri-ly, O-ver and o-ver a-gain.
cheer-ful-ly, nois-i-ly Thresh-ing the wheat for our bread.

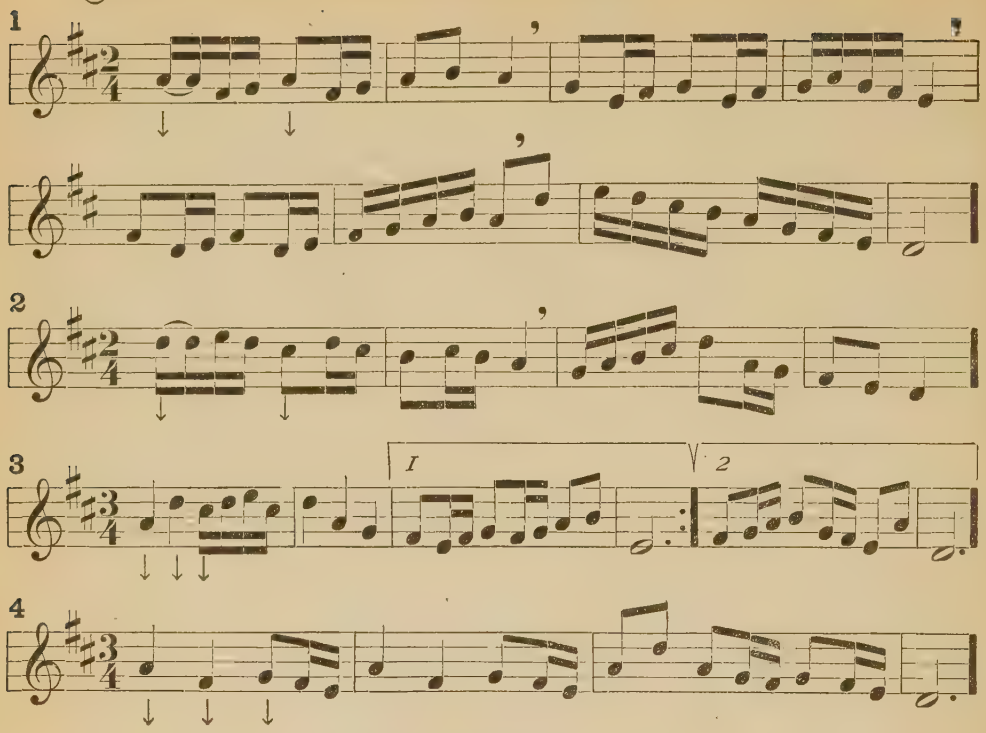
FOREST BRANCHES

Russian Folk Tune

Allegro moderato


Spring-time robes the boughs in green, Light as a song-bird's feath-er;
Au-tumn strips the branches clean, Bare to the frost-y weath-er;
Soon the old North Wind comes round, Then they will crack and splinter,
rall.
Fall-ing with a shriek-ing sound, Killed by the King of Win-ter.

= Think four even tones to a beat



MERRY MEASURES

Moderato

Here is a song Like a riv - u - let with jew-els in it;

Notes run a - long at the rate of man - y score a min - ute;

Sixteenth notes and eighth notes too, Now and then a quarter, then we are thro'.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

Thomas Dibdin — Old Welsh Melody

Allegro moderato

mf

1. A hun-gry fox one day did spy, Fa la la la la la la la,
2. The fox his pa-tience near-ly lost, Fa la la la la la la la,

mf

:S: FINE

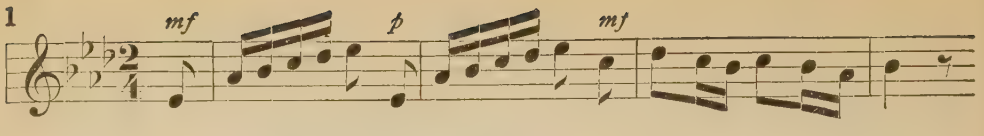
Some nice ripe grapes that hung so high, Fa la la la la la la la.
(*D.S.*) "If you can fetch me down, you may," Fa la la la la la la la.
With ex - pec - ta - tions balk'd and cross'd, Fa la la la la la la la.
(*D.S.*) Then he went, and swore the grapes were sour, Fa la la la la la la la.

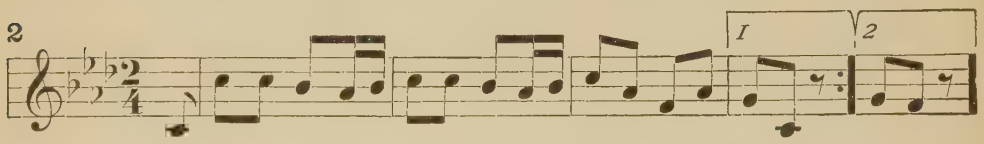
mp *poco rit.* *D.S.*

And as they hung, they seem'd to say To him who un - der-neath did stay:
He lick'd his lips for near an hour, Till he found the prize be-yond his pow'r,

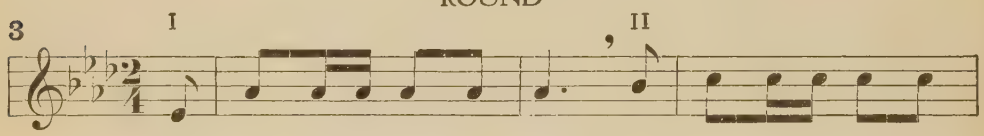
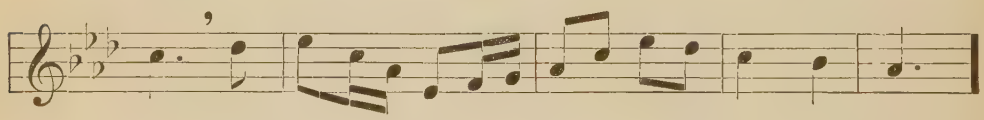
mp legato *poco rit.*

1

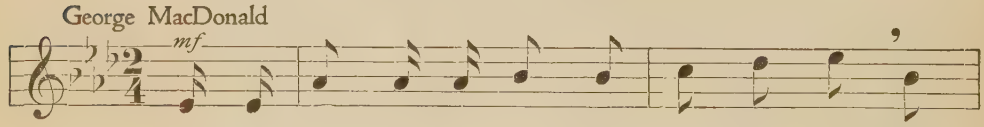


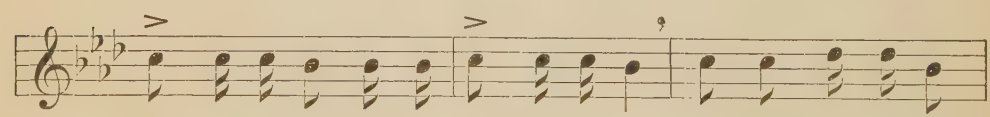
2

ROUND

3

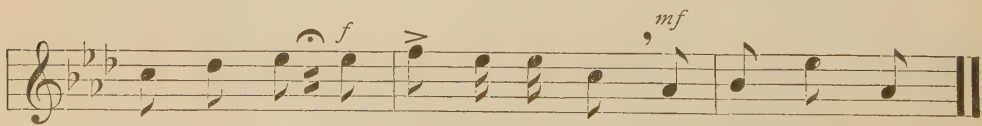


THE WIND AND THE MOON

George MacDonald

Said the wind to the moon, I'll blow you out, You



stare in the air Like a ghost in a chair, Al-ways look-ing what

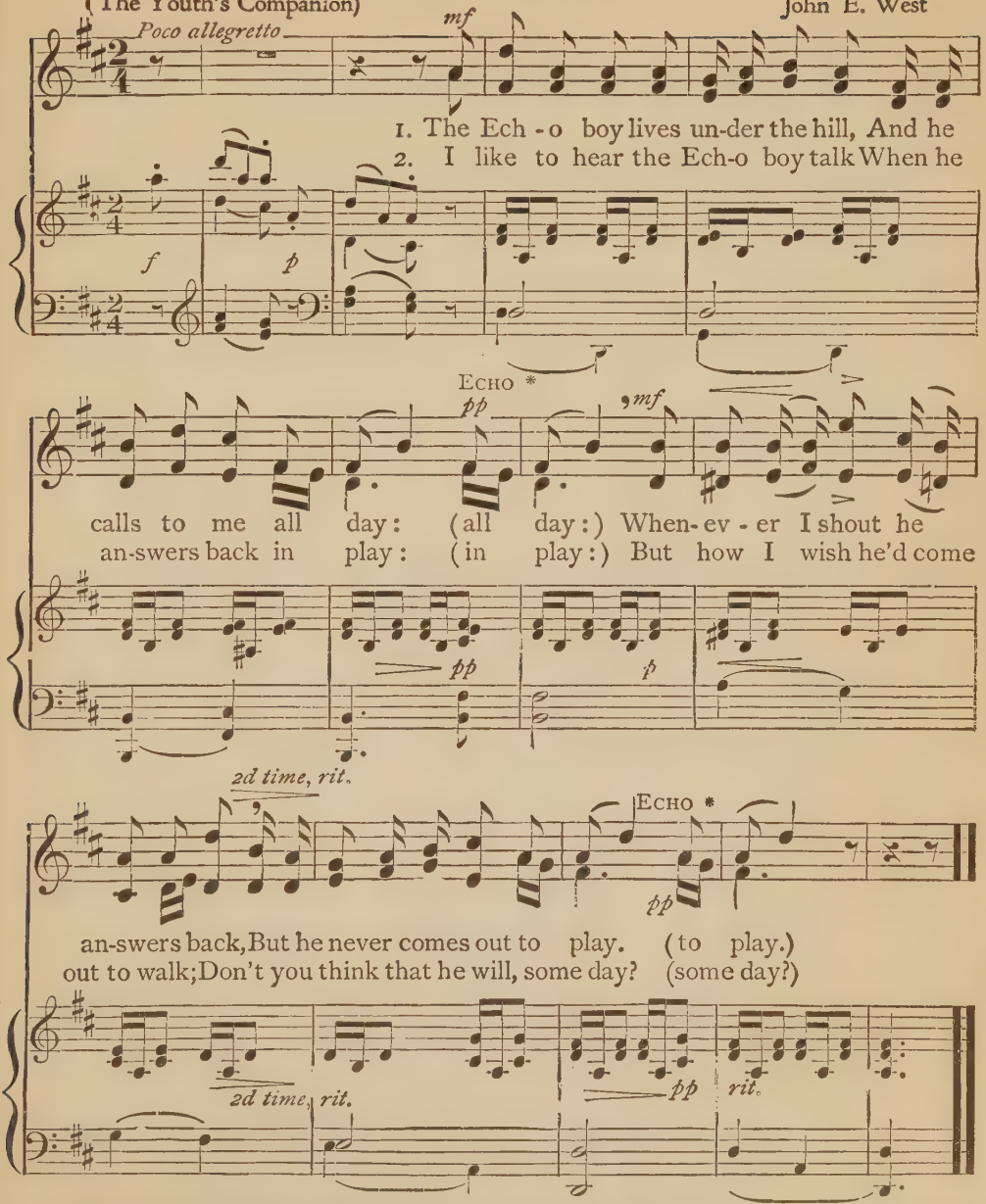


I'm a-bout. I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out.

PLAYMATES

Winthrop Packard
(The Youth's Companion)

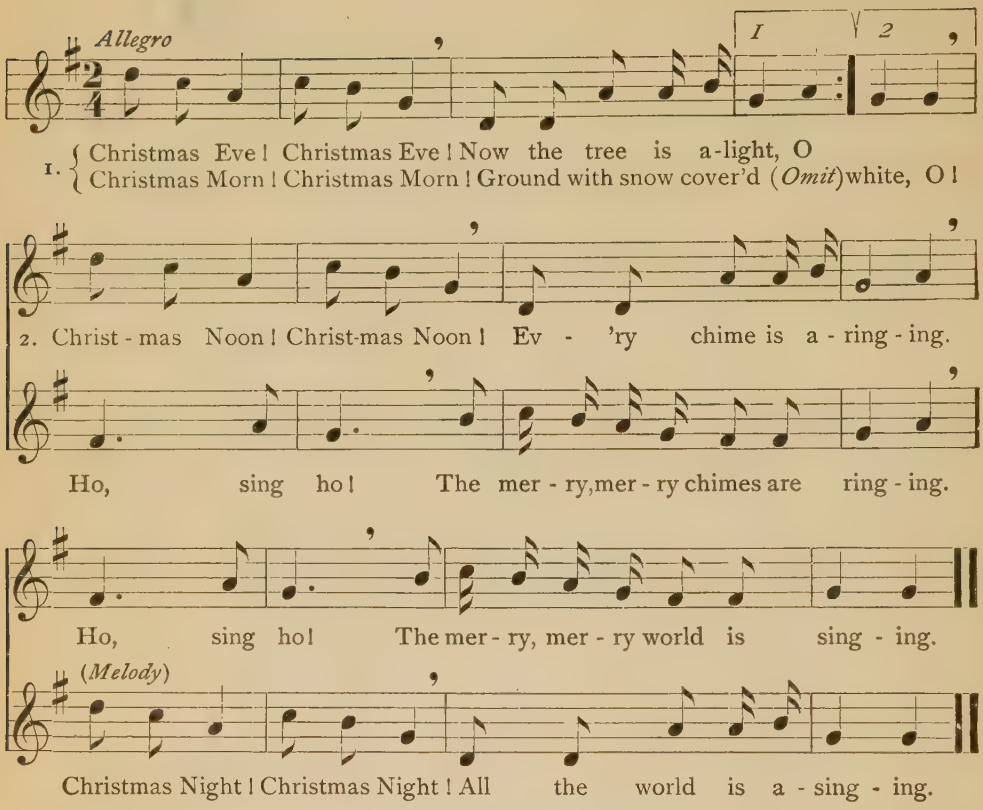
John E. West


Poco allegretto
mf
1. The Ech - o boy lives un-der the hill, And he
2. I like to hear the Ech-o boy talk When he
f
p
Echo *
pp
mf
calls to me all day: (all day:) When-ev - er I shout he
an-swers back in play: (in play:) But how I wish he'd come
pp
p
2d time, rit.
Echo *
pp
an-swers back, But he never comes out to play. (to play.)
out to walk; Don't you think that he will, some day? (some day?)
2d time, rit.
pp
rit.

* The Echo portions should, if possible, be sung by Solo voices, or two or three voices to each part placed at some distance away from the Chorus.

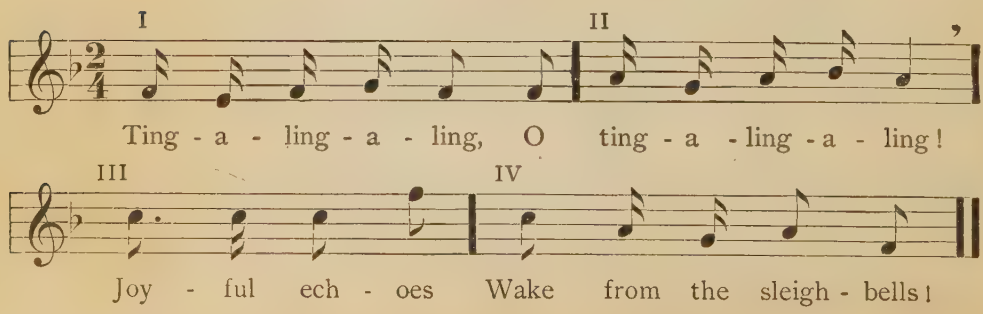
CHRISTMAS TIME

Josef Haydn


Allegro
1
2
1. Christmas Eve! Christmas Eve! Now the tree is a-light, O
Christmas Morn! Christmas Morn! Ground with snow cover'd (Omit)white, O!
2. Christ - mas Noon! Christ-mas Noon! Ev - 'ry chime is a - ring - ing.
Ho, sing ho! The mer - ry,mer - ry chimes are ring - ing.
Ho, sing ho! The mer - ry, mer - ry world is sing - ing.
(Melody)
Christmas Night! Christmas Night! All the world is a - sing - ing.

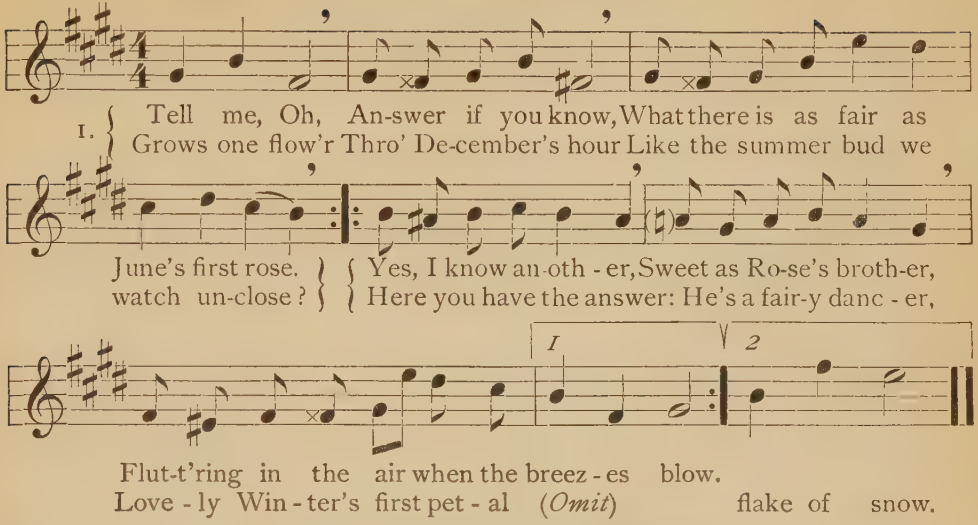
SLEIGH BELLS

ROUND



PINK AND WHITE

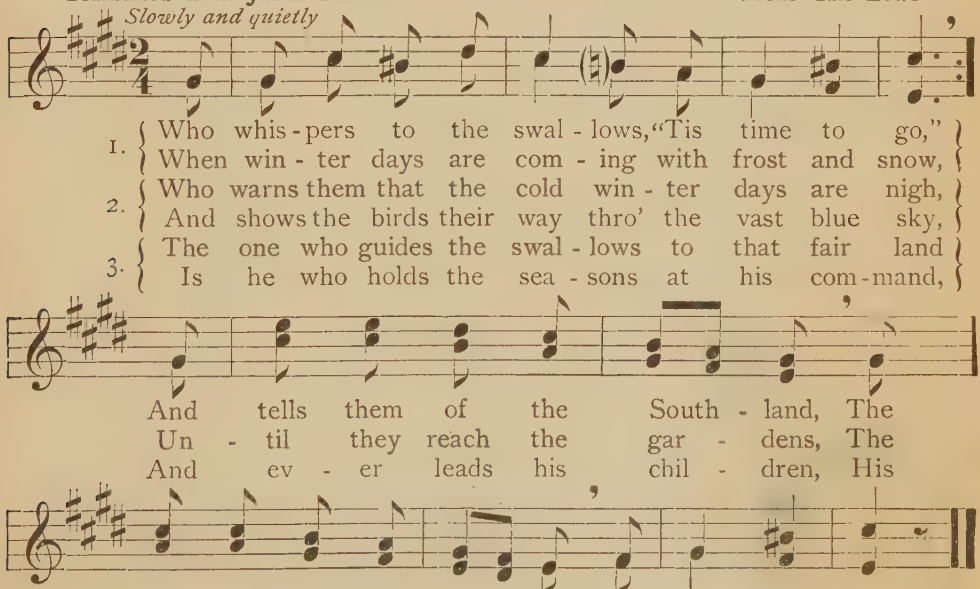
Foster B. Merriam


1. Tell me, Oh, An-swer if you know, What there is as fair as
Grows one flow'r Thro' De-cember's hour Like the summer bud we
June's first rose.
watch un-close?
Yes, I know an-oth - er, Sweet as Ro-se's broth-er,
Here you have the answer: He's a fair-y danc - er,
1
2
Flut-t'ring in the air when the breez - es blow.
Love - ly Win - ter's first pet - al (Omit) flake of snow.

HEAVENLY GUIDANCE

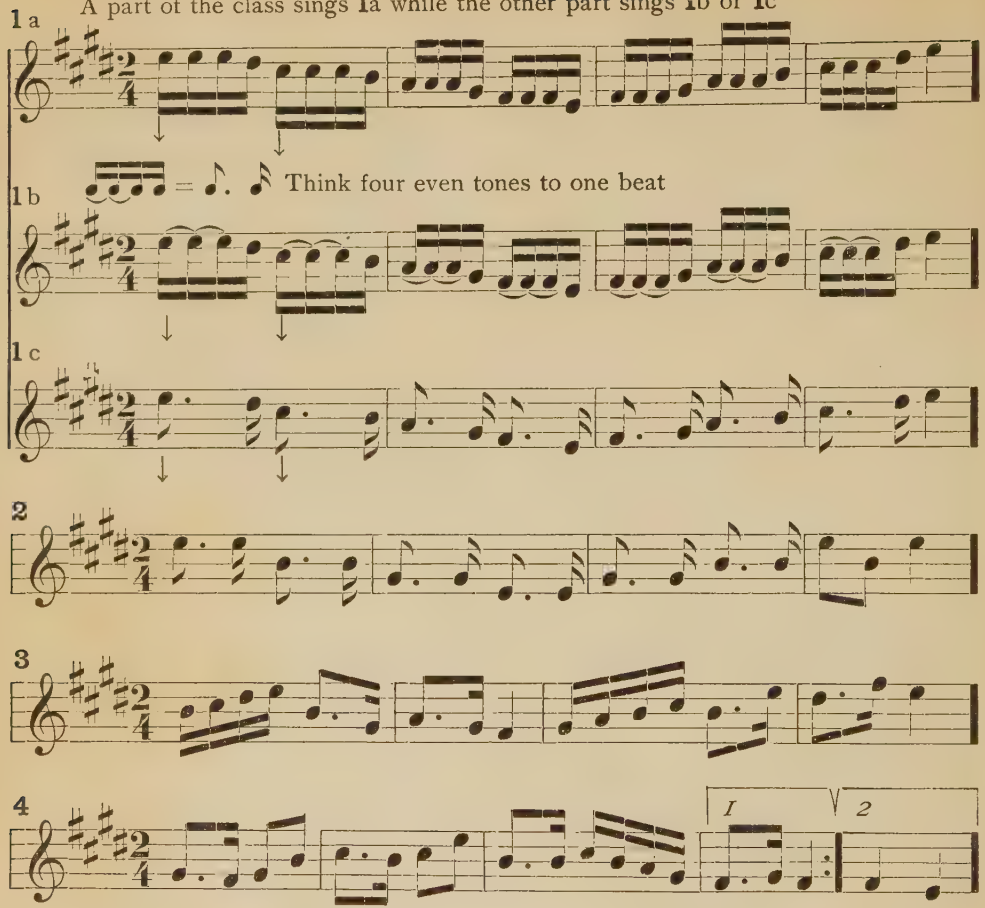
Translated from Julius Sturm — From Carl Löwe

Slowly and quietly


1. Who whis - pers to the swal - lows, "Tis time to go,"
When win - ter days are com - ing with frost and snow,
2. Who warns them that the cold win - ter days are nigh,
And shows the birds their way thro' the vast blue sky,
3. The one who guides the swal - lows to that fair land
Is he who holds the sea - sons at his com - mand,
And tells them of the South - land, The
Un - til they reach the gar - dens, The
And ev - er leads his chil - dren, His
warm and sun - ny South-land Where palm - trees grow?
bright and glow - ing gar - dens That south - ward lie?
well be - lov - ed chil - dren By his own hand.

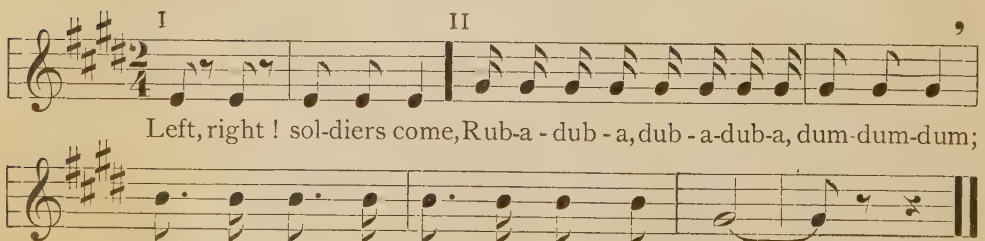
Reference: New Manual, Pages 113–116

A part of the class sings **1**a while the other part sings **1**b or **1**c



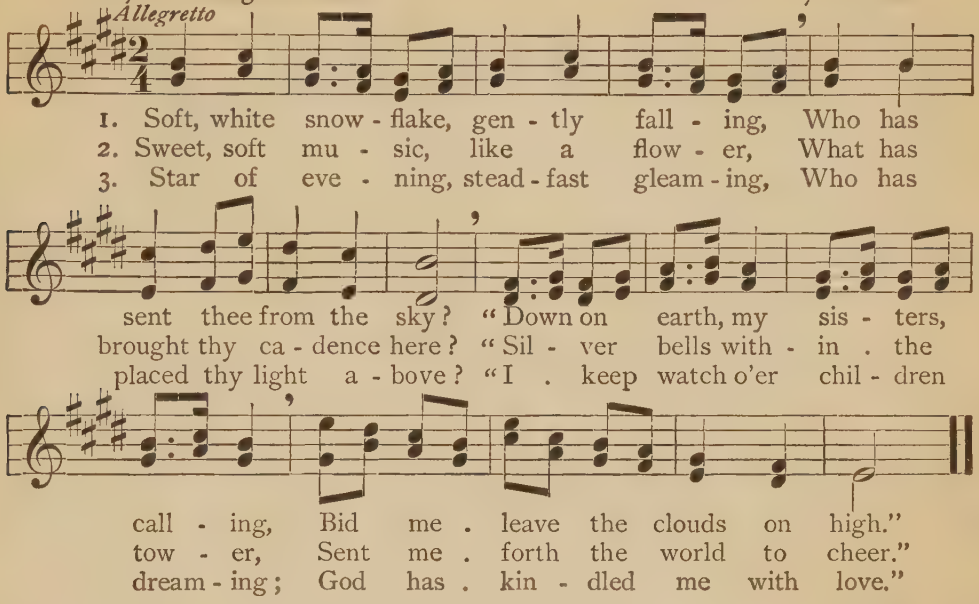
SOLDIERS

ROUND



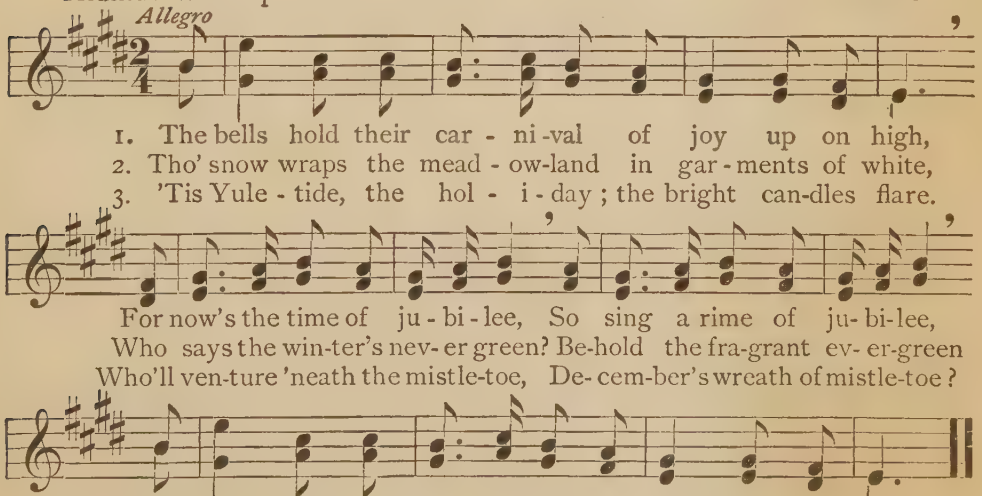
A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Sicilian Hymn Tune


Allegretto
1. Soft, white snow - flake, gen - tly fall - ing, Who has
2. Sweet, soft mu - sic, like a flow - er, What has
3. Star of eve - ning, stead - fast gleam - ing, Who has
sent thee from the sky? "Down on earth, my sis - ters,
brought thy ca - dence here? "Sil - ver bells with - in . the
placed thy light a - bove? "I . keep watch o'er chil - dren
call - ing, Bid me . leave the clouds on high."
tow - er, Sent me . forth the world to cheer."
dream - ing; God has . kin - dled me with love."

CHRISTMAS JOY

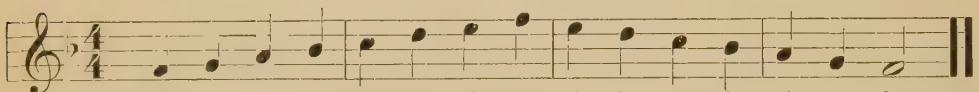
Frederick Winthrop — Carl Reinecke


Allegro
1. The bells hold their car - ni - val of joy up on high,
2. Tho' snow wraps the mead - ow-land in gar - ments of white,
3. 'Tis Yule - tide, the hol - i - day; the bright can-dles flare.
For now's the time of ju - bi - lee, So sing a rime of ju - bi - lee,
Who says the win-ter's nev- er green? Be-hold the fra-grant ev- er-green
Who'll ven-ture 'neath the mistle-toe, De- cem-ber's wreath of mistle-toe?
And join in the bel . fry-song that comes from the sky.
That sheds all its mag - ic fruit each glad Christ-mas night!
Take care! There's a for - feit, if you're caught stand-ing there.

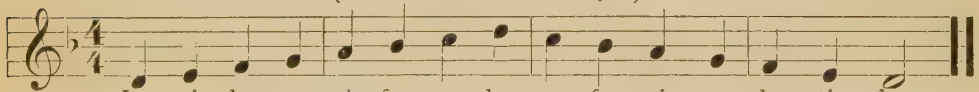
Reference: New Manual, Pages 117–121

Each key signature may indicate two keys — a major key and its relative minor.

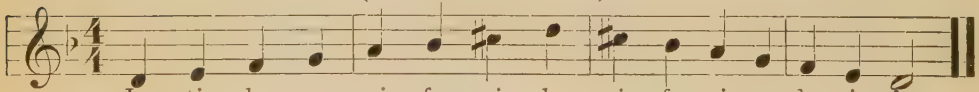
The number names of the minor scale are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, as in the major. Use of the number names has been deferred until the numbers can be applied to the major and minor scales alike.

MAJOR SCALE FROM F

Syllable names	Do	re	mi	fa	so	la	ti	do	ti	la	so	fa	mi	re	do
Number names	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
Pitch names	F	G	A	B♭	C	D	E	F	E	D	C	B♭	A	G	F

MINOR SCALE FROM D (Normal form)

(Same tones as in F major)

La	ti	do	re	mi	fa	so	la	so	fa	mi	re	do	ti	la
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
D	E	F	G	A	B♭	C	D	C	B♭	A	G	F	E	D

MINOR SCALE FROM D (Harmonic form)

(One new tone — *Si*)

La	ti	do	re	mi	fa	si	la	si	fa	mi	re	do	ti	la

1. *a.* Sing the major scale with the syllable names.
   b. Sing the major scale with the number names.
   c. Sing the major scale with the pitch names.

2. *a.* Sing the normal minor scale with the syllable names.
   b. Sing the normal minor scale with the number names.
   c. Sing the normal minor scale with the pitch names.

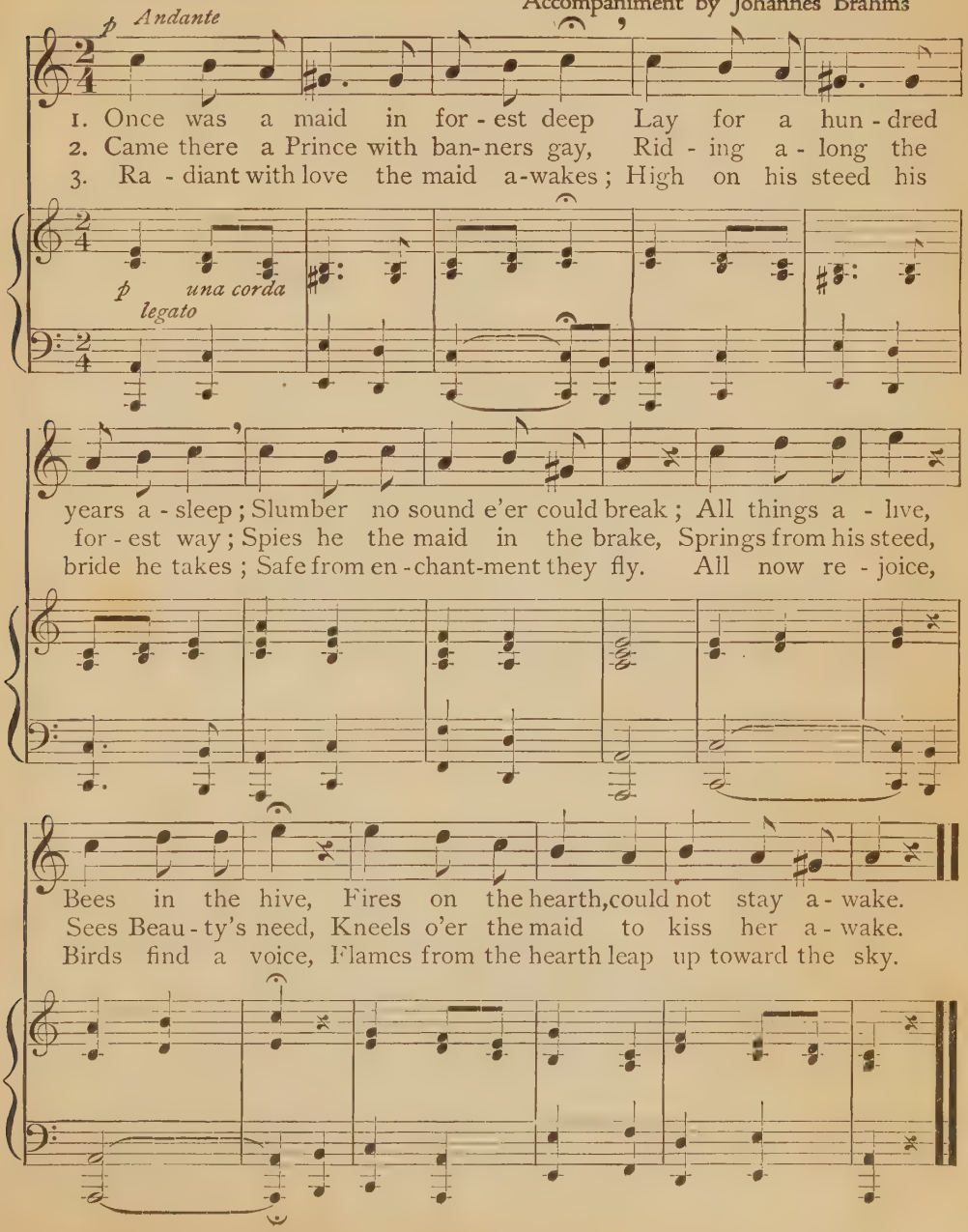
3. *a.* Sing the harmonic minor scale with the syllable names.
   b. Sing the harmonic minor scale with the number names.
   c. Sing the harmonic minor scale with the pitch names.

These scales should be sung in other keys, E♭ major, C minor, E major, C♯ minor, etc.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Old Fairy Tale

Accompaniment by Johannes Brahms

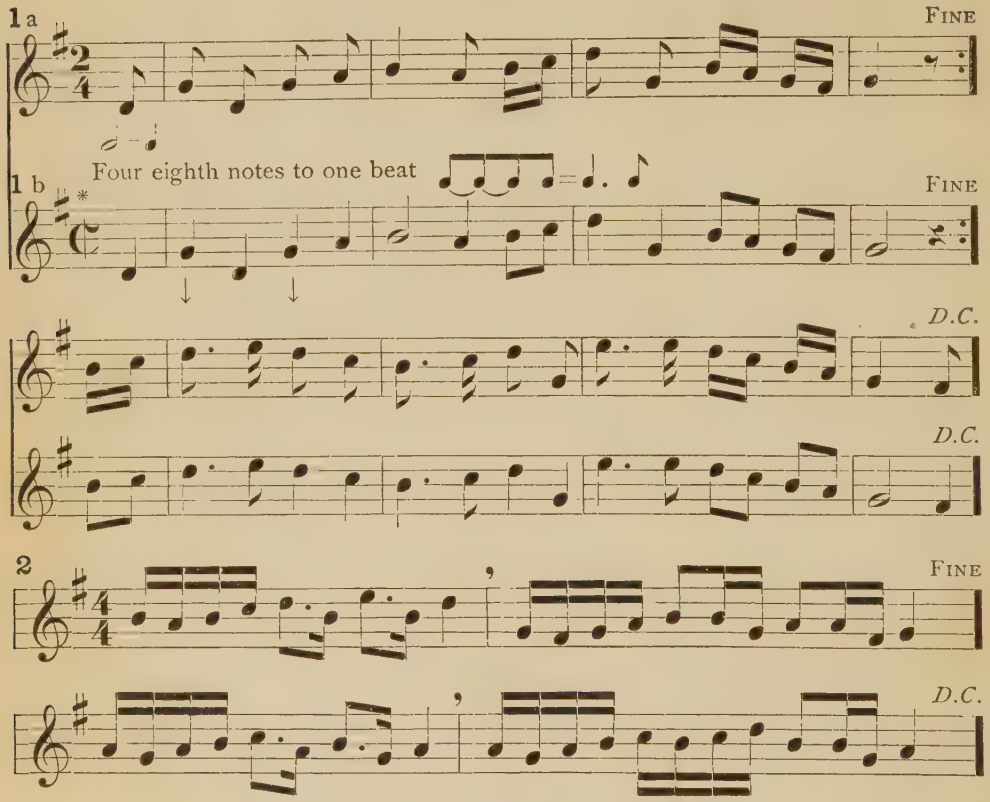

p Andante
1. Once was a maid in for - est deep Lay for a hun - dred
2. Came there a Prince with ban-ners gay, Rid - ing a - long the
3. Ra - diant with love the maid a-wakes; High on his steed his
p una corda
legato
years a - sleep; Slumber no sound e'er could break; All things a - live,
for - est way; Spies he the maid in the brake, Springs from his steed,
bride he takes; Safe from en - chant-ment they fly. All now re - joice,
Bees in the hive, Fires on the hearth, could not stay a - wake.
Sees Beau - ty's need, Kneels o'er the maid to kiss her a - wake.
Birds find a voice, Flames from the hearth leap up toward the sky.

Reference: New Manual, Pages 114–116

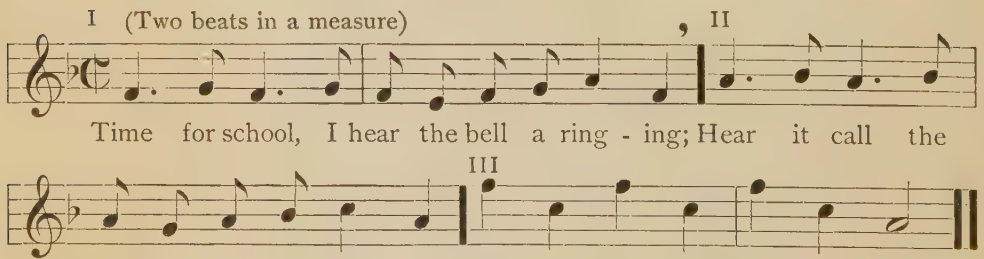
One section of the class may sing 1a while the other section sings 1b

Four sixteenth notes to one beat = ♪. 𝅘𝅥𝅯

"The British Grenadiers"



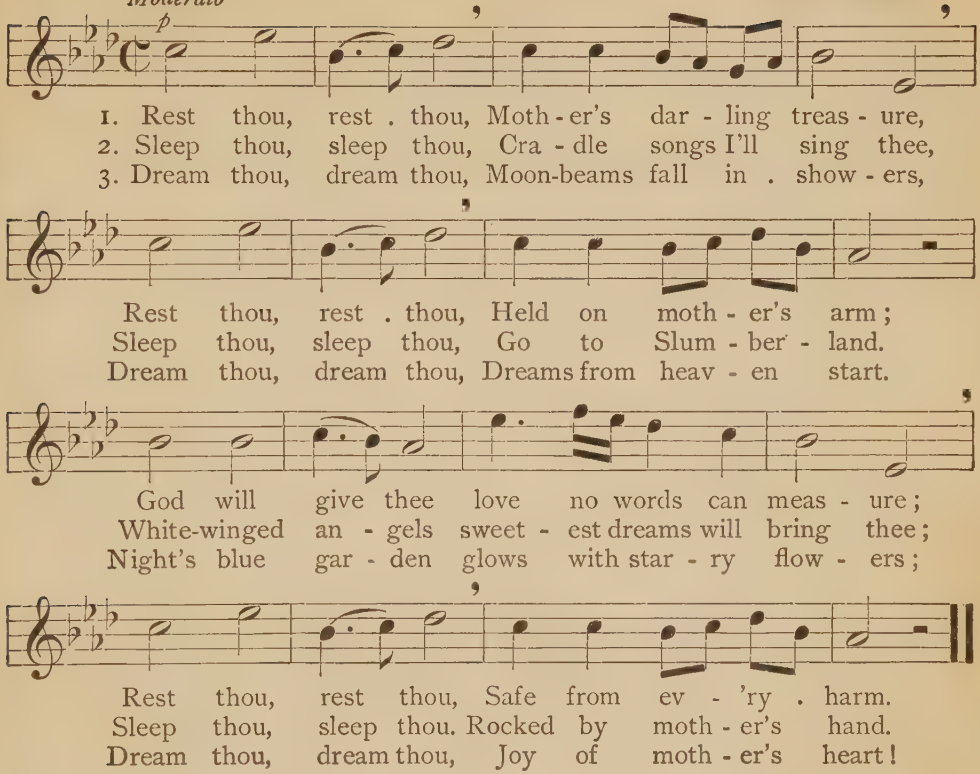
THE SCHOOL BELL


I (Two beats in a measure)
II
Time for school, I hear the bell a ring - ing; Hear it call the
III
chil-dren for the sing - ing, Chim - ing, chim - ing, chim - ing bell.

* $\frac{2}{2}$ measure signature is often represented by ¢

SLUMBER SONG

Moderato

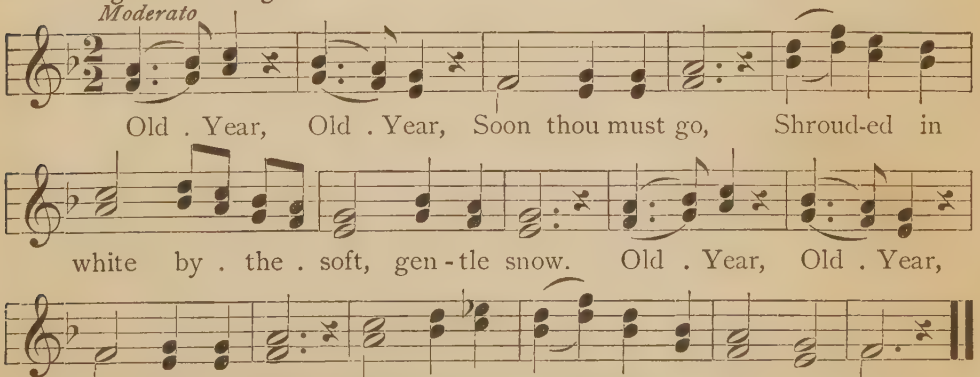
Franz Schubert

1. Rest thou, rest . thou, Moth - er's dar - ling treas - ure,
2. Sleep thou, sleep thou, Cra - dle songs I'll sing thee,
3. Dream thou, dream thou, Moon-beams fall in . show - ers,
Rest thou, rest . thou, Held on moth - er's arm;
Sleep thou, sleep thou, Go to Slum - ber - land.
Dream thou, dream thou, Dreams from heav - en start.
God will give thee love no words can meas - ure;
White-winged an - gels sweet - est dreams will bring thee;
Night's blue gar - den glows with star - ry flow - ers;
Rest thou, rest thou, Safe from ev - 'ry . harm.
Sleep thou, sleep thou. Rocked by moth - er's hand.
Dream thou, dream thou, Joy of moth - er's heart!

THE OLD YEAR

George W. Pennington

Moderato

Christian Palmer

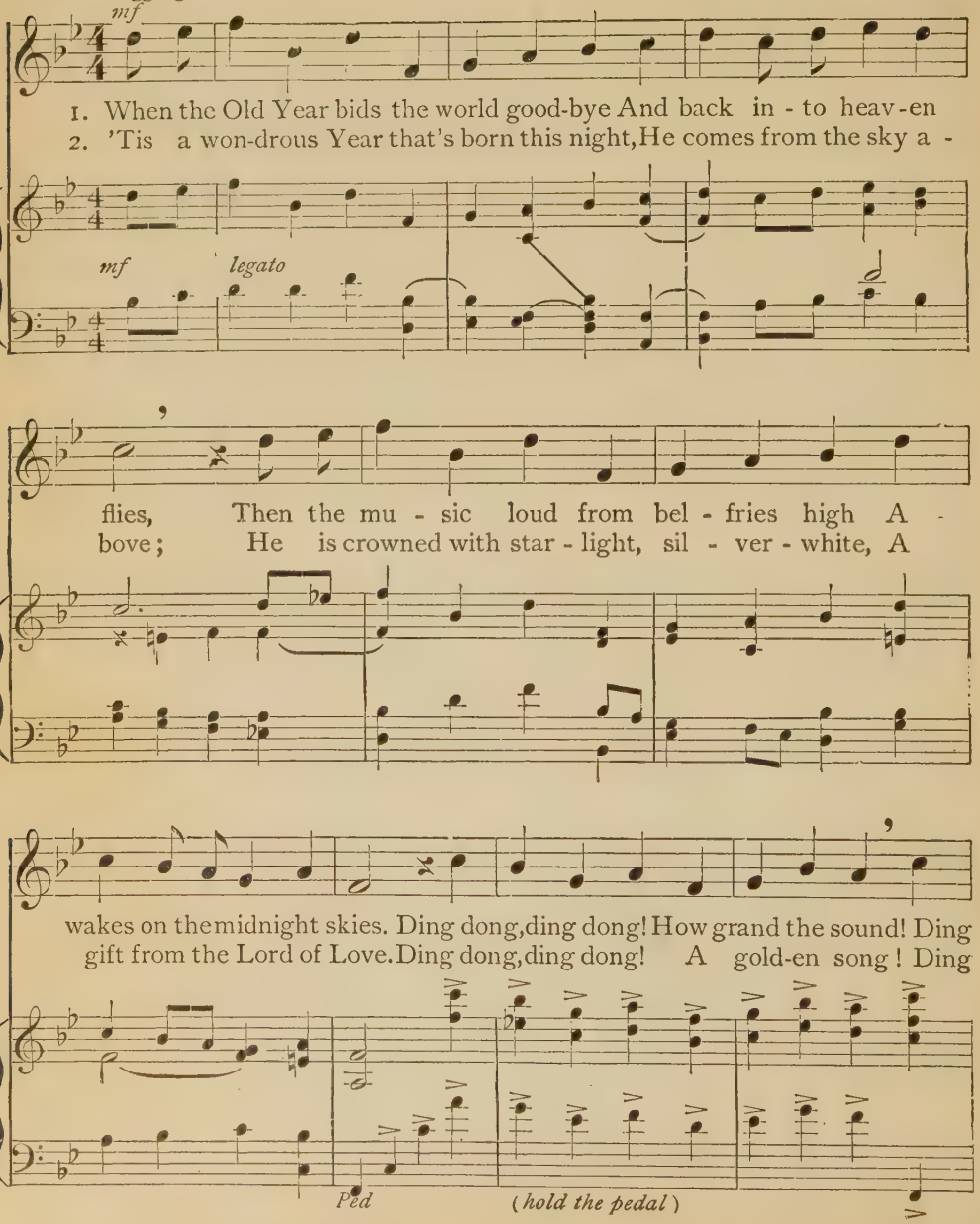

Old . Year, Old . Year, Soon thou must go, Shroud-ed in
white by . the . soft, gen - tle snow. Old . Year, Old . Year,
Time rings thy knell; Soon we shall chant thee a fond fare - well.

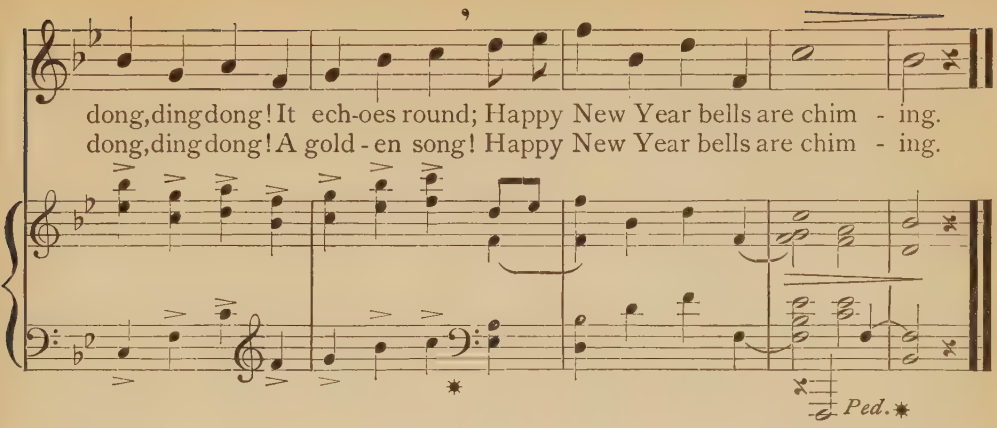
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

Foster B. Merriam

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Not dragging

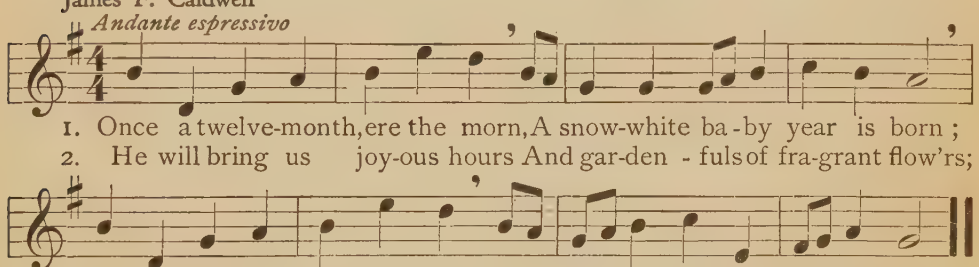

mf
1. When the Old Year bids the world good-bye And back in - to heav - en
2. 'Tis a won-drous Year that's born this night, He comes from the sky a -
mf
legato
flies, Then the mu - sic loud from bel - fries high A -
bove; He is crowned with star - light, sil - ver - white, A
wakes on the midnight skies. Ding dong, ding dong! How grand the sound! Ding
gift from the Lord of Love. Ding dong, ding dong! A gold-en song! Ding
Ped
(hold the pedal)


dong, ding dong! It ech-oes round; Happy New Year bells are chim - ing.
dong, ding dong! A gold - en song! Happy New Year bells are chim - ing.
Ped.

THE NEW YEAR

James F. Caldwell

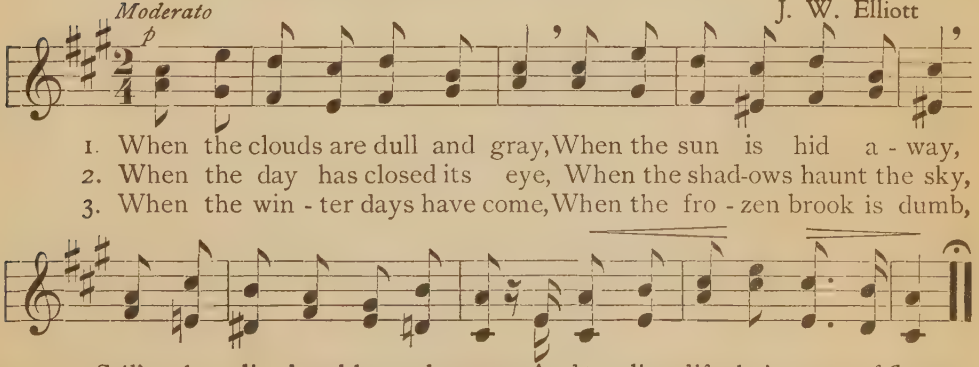
Andante espressivo


1. Once a twelve-month, ere the morn, A snow-white ba - by year is born;
2. He will bring us joy-ous hours And gar-den - fuls of fra-grant flow'rs;
Four bright seasons he will stay, And we shall love him more each day.
Mu - sic sounded when he came, And when he goes 'twill be the same.

BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE

Moderato

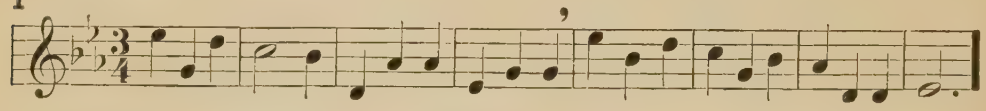
J. W. Elliott


1. When the clouds are dull and gray, When the sun is hid a - way,
2. When the day has closed its eye, When the shad-ows haunt the sky,
3. When the win - ter days have come, When the fro - zen brook is dumb,
Still the li - lacs bloom the same, And tu - lips lift their cups of flame.
All the jew-eled stars of night Will watch the world till morning light.
Still the snow-bird sings his lay, To tell that spring is on the way.

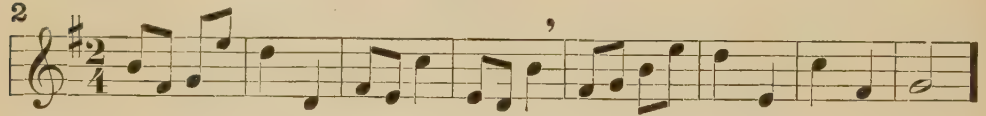
EYE TRAINING STUDIES

To be sung or spoken with the syllable names, with a steady rhythmic swing, slowly at first, gradually increasing the tempo until *each child* can speak or sing the studies rapidly

1



2



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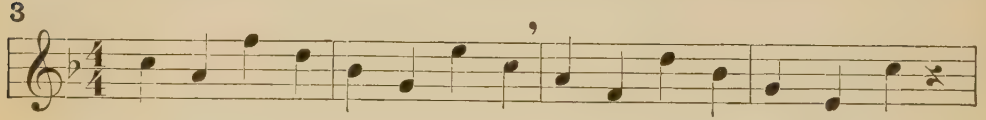
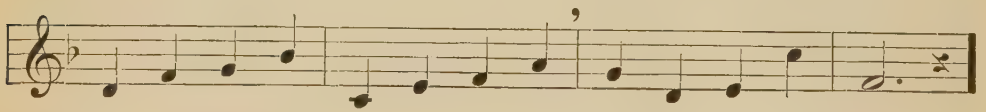
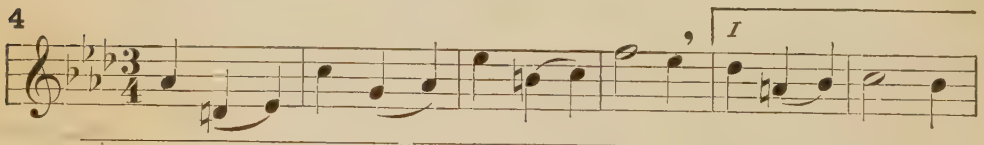
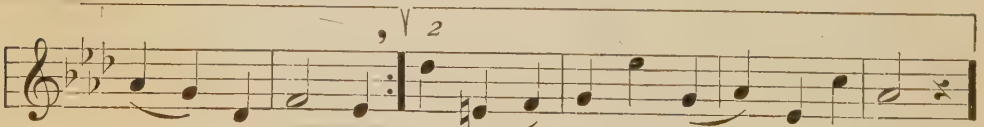


Reference: Manual, Book Two, Pages 38–40

4





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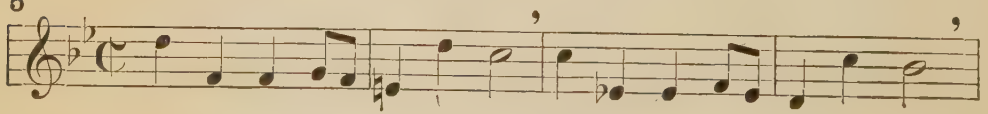
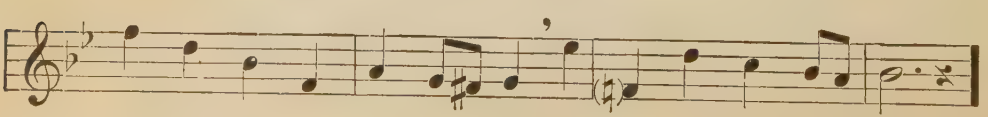
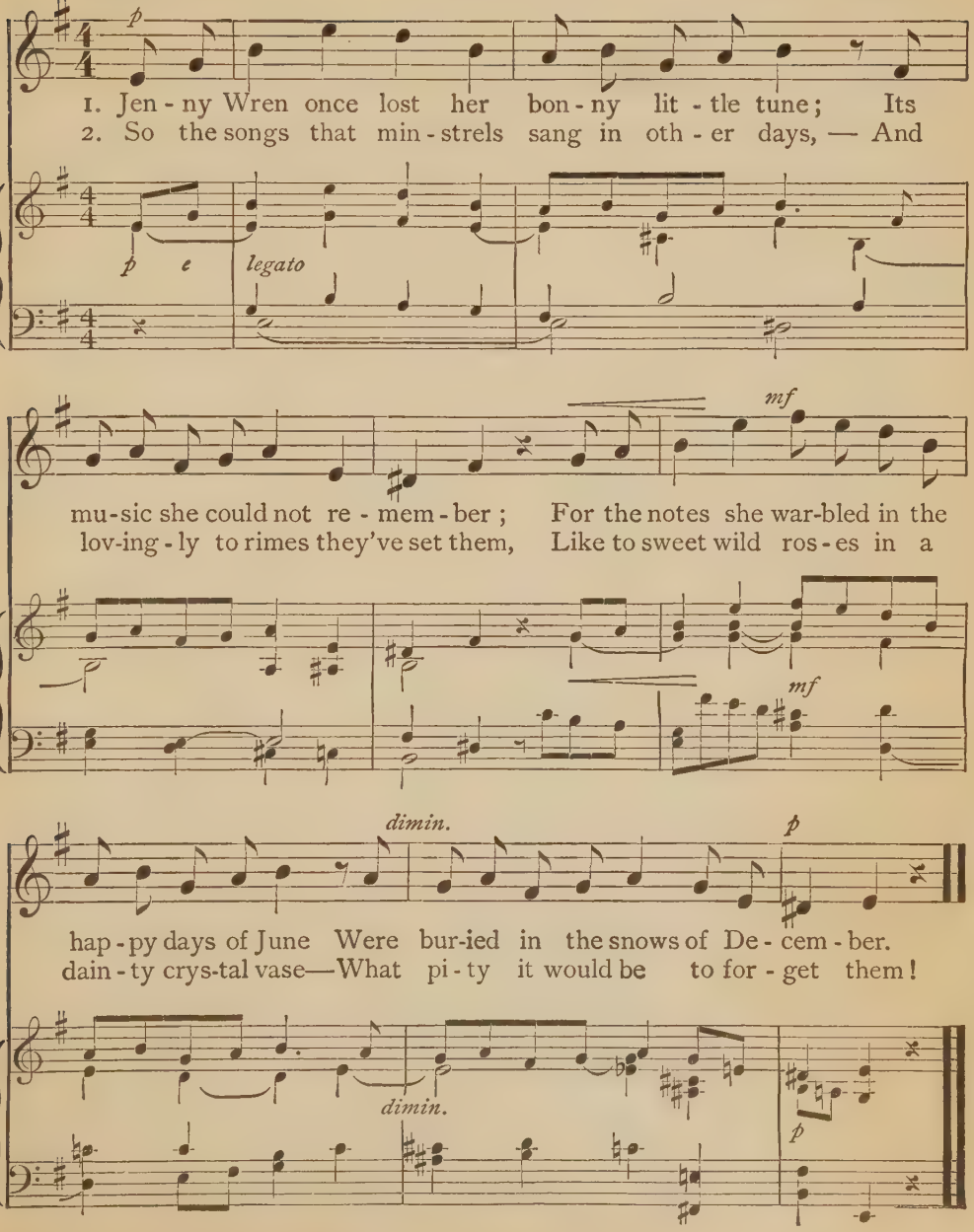

THE LOST SONG

Russell M. Dodge

Moderato

Norwegian Melody


p
1. Jen - ny Wren once lost her bon - ny lit - tle tune; Its
2. So the songs that min - strels sang in oth - er days, — And
p e
legato
mf
mu - sic she could not re - mem - ber; For the notes she war-bled in the
lov-ing - ly to rimes they've set them, Like to sweet wild ros - es in a
mf
dimin.
p
hap - py days of June Were bur-ied in the snows of De - cem - ber.
dain - ty crys-tal vase—What pi - ty it would be to for - get them!
dimin.
p

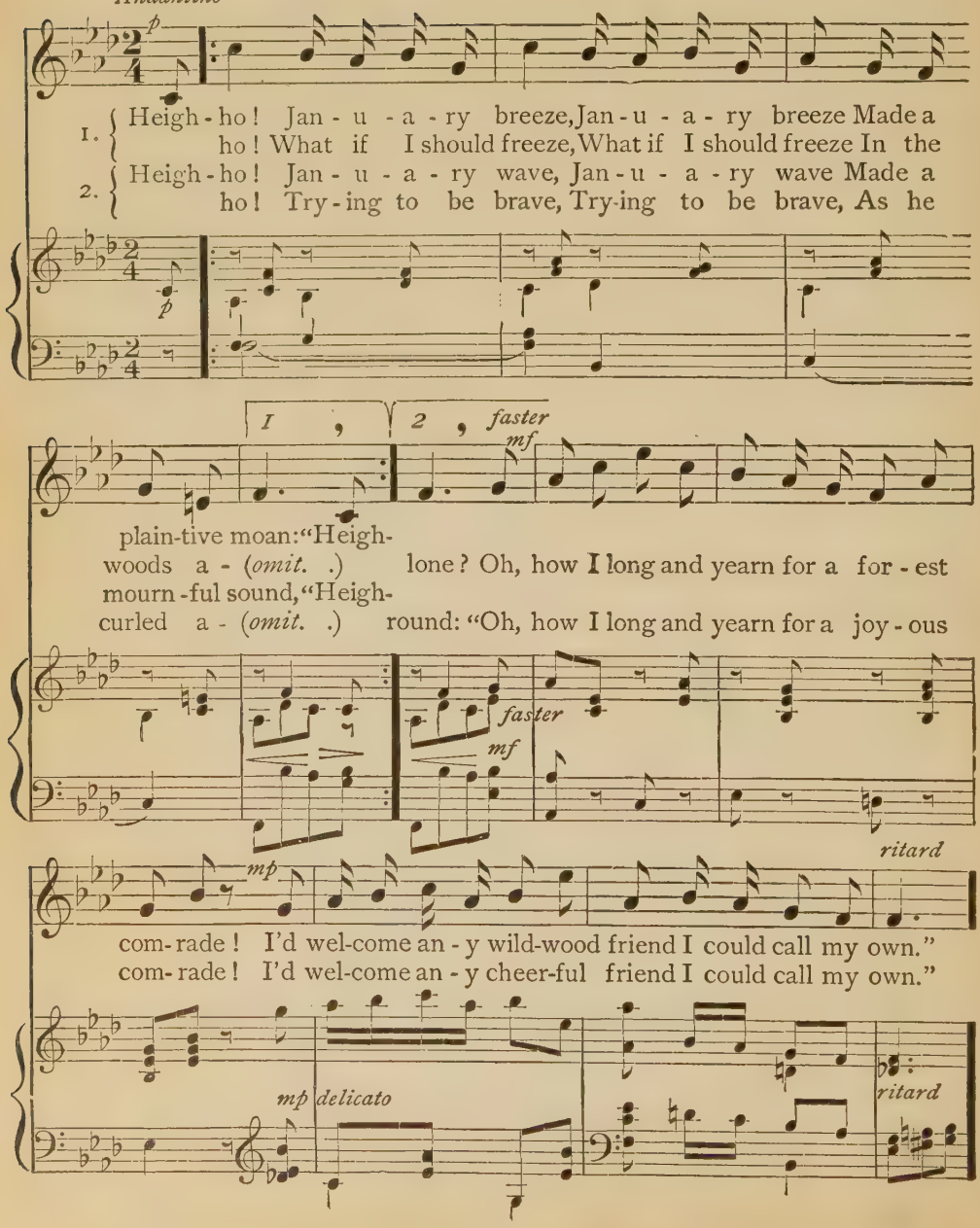
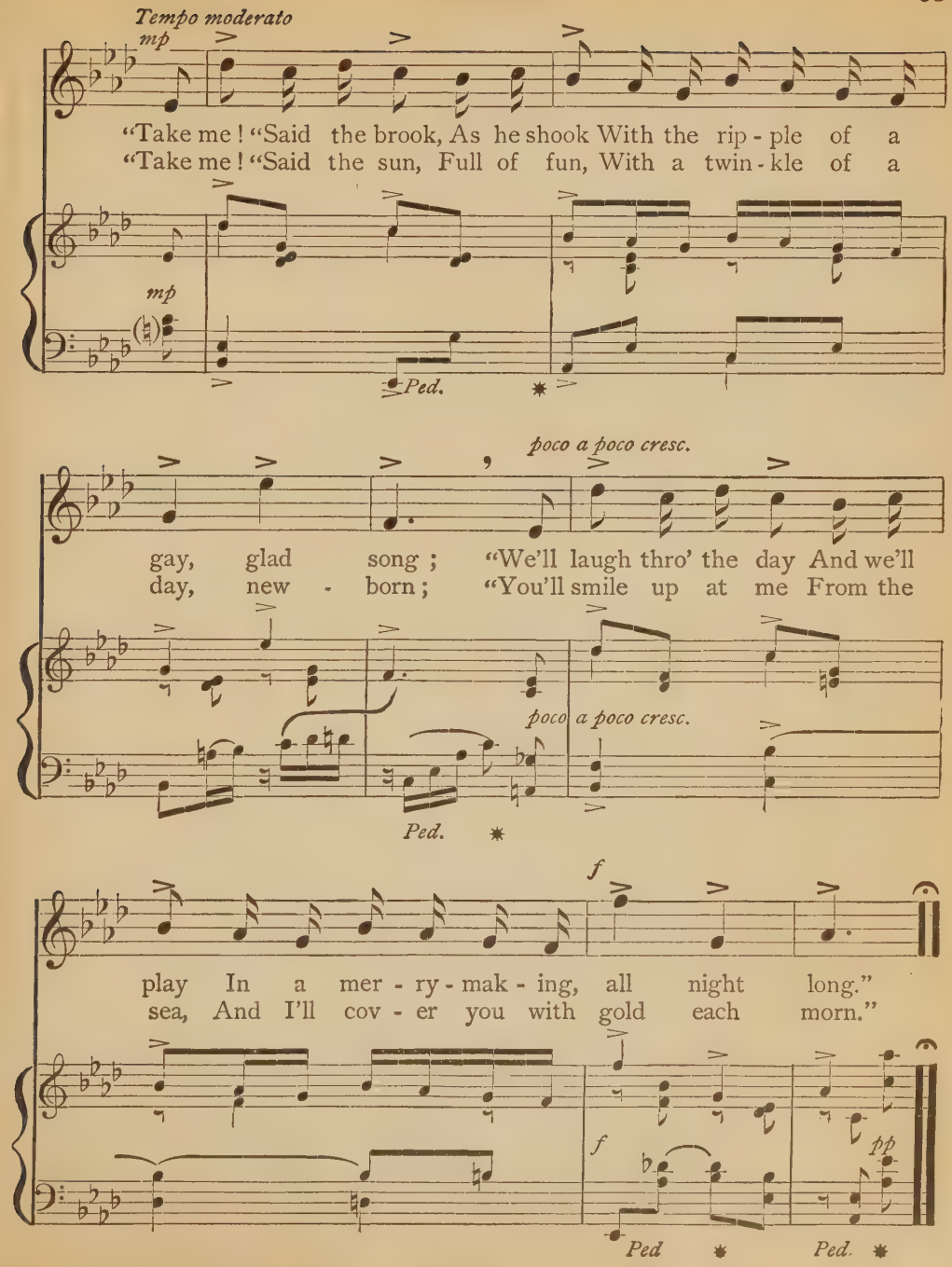
COMRADES

ROTE SONG

Frederick Winthrop

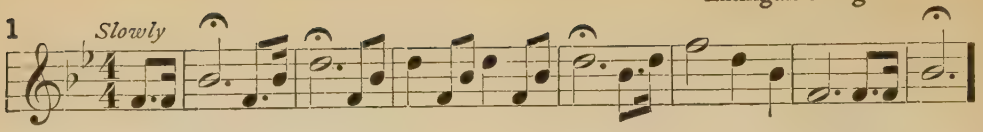
Arthur Edward Johnstone

Andantino


p
1. Heigh-ho! Jan-u-a-ry breeze, Jan-u-a-ry breeze Made a
ho! What if I should freeze, What if I should freeze In the
2. Heigh-ho! Jan-u-a-ry wave, Jan-u-a-ry wave Made a
ho! Try-ing to be brave, Try-ing to be brave, As he
p
1
2
faster
mf
plain-tive moan: "Heigh-
woods a-(omit.) lone? Oh, how I long and yearn for a for-est
mourn-ful sound, "Heigh-
curled a-(omit.) round: "Oh, how I long and yearn for a joy-ous
faster
mf
mp
ritard
com-rade! I'd wel-come an-y wild-wood friend I could call my own."
com-rade! I'd wel-come an-y cheer-ful friend I could call my own."
mp
delicato
ritard

Tempo moderato
mp
"Take me! "Said the brook, As he shook With the rip - ple of a
"Take me! "Said the sun, Full of fun, With a twin - kle of a
mp
Ped.
poco a poco cresc.
gay, glad song; "We'll laugh thro' the day And we'll
day, new - born; "You'll smile up at me From the
poco a poco cresc.
Ped.
f
play In a mer - ry - mak - ing, all night long."
sea, And I'll cov - er you with gold each morn."
f
pp
Ped
Ped.

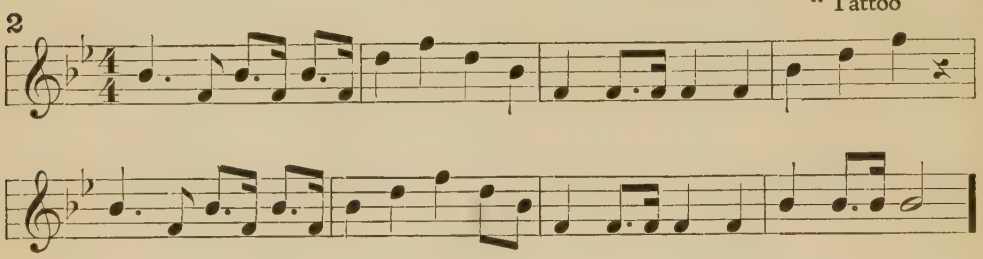
"Extinguish Lights"

1 *Slowly*



"Tattoo"

2



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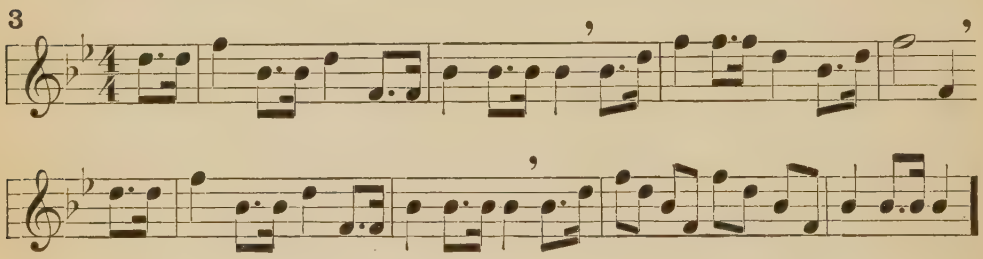
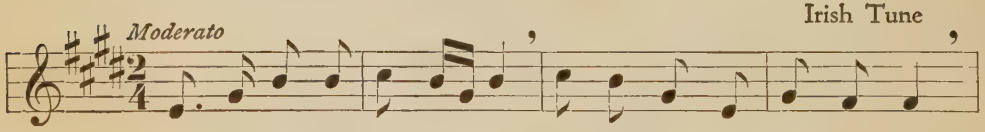


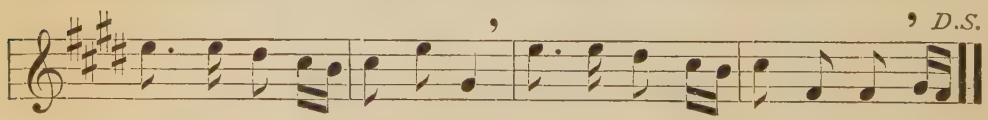
WINTER'S BUGLE

Irish Tune

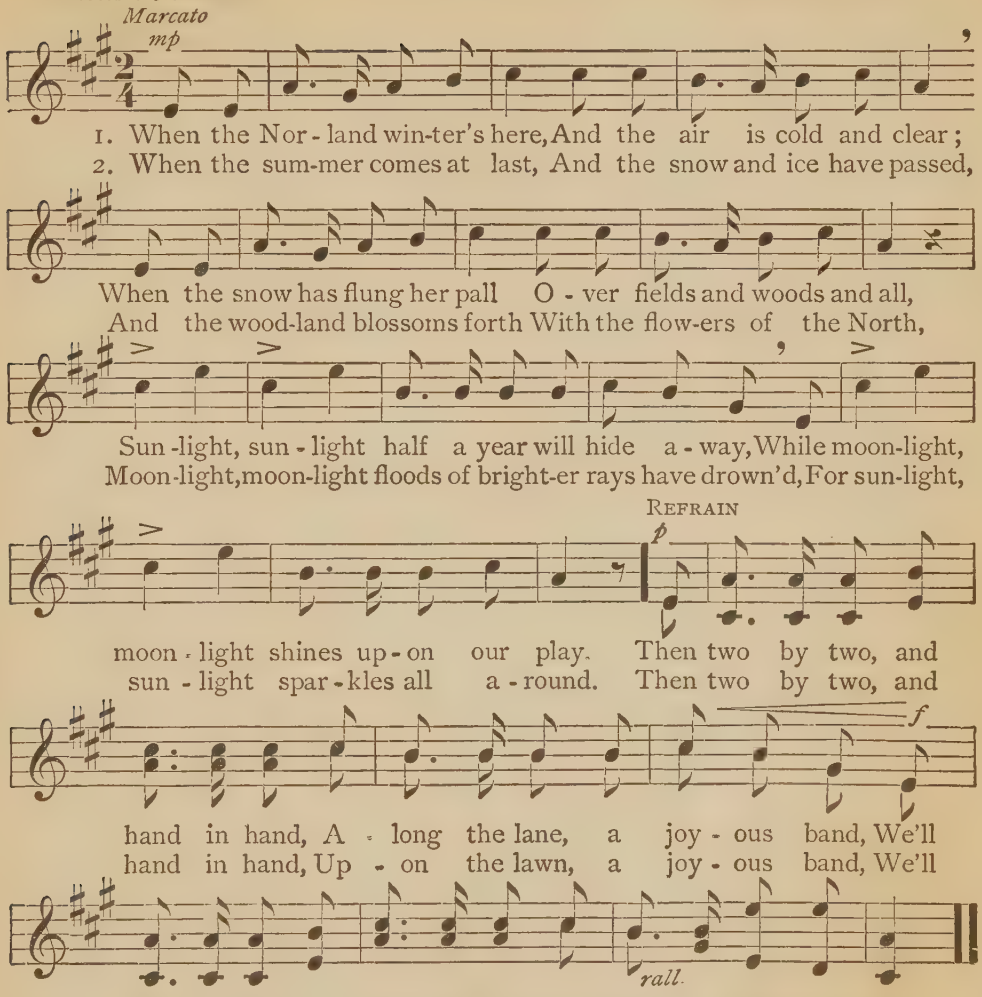
Moderato



1. Win - ter blows his bu - gle forth, Ech-oing thro' the froz - en North;

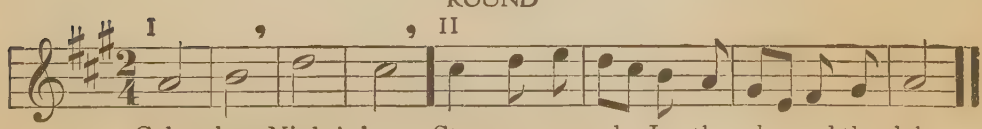
All the clouds, both great and small, Gath-er to the trum-pet call.
(*D.S.*) when the sun at - tacks the snow, Soft it turns, a beat - en foe.

2. Snow descends, and sleet, and hail While the shiv'ring earth turns pale, But

IN SWEDEN

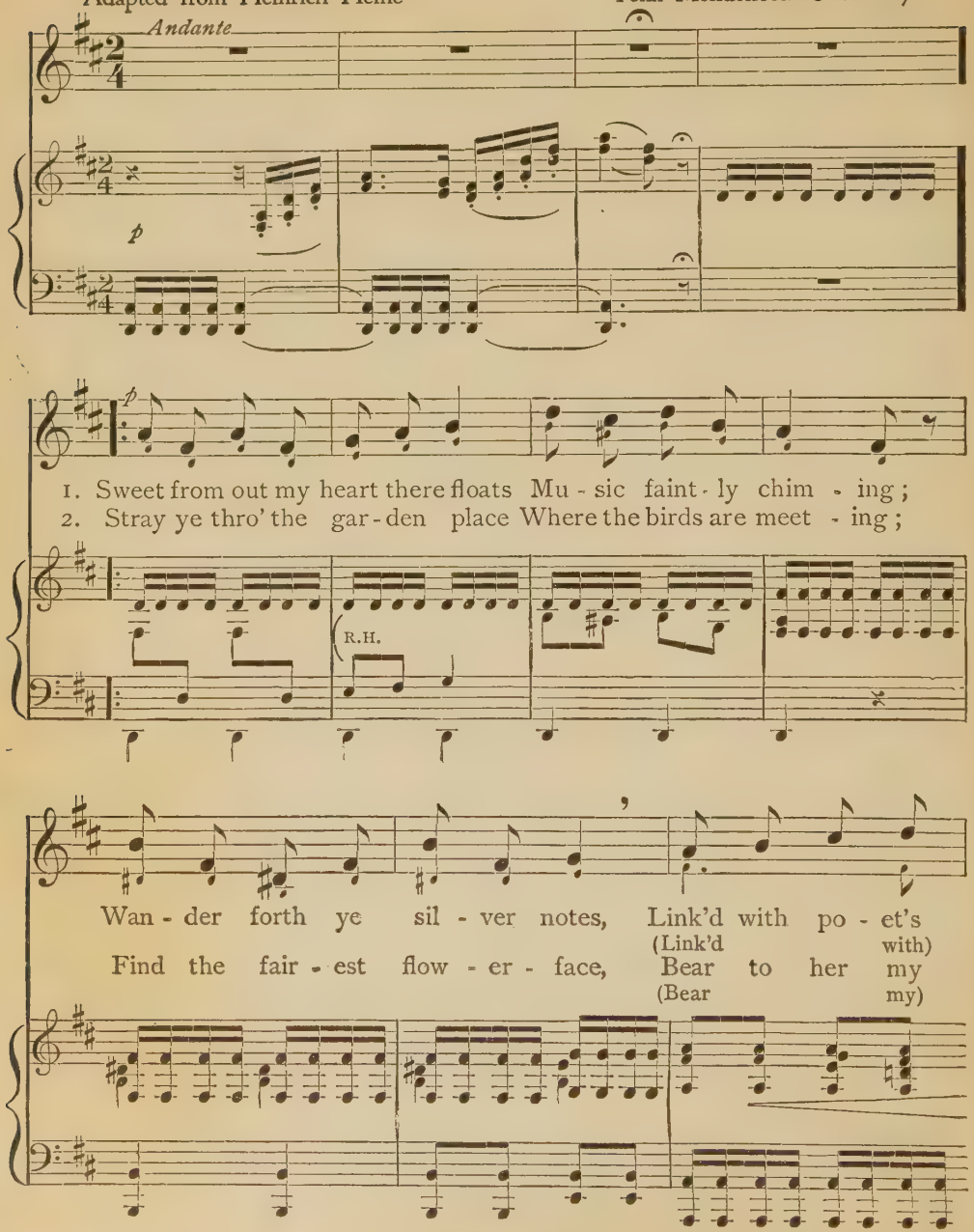
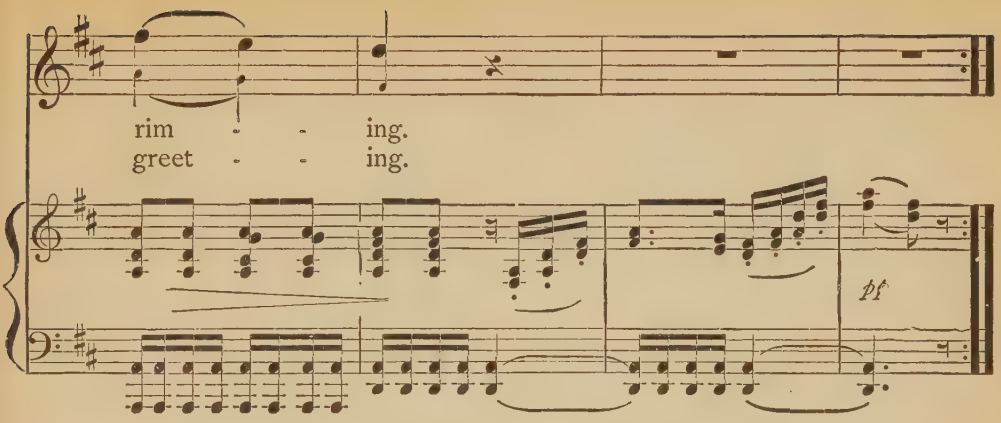
Foster B. Merriam — Swedish Folk Tune

Marcato
mp
1. When the Nor - land win-ter's here, And the air is cold and clear;
2. When the sum-mer comes at last, And the snow and ice have passed,
When the snow has flung her pall O - ver fields and woods and all,
And the wood-land blossoms forth With the flow-ers of the North,
Sun - light, sun - light half a year will hide a - way, While moon-light,
Moon-light, moon-light floods of bright-er rays have drown'd, For sun-light,
REFRAIN
p
moon - light shines up - on our play. Then two by two, and
sun - light spar - kles all a - round. Then two by two, and
f
hand in hand, A - long the lane, a joy - ous band, We'll
hand in hand, Up - on the lawn, a joy - ous band, We'll
rall.
tread a dance of Swe - den - land Thro' frost - y win - ter's day.
sing a song of Swe - den - land The while the fid - dles sound.

NIGHT

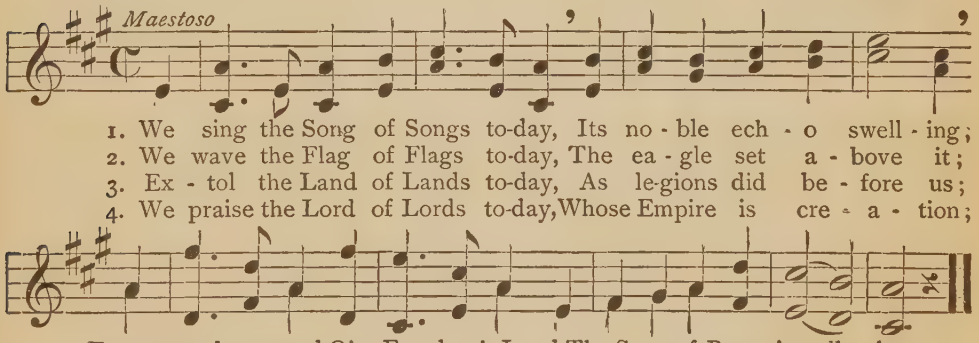
ROUND



GREETING

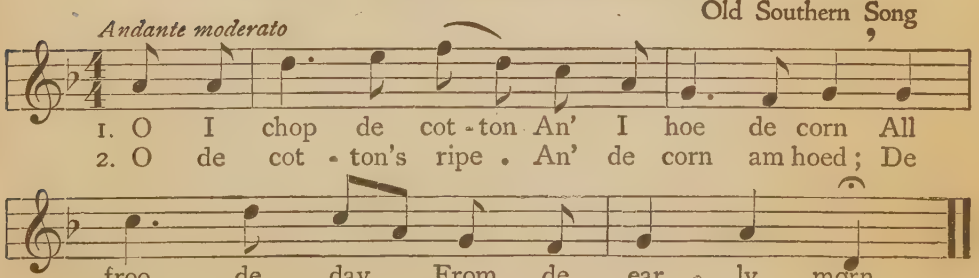
Adapted from Heinrich Heine — Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante
p
1. Sweet from out my heart there floats Mu - sic faint - ly chim - ing;
2. Stray ye thro' the gar - den place Where the birds are meet - ing;
R.H.
Wan - der forth ye sil - ver notes, Link'd with po - et's
(Link'd with)
Find the fair - est flow - er - face, Bear to her my
(Bear my)

THE SONG OF SONGS

Katharine Whitmore — A. Methfessel

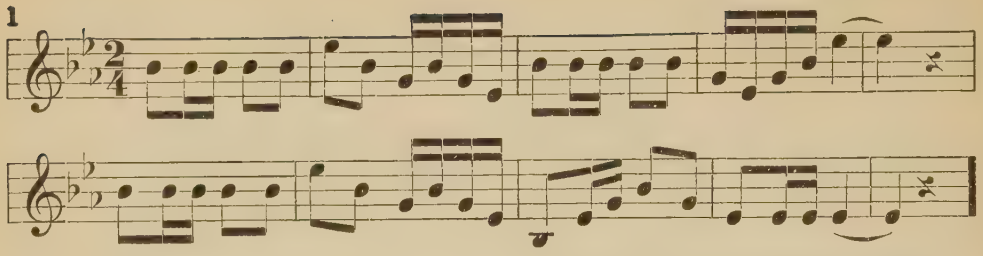

Maestoso
1. We sing the Song of Songs to-day, Its no - ble ech - o swell - ing;
2. We wave the Flag of Flags to-day, The ea - gle set a - bove it;
3. Ex - tol the Land of Lands to-day, As le-gions did be - fore us;
4. We praise the Lord of Lords to-day, Whose Empire is cre - a - tion;
From strand to strand O'er Freedom's Land The Song of Peace is well - ing.
Red, White, and Blue, Its col - ors true In-spire all hearts that love it.
Let young and old With meas-ure bold, Re-hearse the might-y cho - rus.
A - dor - ing him, Im- plor - ing him To ev - er guard our Na - tion.

ON THE PLANTATION

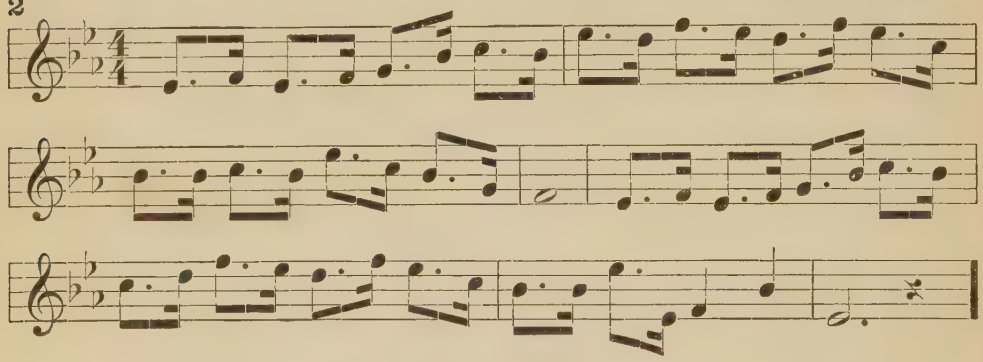
Old Southern Song


Andante moderato
1. O I chop de cot - ton An' I hoe de corn All
2. O de cot - ton's ripe . An' de corn am hoed; De
froo de day . From de ear - ly morn.
pick - in's white And de shuck - in's gold.

English Trumpet Call
"Officers Dress"

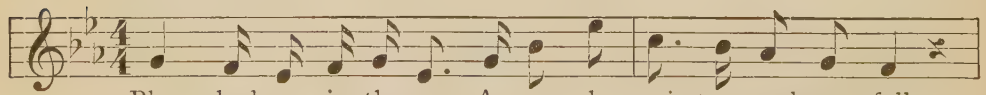
1

Antonin Dvořák

2

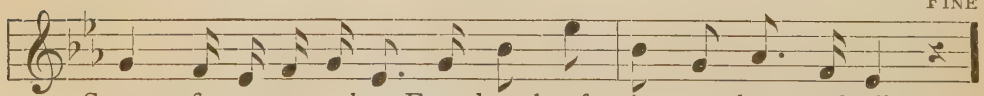


WINTER PICTURES

Foster B. Merriam

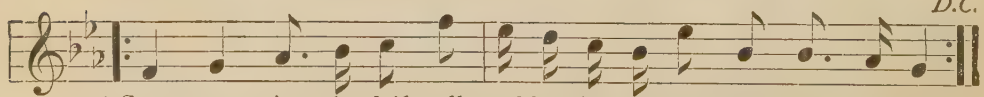
Andante moderato

1. Blue shadows in the snow Appear where win-try sunbeams fall;
3. Bright jew-els in the snow Appear where frost- y moonbeams fall;

FINE



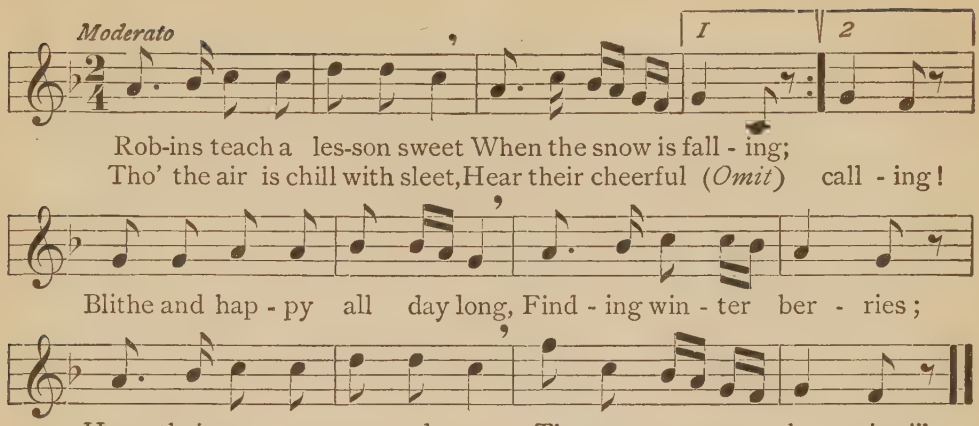
Strange figures ever show From boughs of pine trees, bare and tall.
Soon win - ter-time will go, And then the sun will steal them all.

D.C.

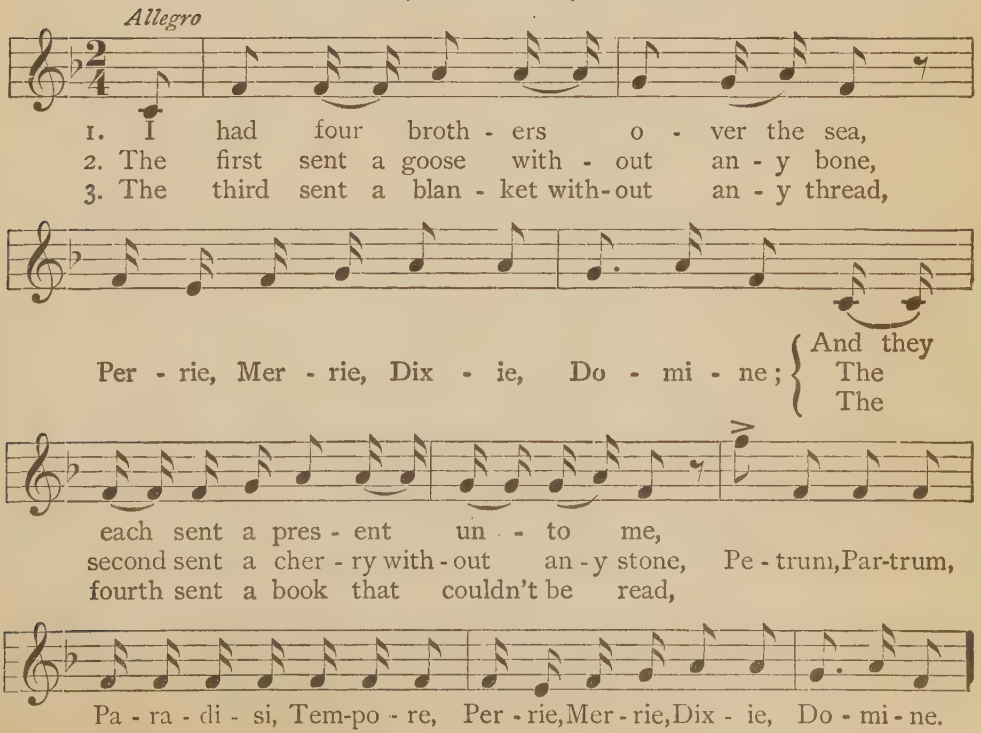


2. { Sun - set paints the drifts all redder than a rose that's just a-wake;
{ Clear, bright stars of twi - light mir-ror in the si · lent fro - zen lake.

THE ROBIN'S LESSON

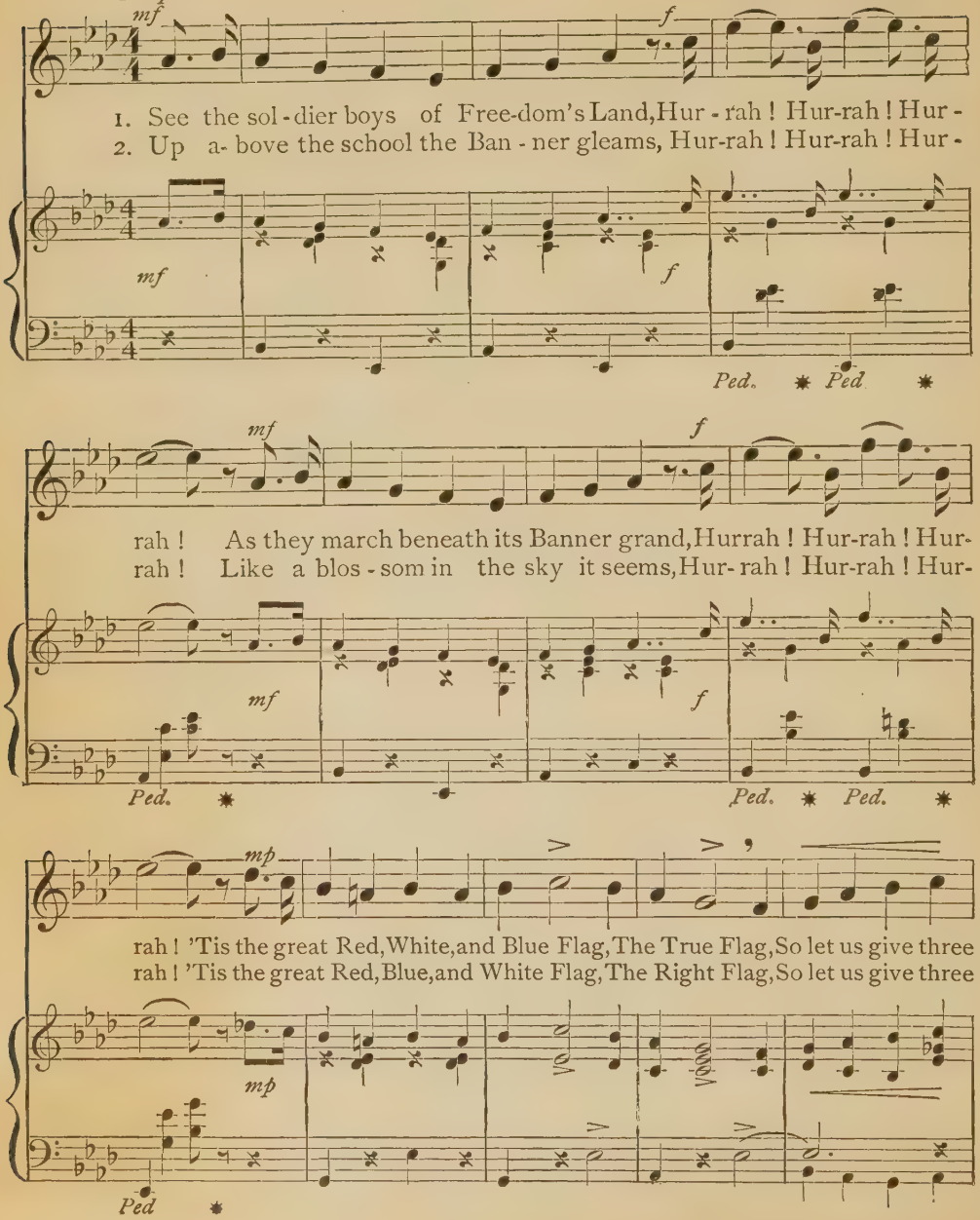

Moderato
1
2
Rob-ins teach a les-son sweet When the snow is fall - ing;
Tho' the air is chill with sleet, Hear their cheerful (Omit) call - ing!
Blithe and hap - py all day long, Find - ing win - ter ber - ries;
Hear their gay con - tent - ed song: "They are sweet as cher - ries!"

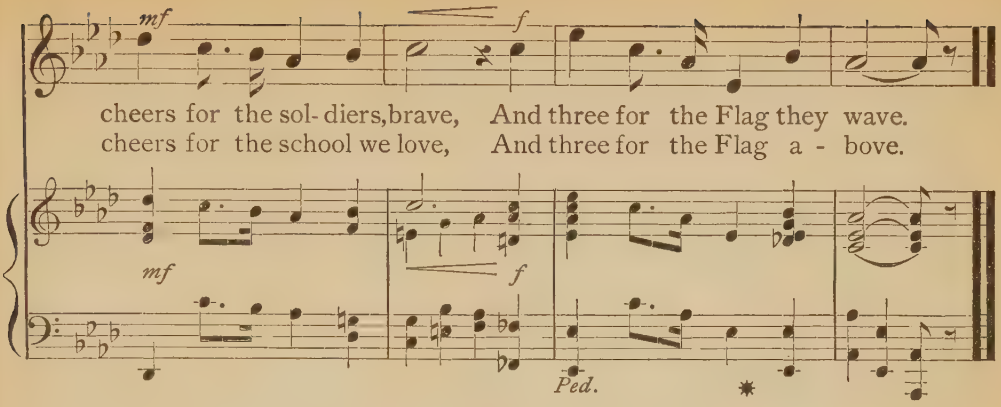
PERRIE, MERRIE, DIXIE


Allegro
1. I had four broth - ers o - ver the sea,
2. The first sent a goose with - out an - y bone,
3. The third sent a blan - ket with - out an - y thread,
Per - rie, Mer - rie, Dix - ie, Do - mi - ne;
And they
The
The
each sent a pres - ent un - to me,
second sent a cher - ry with - out an - y stone,
fourth sent a book that couldn't be read,
Pe - trum, Par-trum,
Pa - ra - di - si, Tem-po - re, Per - rie, Mer - rie, Dix - ie, Do - mi - ne.

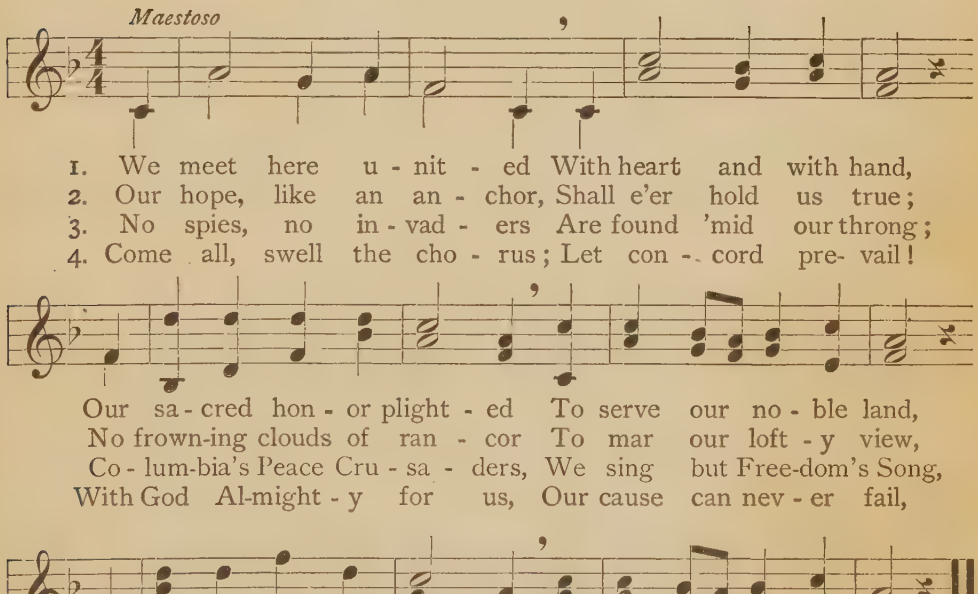
FLAG SONG

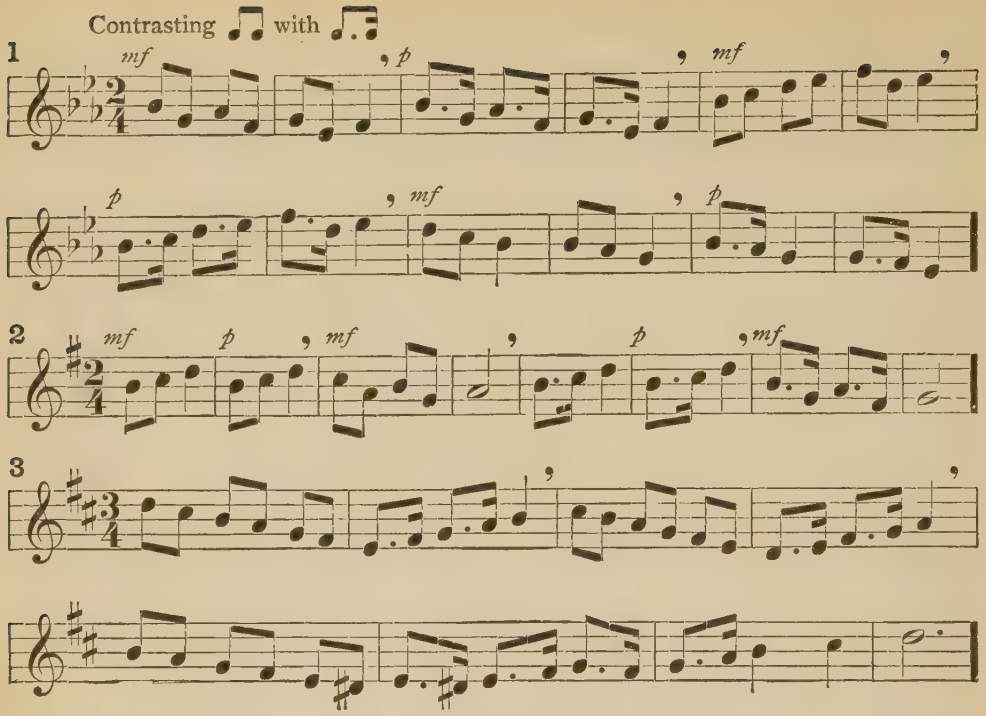
Arthur Edward Johnstone


Tempo di marcia
mf
f
1. See the sol - dier boys of Free-dom's Land, Hur - rah ! Hur-rah ! Hur -
2. Up a- bove the school the Ban - ner gleams, Hur-rah ! Hur-rah ! Hur -
mf
f
Ped. * Ped *
mf
f
rah ! As they march beneath its Banner grand, Hurrah ! Hur-rah ! Hur-
rah ! Like a blos - som in the sky it seems, Hur- rah ! Hur-rah ! Hur-
mf
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mp
rah ! 'Tis the great Red, White, and Blue Flag, The True Flag, So let us give three
rah ! 'Tis the great Red, Blue, and White Flag, The Right Flag, So let us give three
mp
Ped *


mf
f
cheers for the sol- diers, brave, And three for the Flag they wave.
cheers for the school we love, And three for the Flag a - bove.
mf
f
Ped.

PATRIOTS

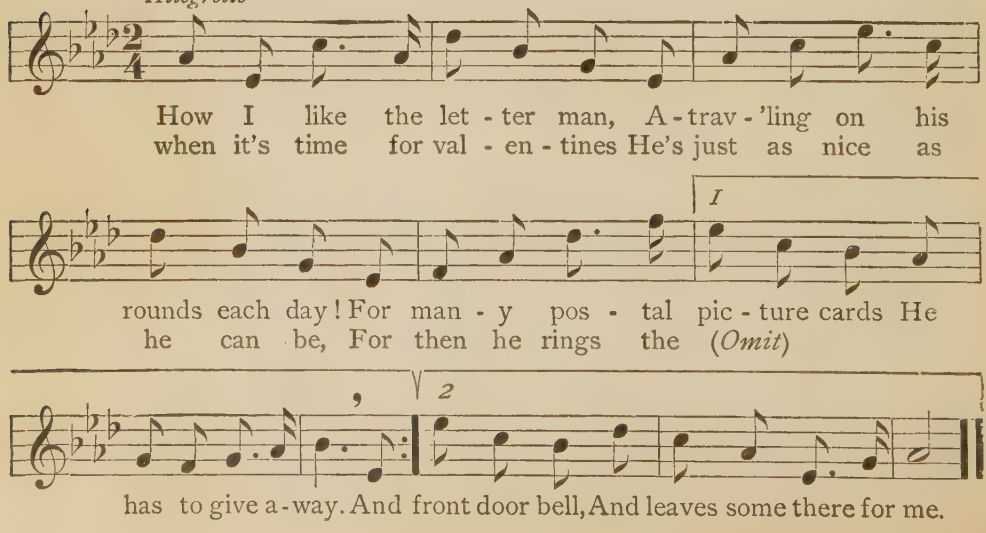

Maestoso
1. We meet here u - nit - ed With heart and with hand,
2. Our hope, like an an - chor, Shall e'er hold us true;
3. No spies, no in - vad - ers Are found 'mid our throng;
4. Come all, swell the cho - rus; Let con - cord pre- vail!
Our sa - cred hon - or plight - ed To serve our no - ble land,
No frown-ing clouds of ran - cor To mar our loft - y view,
Co - lum-bia's Peace Cru - sa - ders, We sing but Free-dom's Song,
With God Al-might - y for us, Our cause can nev - er fail,
Our sa - cred hon - or plight-ed To serve our no - ble land.
No frown-ing clouds of ran - cor To mar our loft - y view.
Co - lum-bia's Peace Cru - sa - ders, We sing but Free-dom's Song.
With God Al-might - y for us, Our cause can nev - er fail.



THE POSTMAN

George W. Pennington

Allegretto

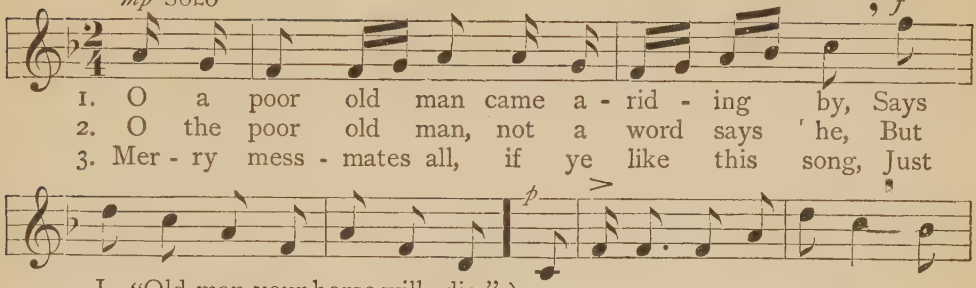

How I like the let - ter man, A - trav - 'ling on his
when it's time for val - en - tines He's just as nice as
1
rounds each day! For man - y pos - tal pic - ture cards He
he can be, For then he rings the (*Omit*)
2
has to give a - way. And front door bell, And leaves some there for me.

THE POOR OLD MAN

Lively
mp SOLO

ROTE SONG

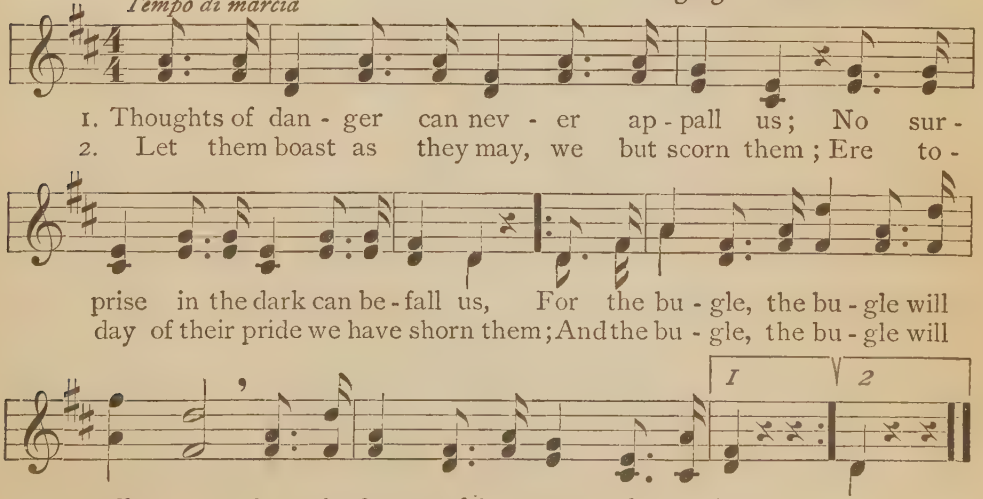
Old Sailor Chantey


1. O a poor old man came a - rid - ing by, Says
2. O the poor old man, not a word says he, But
3. Mer - ry mess - mates all, if ye like this song, Just
I, "Old man, your horse will die."
chains his horse up to a tree.
keep a sing - ing all night long.
O John-ny come to Hi - lo, O
CHORUS
poor old man! O wake her, O shake her, O shake that girl with the
blue dress on, O John-ny come to Hi - lo, O poor old man!

IN CAMP

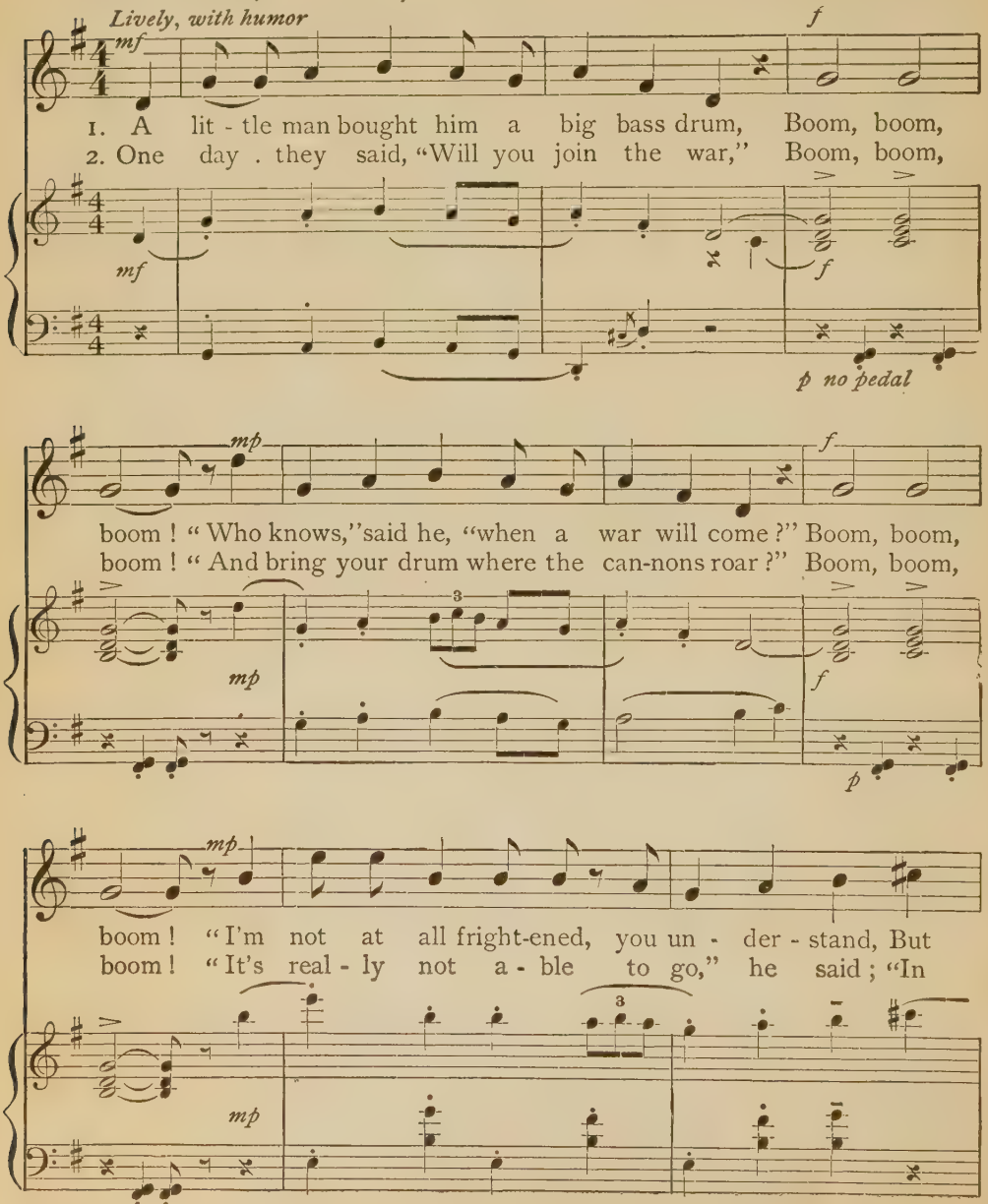
Tempo di marcia

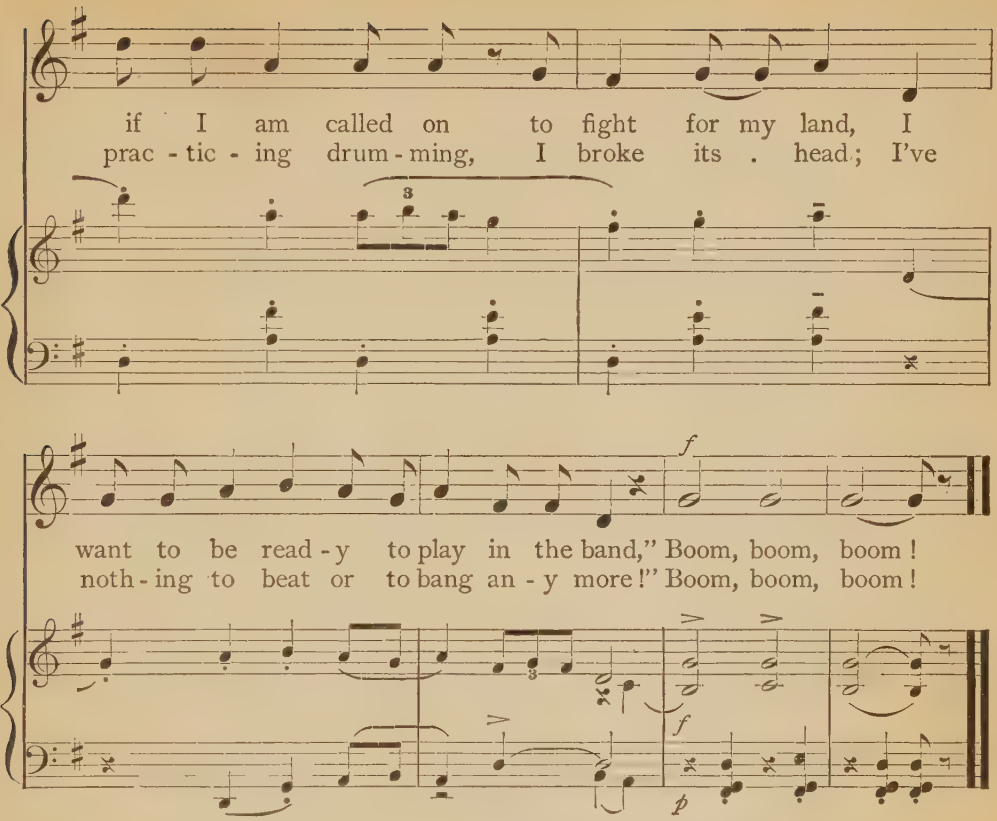
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart


1. Thoughts of dan - ger can nev - er ap - pall us; No sur -
2. Let them boast as they may, we but scorn them; Ere to -
prise in the dark can be - fall us, For the bu - gle, the bu - gle will
day of their pride we have shorn them; And the bu - gle, the bu - gle will
1
2
call us At the first stealth-y move of the foe.
warn them, Sol - diers' mus-kets are not meant for (*Omit*) show.

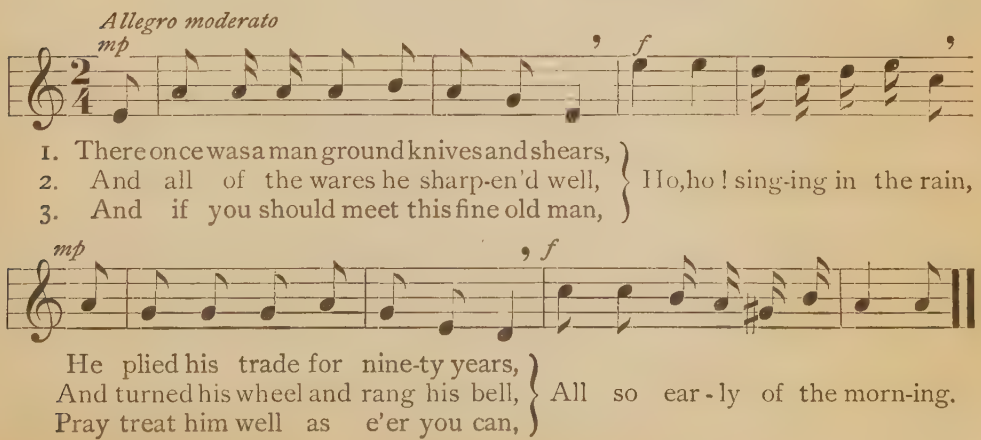
THE BIG DRUM

Malcolm Douglas
in "St. Nicholas," 2d stanza by H. W. L.

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Lively, with humor
mf
f
1. A lit - tle man bought him a big bass drum, Boom, boom,
2. One day . they said, "Will you join the war," Boom, boom,
mf
f
p no pedal
mp
f
boom ! "Who knows," said he, "when a war will come ?" Boom, boom,
boom ! "And bring your drum where the can-nons roar ?" Boom, boom,
mp
3
f
p
mp
boom ! "I'm not at all fright-ened, you un - der - stand, But
boom ! "It's real - ly not a - ble to go," he said ; "In
mp
3


if I am called on to fight for my land, I
prac - tic - ing drum - ming, I broke its . head; I've
want to be read - y to play in the band," Boom, boom, boom!
noth - ing to beat or to bang an - y more!" Boom, boom, boom!

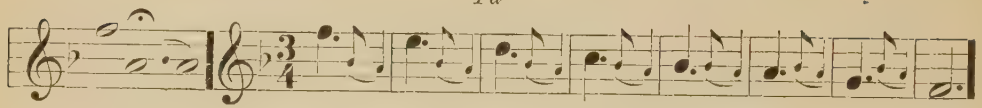
THE SCISSORS GRINDER

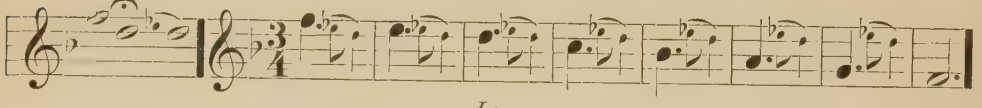

Allegro moderato
mp
f
1. There once was a man ground knives and shears,
2. And all of the wares he sharp-en'd well,
3. And if you should meet this fine old man,
Ho, ho! sing-ing in the rain,
mp
f
He plied his trade for nine-ty years,
And turned his wheel and rang his bell,
Pray treat him well as e'er you can,
All so ear - ly of the morn-ing.

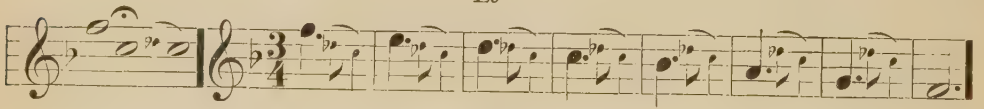
SEQUENTIAL STUDIES

Reference: New Manual, Pages 126–129

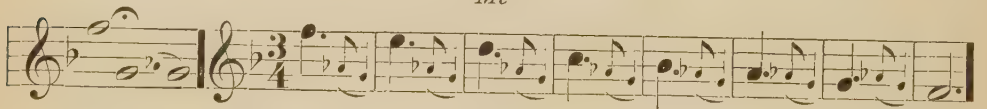
Fa



Te

Le



Me



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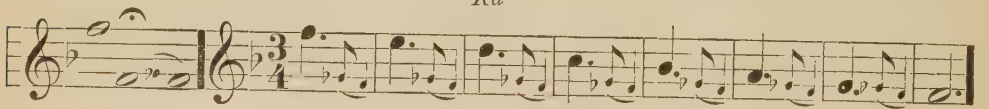
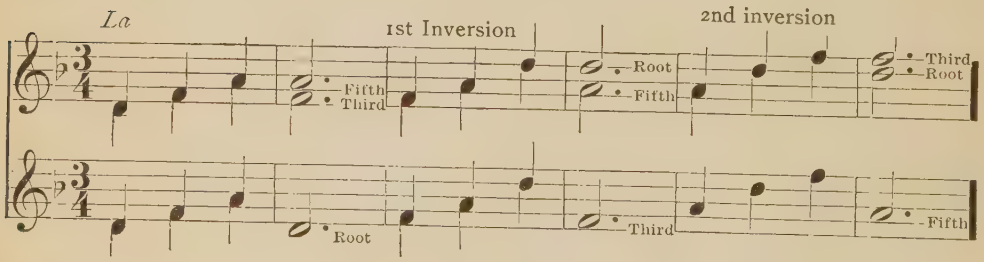
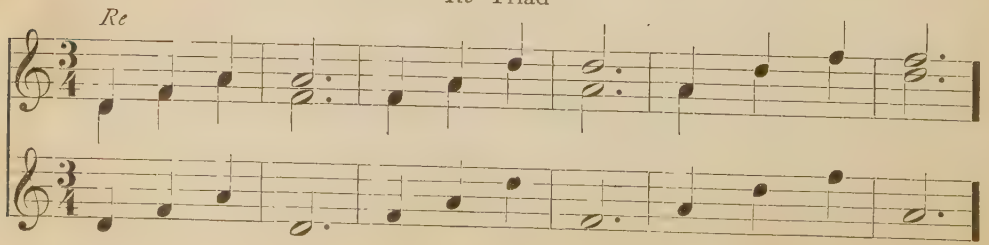


Reference: New Manual, Pages 129–131.

La Triad



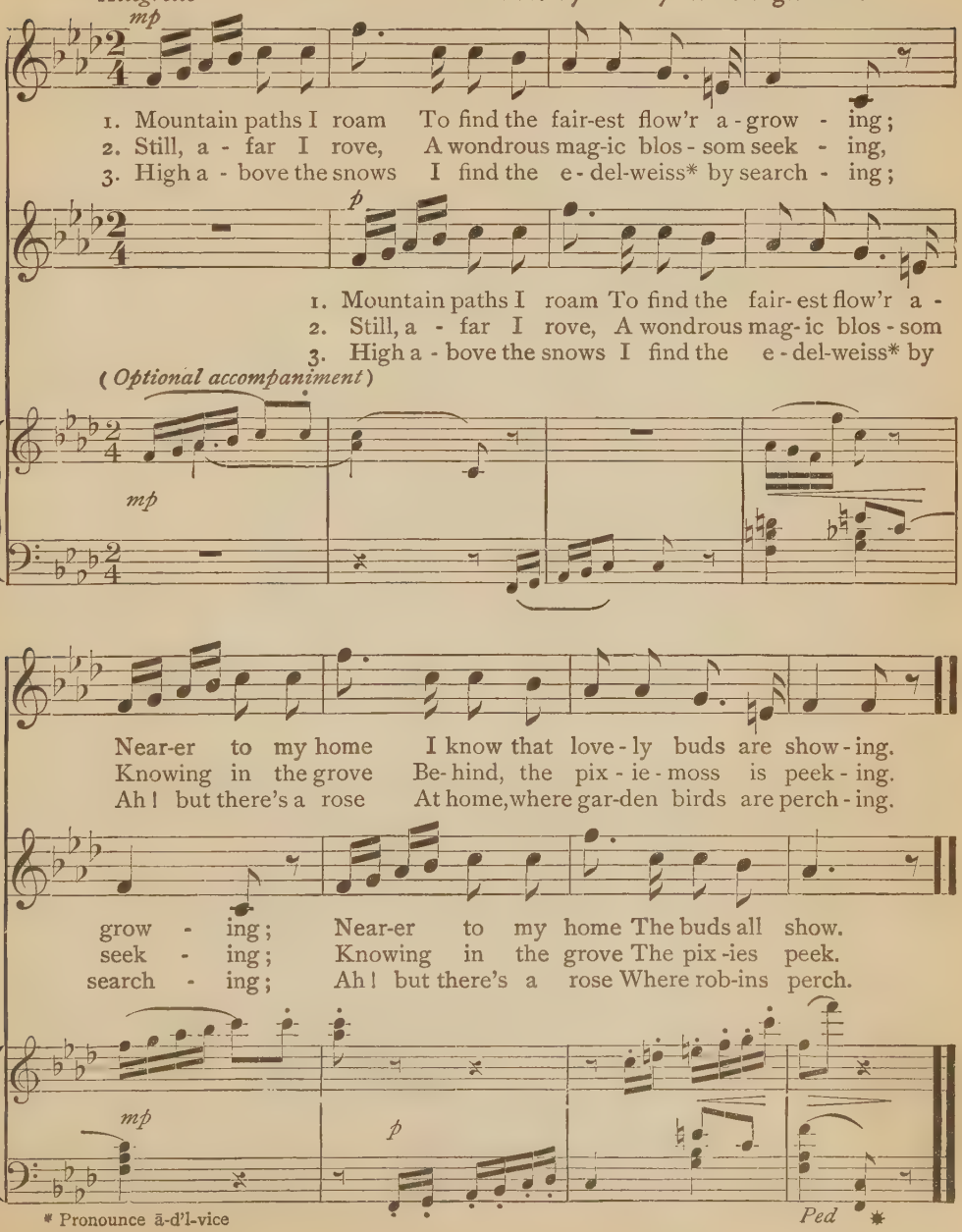
Re Triad



FAR–OFF AND NEAR–BY

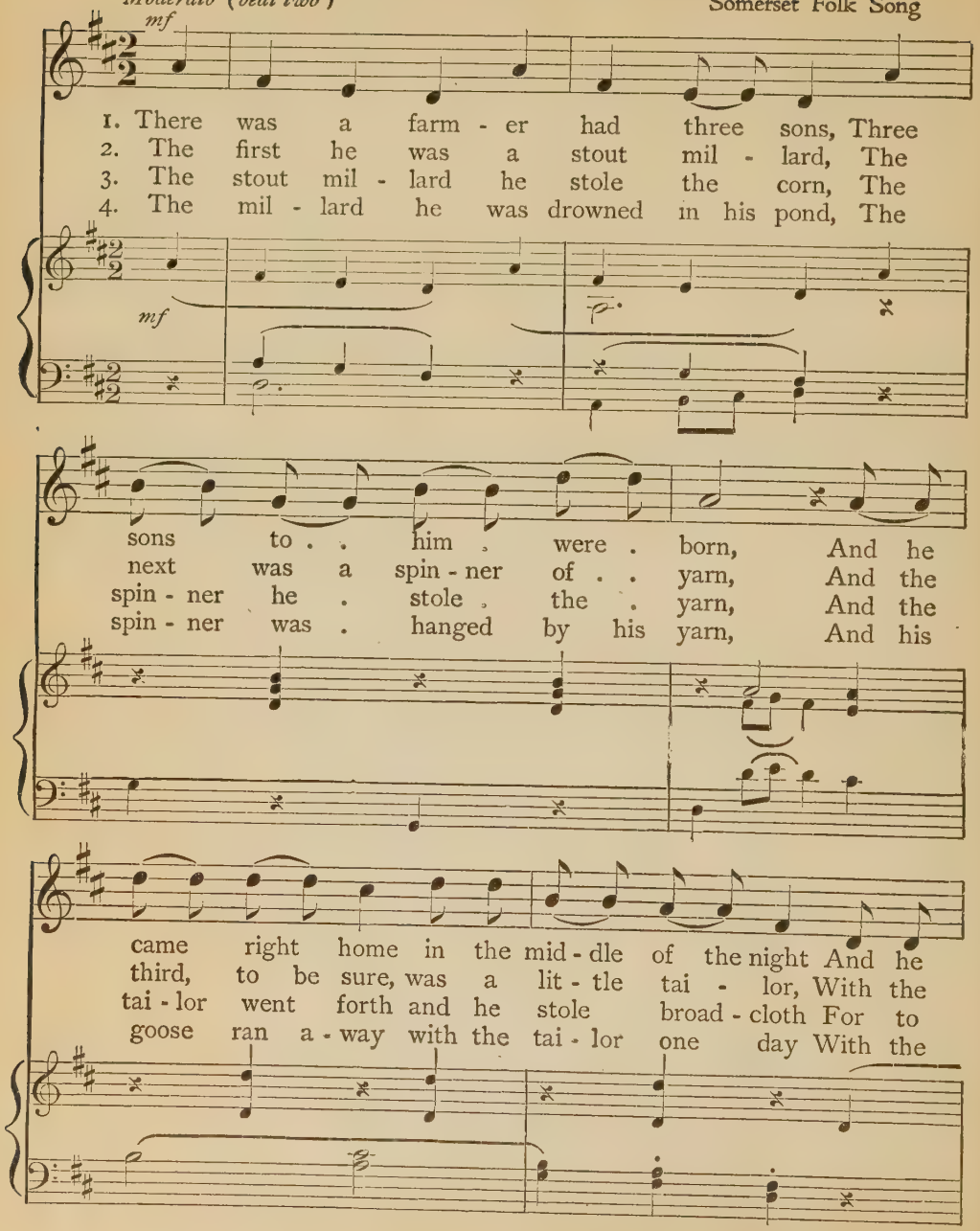
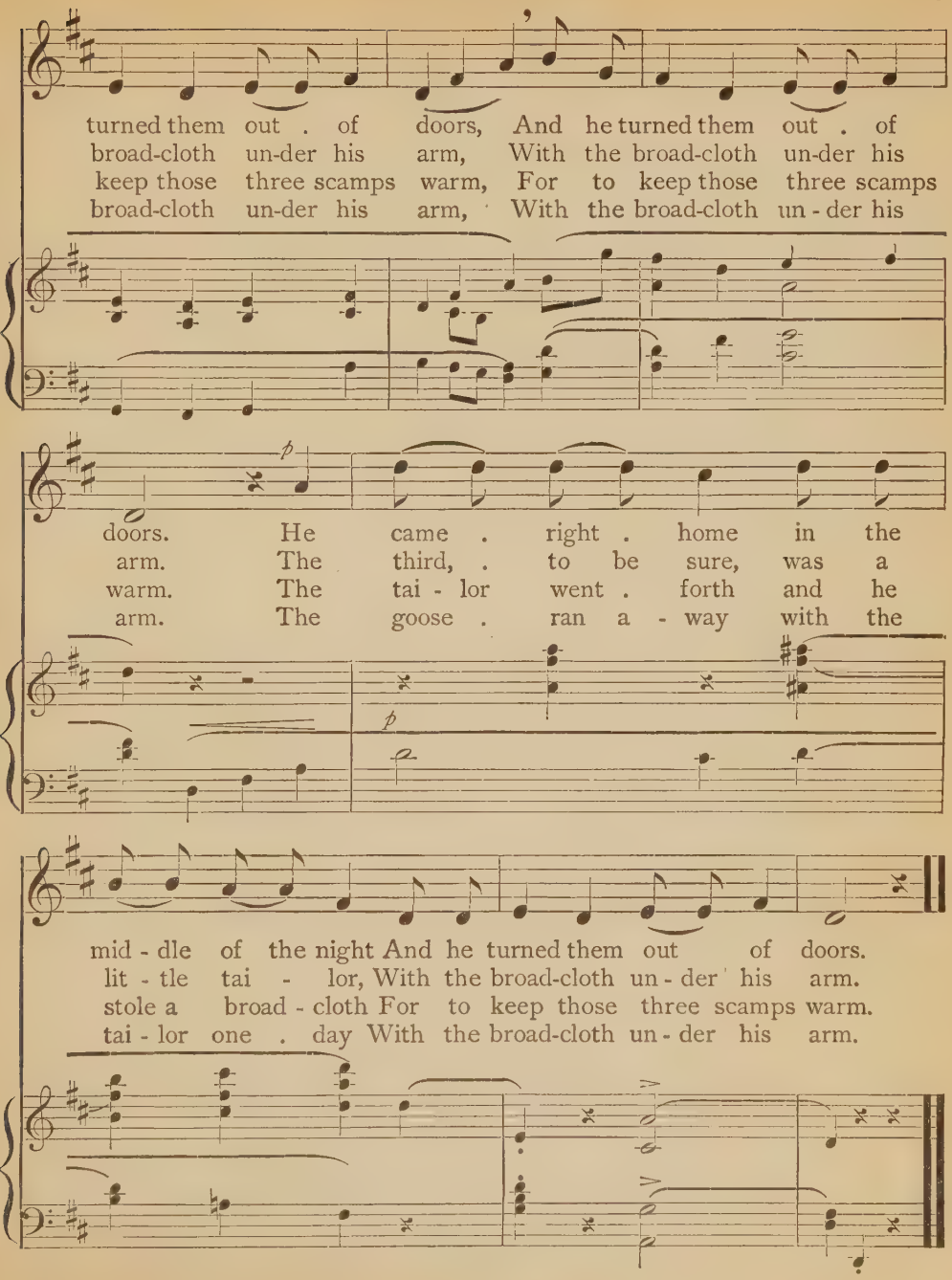
Adapted from the Russian by H. W. L. Folk Song of Little Russia
Arr. by Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegretto


mp
1. Mountain paths I roam To find the fair-est flow'r a-grow - ing;
2. Still, a - far I rove, A wondrous mag-ic blos - som seek - ing,
3. High a - bove the snows I find the e - del-weiss* by search - ing;
p
1. Mountain paths I roam To find the fair- est flow'r a -
2. Still, a - far I rove, A wondrous mag-ic blos - som
3. High a - bove the snows I find the e - del-weiss* by
(Optional accompaniment)
mp
Near-er to my home I know that love - ly buds are show - ing.
Knowing in the grove Be-hind, the pix - ie - moss is peek - ing.
Ah! but there's a rose At home, where gar-den birds are perch - ing.
grow - ing; Near-er to my home The buds all show.
seek - ing; Knowing in the grove The pix-ies peek.
search - ing; Ah! but there's a rose Where rob-ins perch.
mp
p
Ped

* Pronounce ā-d'l-vice

THE THREE SONS

Moderato (beat two) — Somerset Folk Song

mf
1. There was a farm - er had three sons, Three
2. The first he was a stout mil - lard, The
3. The stout mil - lard he stole the corn, The
4. The mil - lard he was drowned in his pond, The
mf
sons to . him . were . born, And he
next was a spin - ner of . . yarn, And the
spin - ner he . stole . the . yarn, And the
spin - ner was . hanged by his yarn, And his
came right home in the mid - dle of the night And he
third, to be sure, was a lit - tle tai - lor, With the
tai - lor went forth and he stole broad - cloth For to
goose ran a - way with the tai - lor one day With the

turned them out . of doors, And he turned them out . of
broad-cloth un-der his arm, With the broad-cloth un-der his
keep those three scamps warm, For to keep those three scamps
broad-cloth un-der his arm, With the broad-cloth un - der his
doors. He came . right . home in the
arm. The third, . to be sure, was a
warm. The tai - lor went . forth and he
arm. The goose . ran a - way with the
mid - dle of the night And he turned them out of doors.
lit - tle tai - lor, With the broad-cloth un - der his arm.
stole a broad - cloth For to keep those three scamps warm.
tai - lor one . day With the broad-cloth un - der his arm.

Reference: New Manual, Pages 120–123

After the key tone is sounded, the pupils should sing the four scales in the following order, without assistance or suggestion from the teacher. Later, the four scales should be sung by each pupil individually.

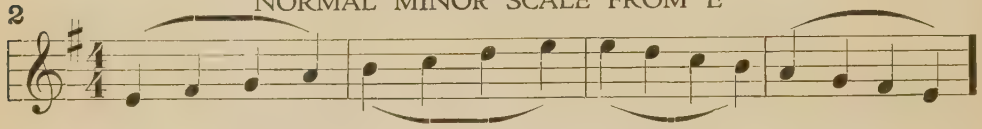
MAJOR SCALE FROM E

Lower tetrachord Upper tetrachord Upper tetrachord Lower tetrachord

1

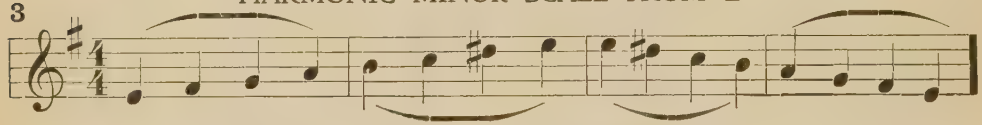
NORMAL MINOR SCALE FROM E

2



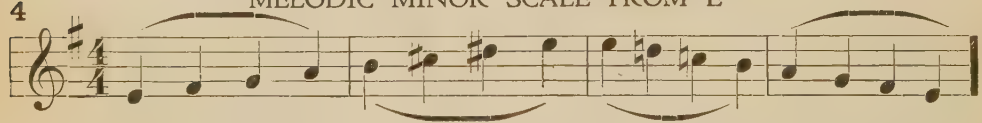
HARMONIC MINOR SCALE FROM E

3

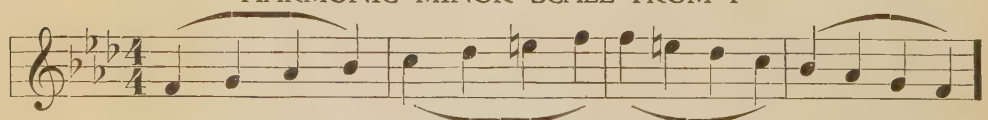
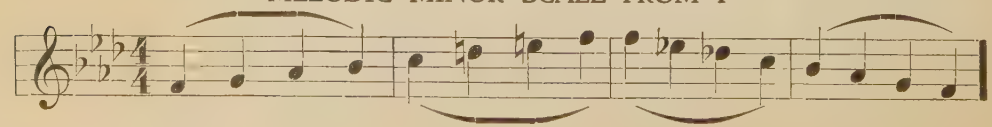


MELODIC MINOR SCALE FROM E

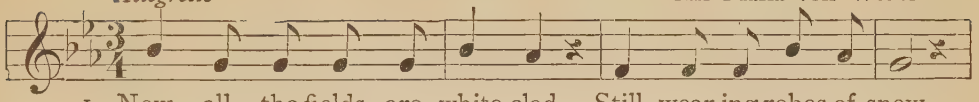
4



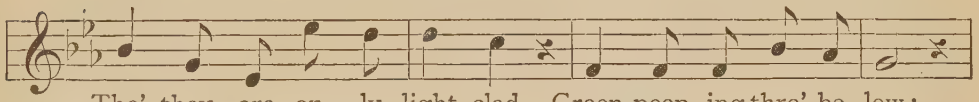
1. *a.* Sing the lower tetrachord of the Normal Minor ascending; descending
   b. Sing the lower tetrachord of the Harmonic Minor ascending; descending
   c. Sing the lower tetrachord of the Melodic Minor ascending; descending
2. *a.* Sing the upper tetrachord of the Major Scale ascending
   b. Sing the upper tetrachord of the Melodic Minor ascending
3. *a.* Sing the upper tetrachord of the Normal Minor ascending
   b. Sing the upper tetrachord of the Harmonic Minor ascending
   c. Sing the upper tetrachord of the Melodic Minor ascending
4. *a.* Sing the upper tetrachord of the Normal Minor descending
   b. Sing the upper tetrachord of the Melodic Minor descending

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE FROM F

MELODIC MINOR SCALE FROM F

BLUEBIRD TIME

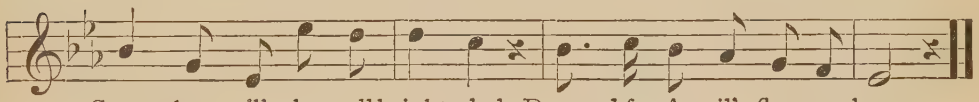
Allegretto — Carl Maria von Weber



1. Now all the fields are white-clad, Still wear-ing robes of snow,
2. Soon comes the laugh-ing spring-time, March can-not lin-ger long;



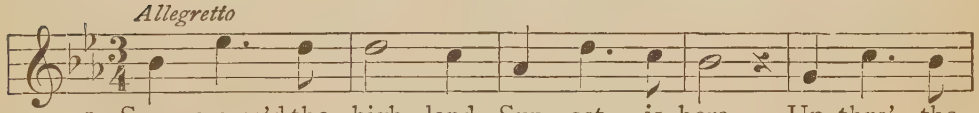
Tho' they are on-ly light-clad, Green peep-ing thro' be-low;
Blue-bird has said, "It's wing-time!" Blue-birds are nev-er wrong;



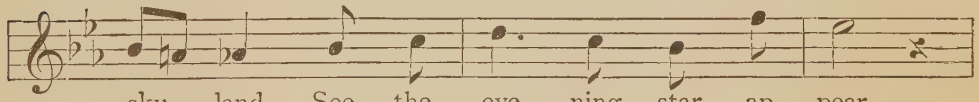
Soon they will be all bright-clad Dressed for A-pril's flow-er show.
They know the fair-y-ring-time; They will tell you in their song.

IN THE ALPS

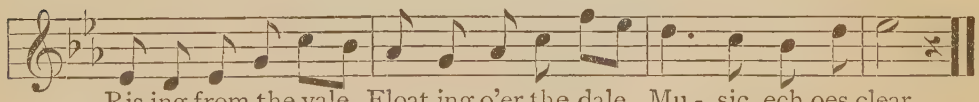
Allegretto



1. Snow-crown'd the high-land, Sun-set is here, Up thro' the
2. Soon hosts of night-clouds Veil each ra-vine, Chang'd all to



sky-land See the eve-ning star ap-pear.
bright clouds By the moon, with ray se-rene.

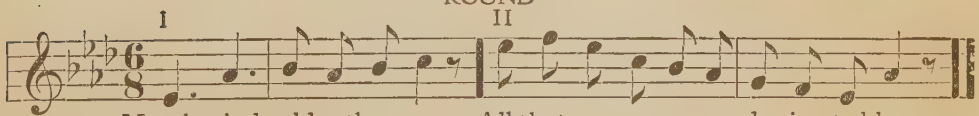


Ris-ing from the vale, Float-ing o'er the dale, Mu-sic ech-oes clear.
Far be-low the height, Glow-ing thro' the night, Vil-lage lights are seen.

MARCH WIND

ROUND

I II

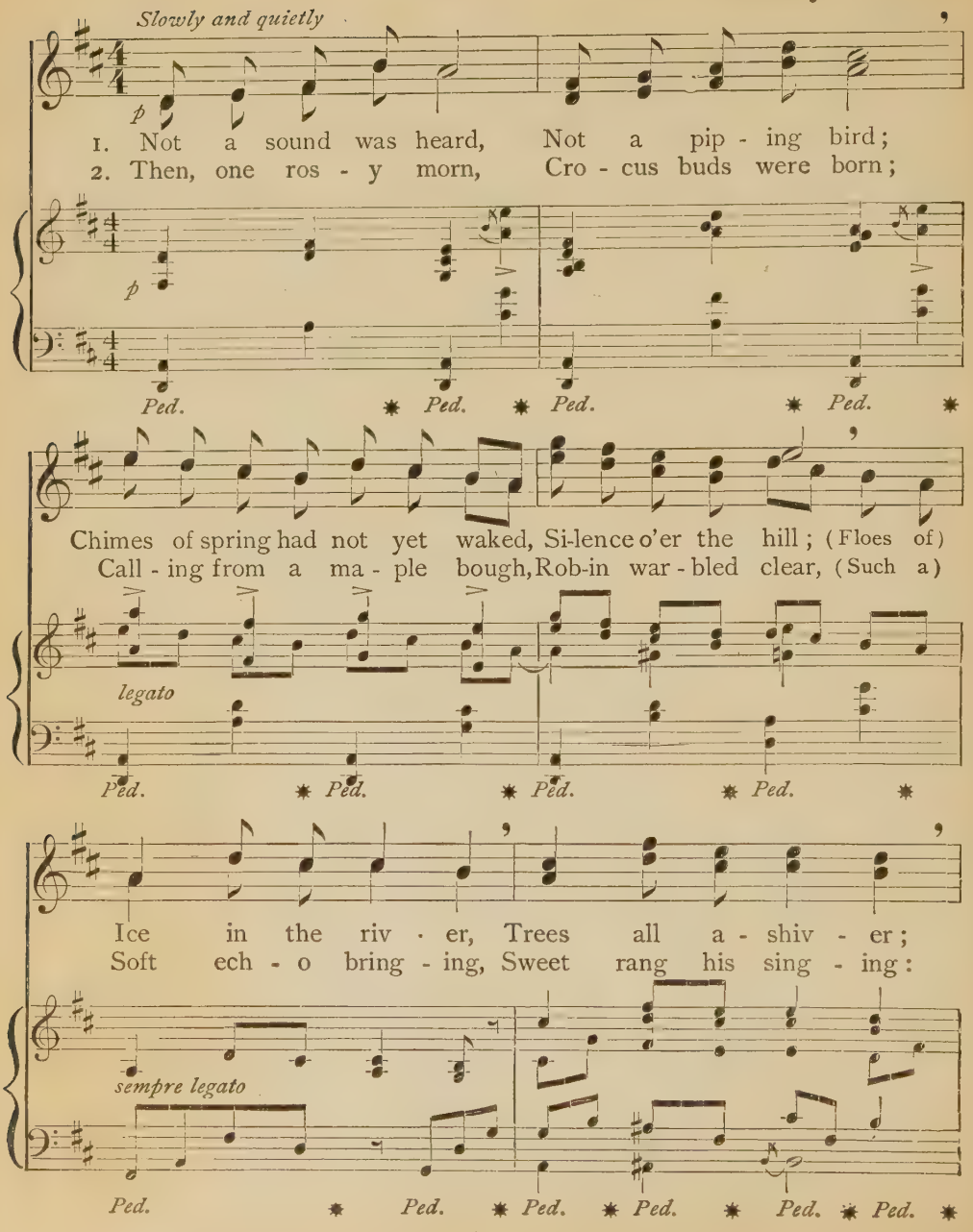
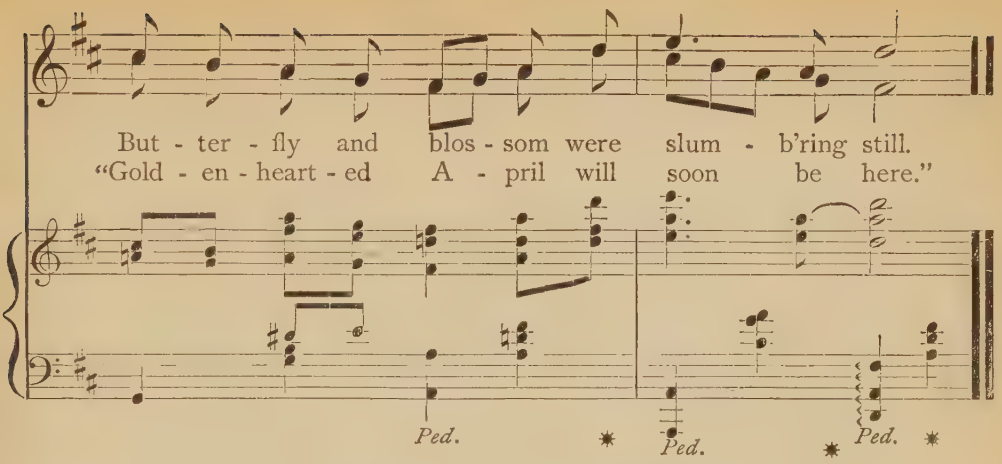


March wind, colder than snow, All that you ev-er can do is to blow.

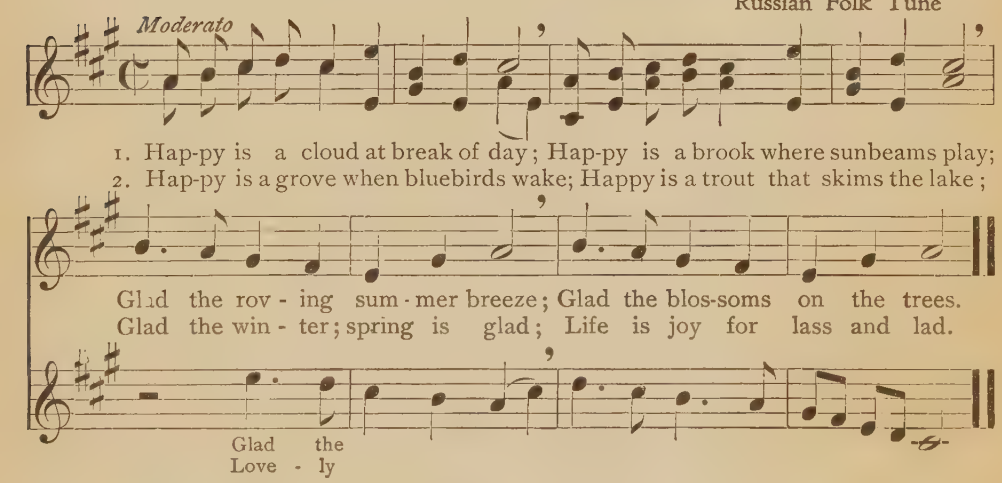
After the first two songs on this page have been thoroughly learned, the class may be divided, one section singing "Bluebird Time" while the other section sings "In the Alps."

ROBIN'S PROPHECY

Arthur Edward Johnstone

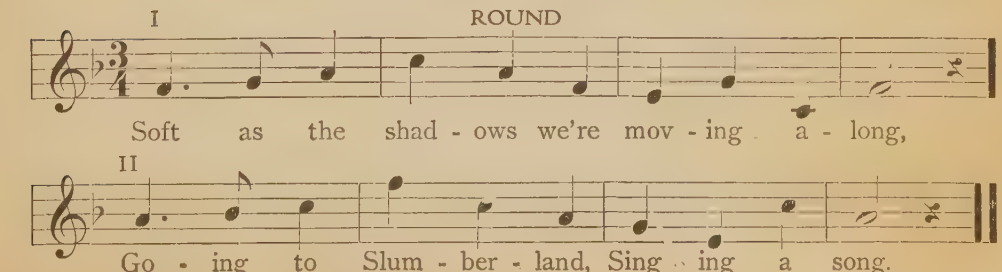

Slowly and quietly
p
1. Not a sound was heard, Not a pip - ing bird;
2. Then, one ros - y morn, Cro - cus buds were born;
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Chimes of spring had not yet waked, Si-lence o'er the hill; (Floes of)
Call - ing from a ma - ple bough, Rob-in war - bled clear, (Such a)
legato
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ice in the riv - er, Trees all a - shiv - er;
Soft ech - o bring - ing, Sweet rang his sing - ing:
sempre legato
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

A SONG OF GLADNESS

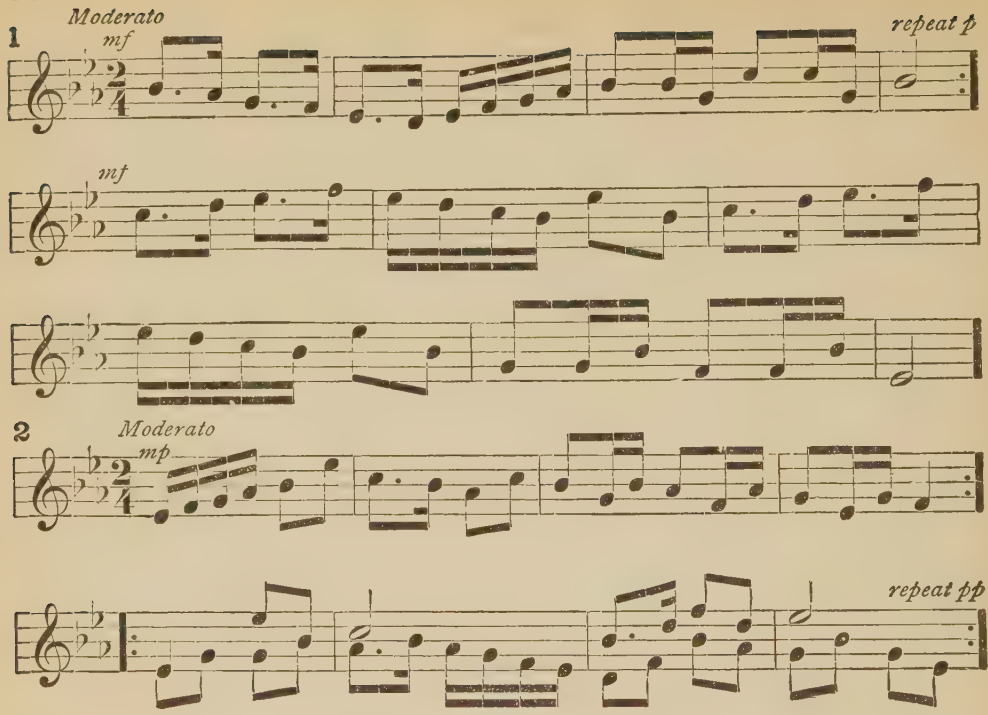
Russian Folk Tune


Moderato
1. Hap-py is a cloud at break of day; Hap-py is a brook where sunbeams play;
2. Hap-py is a grove when bluebirds wake; Happy is a trout that skims the lake;
Glad the rov - ing sum - mer breeze; Glad the blos-soms on the trees.
Glad the win - ter; spring is glad; Life is joy for lass and lad.
Glad the
Love - ly

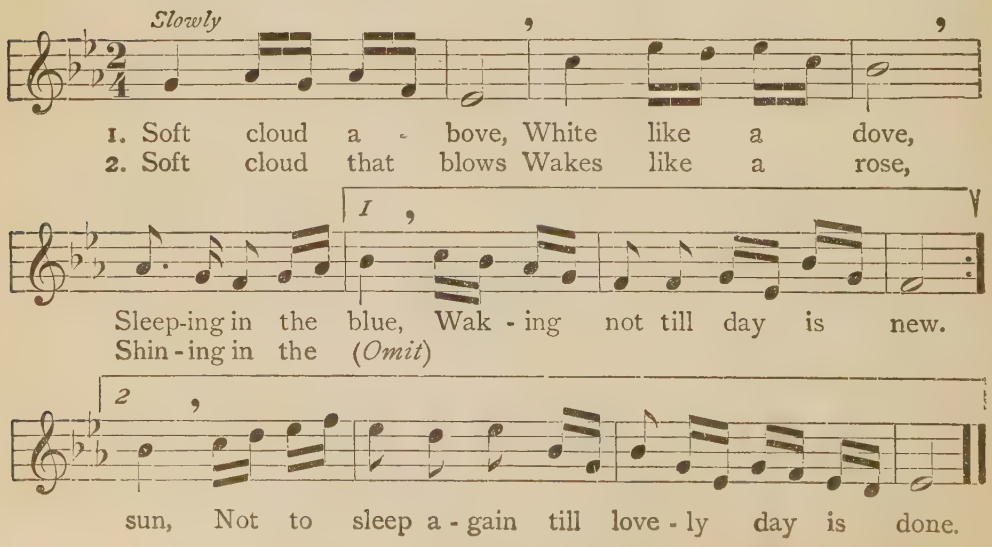
BEDTIME

ROUND



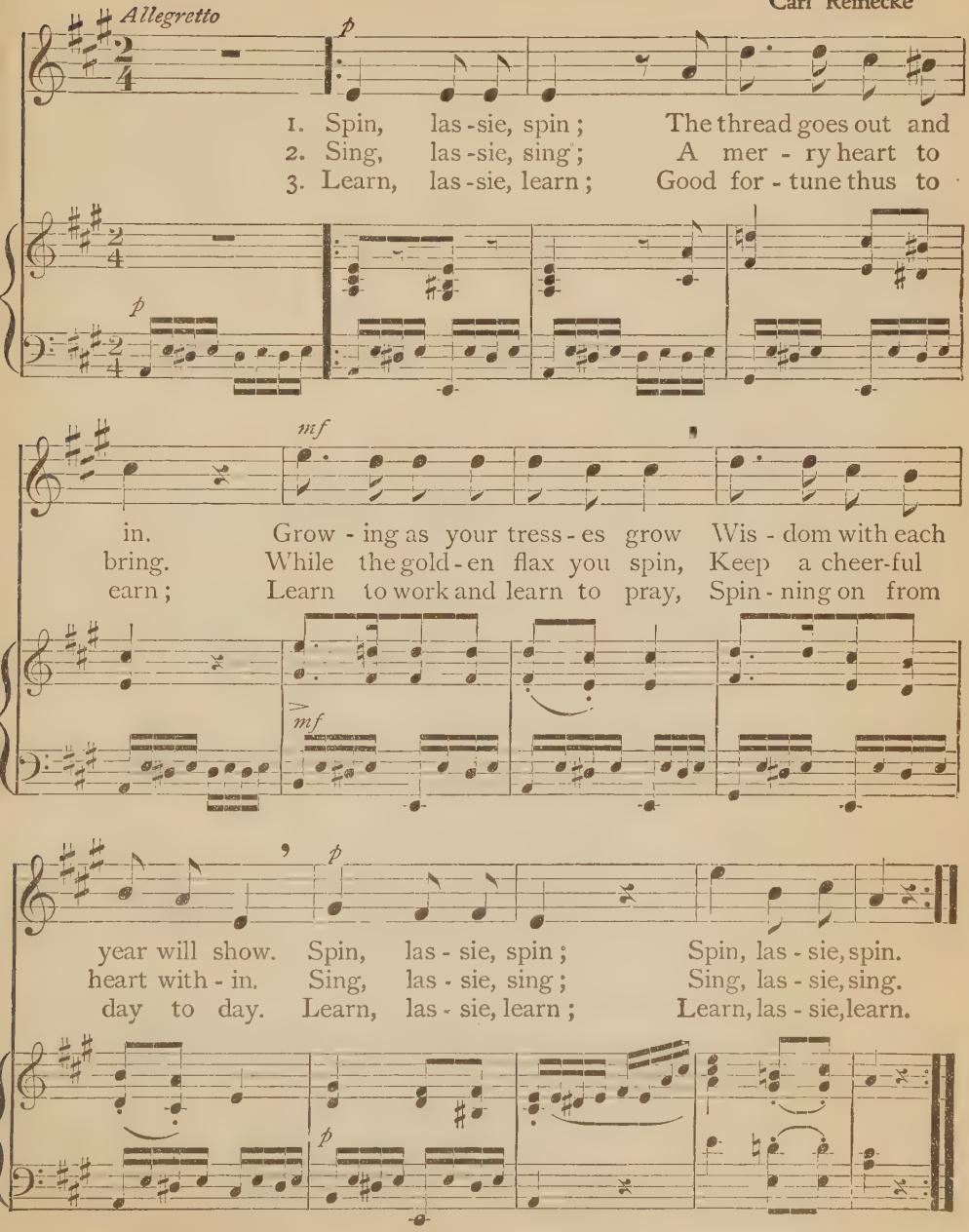


ASLEEP AND AWAKE


Slowly
1. Soft cloud a - bove, White like a dove,
2. Soft cloud that blows Wakes like a rose,
1
Sleep-ing in the blue, Wak - ing not till day is new.
Shin - ing in the (Omit)
2
sun, Not to sleep a - gain till love - ly day is done.

SPINNING SONG

Carl Reinecke

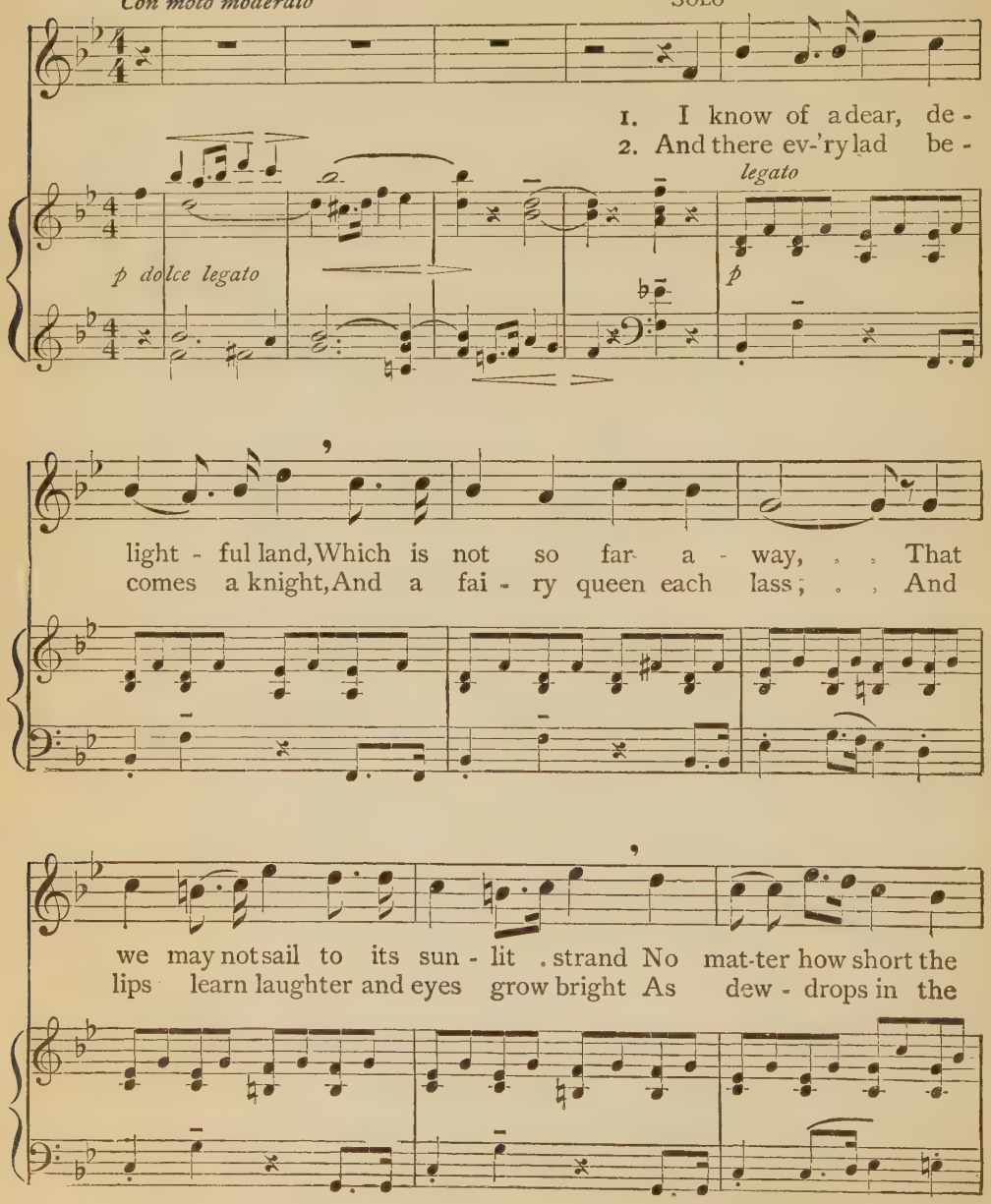

Allegretto
p
1. Spin, las-sie, spin; The thread goes out and
2. Sing, las-sie, sing; A mer-ry heart to
3. Learn, las-sie, learn; Good for-tune thus to
mf
in. Grow-ing as your tress-es grow Wis-dom with each
bring. While the gold-en flax you spin, Keep a cheer-ful
earn; Learn to work and learn to pray, Spin-ning on from
mf
year will show. Spin, las-sie, spin; Spin, las-sie, spin.
heart with-in. Sing, las-sie, sing; Sing, las-sie, sing.
day to day. Learn, las-sie, learn; Learn, las-sie, learn.
p

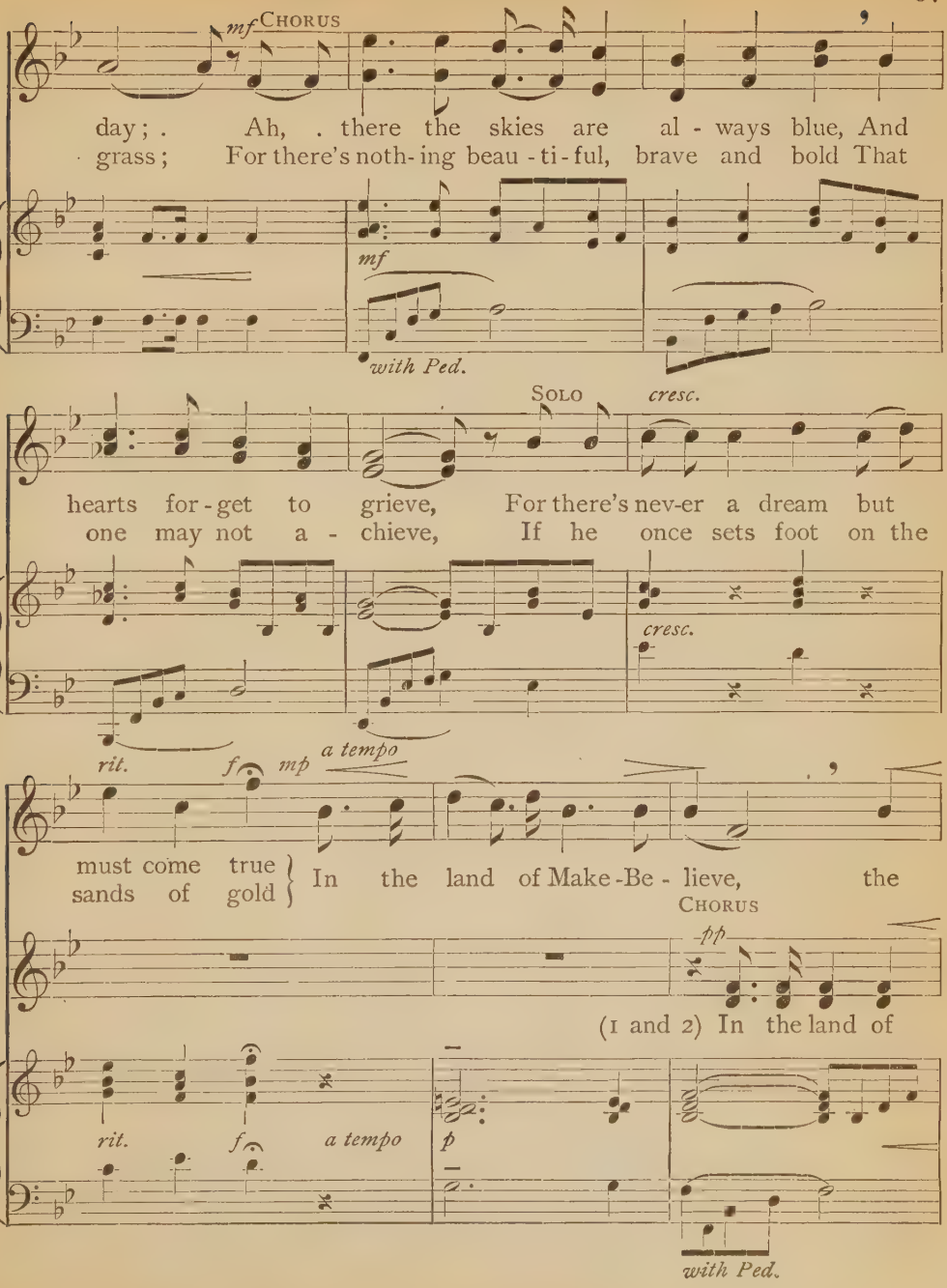
THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

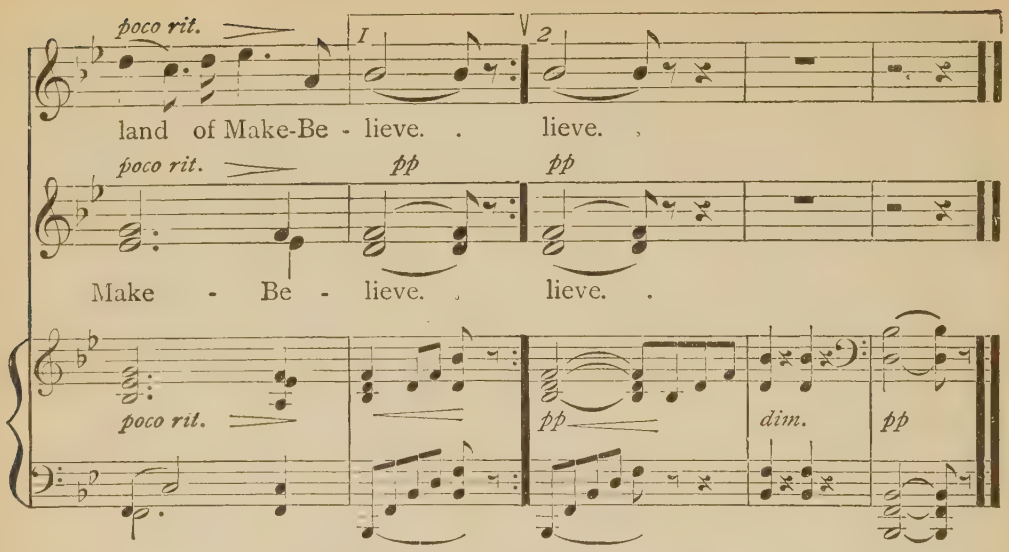
John E. West

Con moto moderato

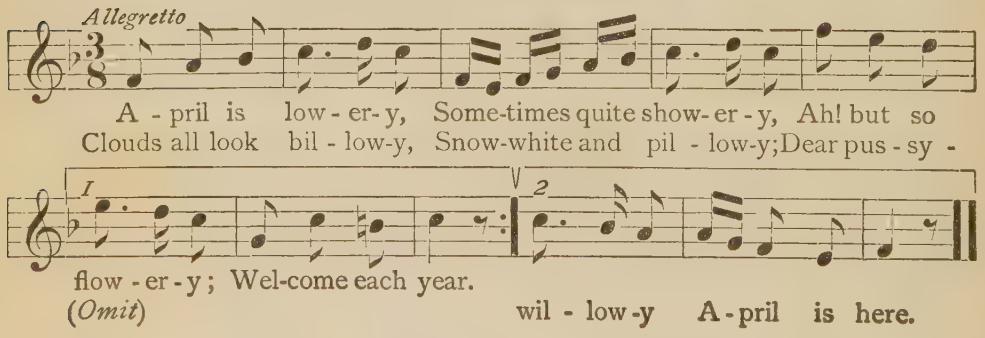
SOLO


1. I know of a dear, de -
2. And there ev-'ry lad be -
legato
p dolce legato
p
light - ful land, Which is not so far a - way, That
comes a knight, And a fai - ry queen each lass; And
we may not sail to its sun - lit strand No mat-ter how short the
lips learn laughter and eyes grow bright As dew - drops in the

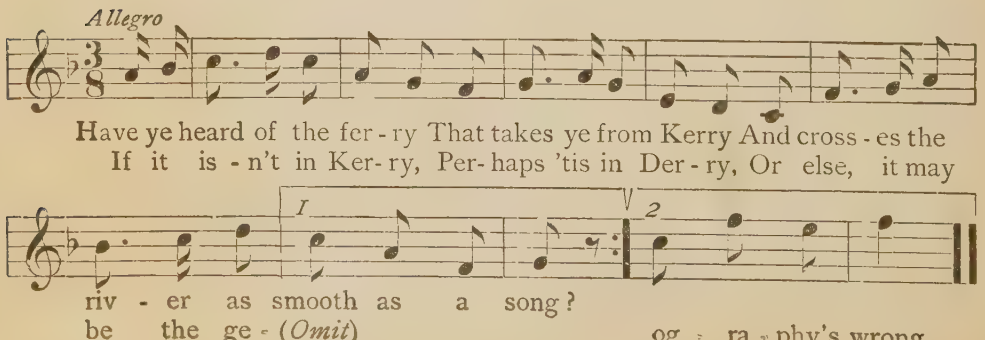

mf CHORUS
day; . Ah, . there the skies are al - ways blue, And
grass; For there's noth- ing beau - ti - ful, brave and bold That
mf
with Ped.
SOLO
cresc.
hearts for - get to grieve, For there's nev-er a dream but
one may not a - chieve, If he once sets foot on the
cresc.
rit.
f
mp
a tempo
must come true
sands of gold
In the land of Make - Be - lieve, the
CHORUS
pp
(1 and 2) In the land of
rit.
f
a tempo
p
with Ped.



THE EASTER SEASON


Allegretto
A - pril is low - er - y, Some-times quite show- er - y, Ah! but so
Clouds all look bil - low-y, Snow-white and pil - low-y; Dear pus - sy -
1
2
flow - er - y; Wel-come each year.
(Omit)
wil - low-y A-pril is here.

THE FERRY


Allegro
Have ye heard of the fer - ry That takes ye from Kerry And cross - es the
If it is - n't in Ker - ry, Per - haps 'tis in Der - ry, Or else, it may
1
2
riv - er as smooth as a song?
be the ge - (Omit)
og - ra - phy's wrong.

SPRING THOUGHTS

Foster B. Merriam — Friedrich von Flotow in "Stradella"

Allegro grazioso

mp

1. Oh, to hear the bob - o - link tune And find the buds of
watch the gauz - y but - ter - fly dance A - mong the scent - ed
3. Oh, to look for daf - fo - dil flow'rs That blos - som thro' the
Oh, the ver - y mer - ri - est thing Is think - ing what we'll

mp leggiero

1 2 FINE *sempre delicato*

ear - ly June, Or
(*Omit*) flow'r-ing plants! 2. All goes right, and noth-ing goes
A - pril hours! But Tho' they start wet weather, I
(*Omit.*) do in spring!

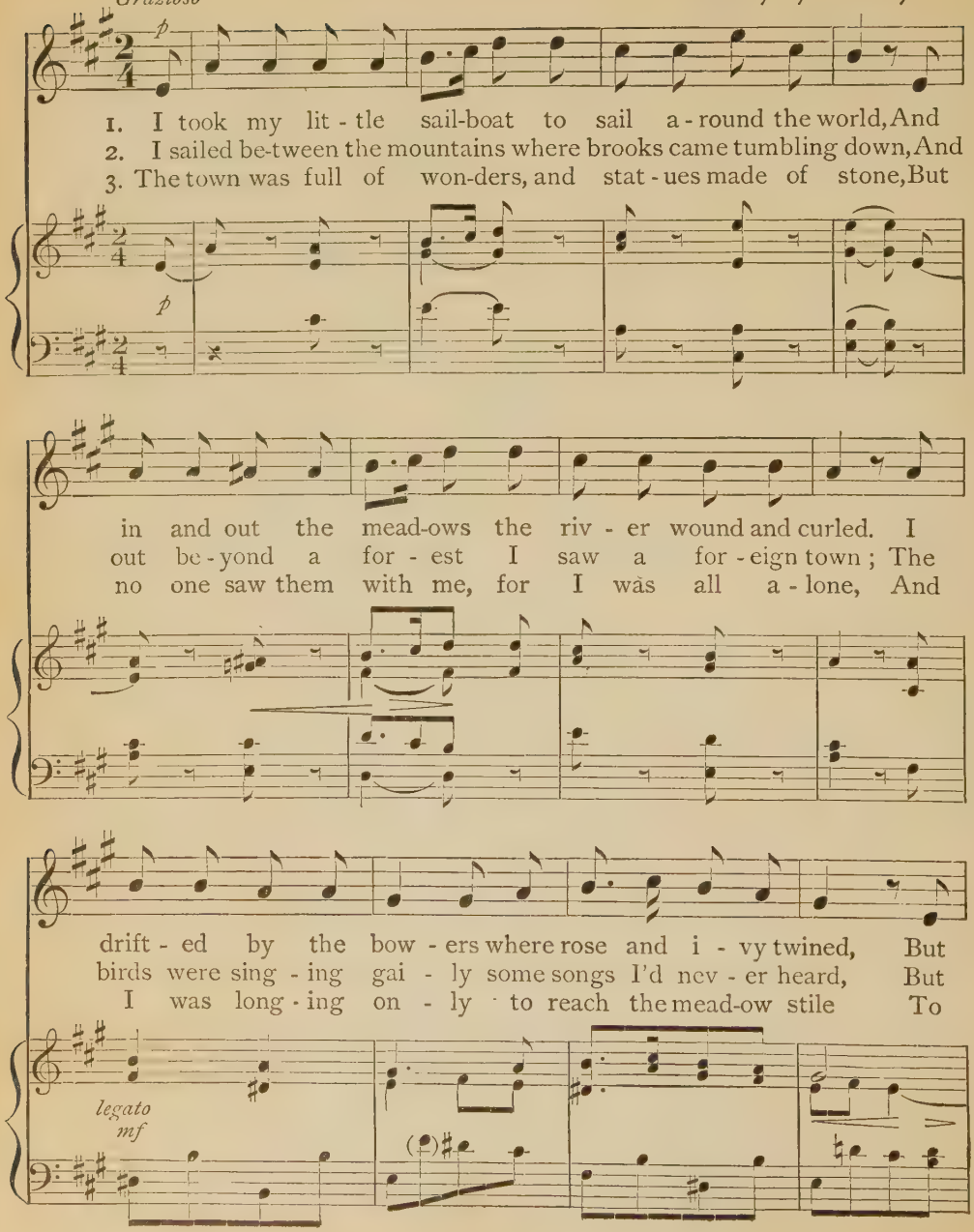
sempre delicato

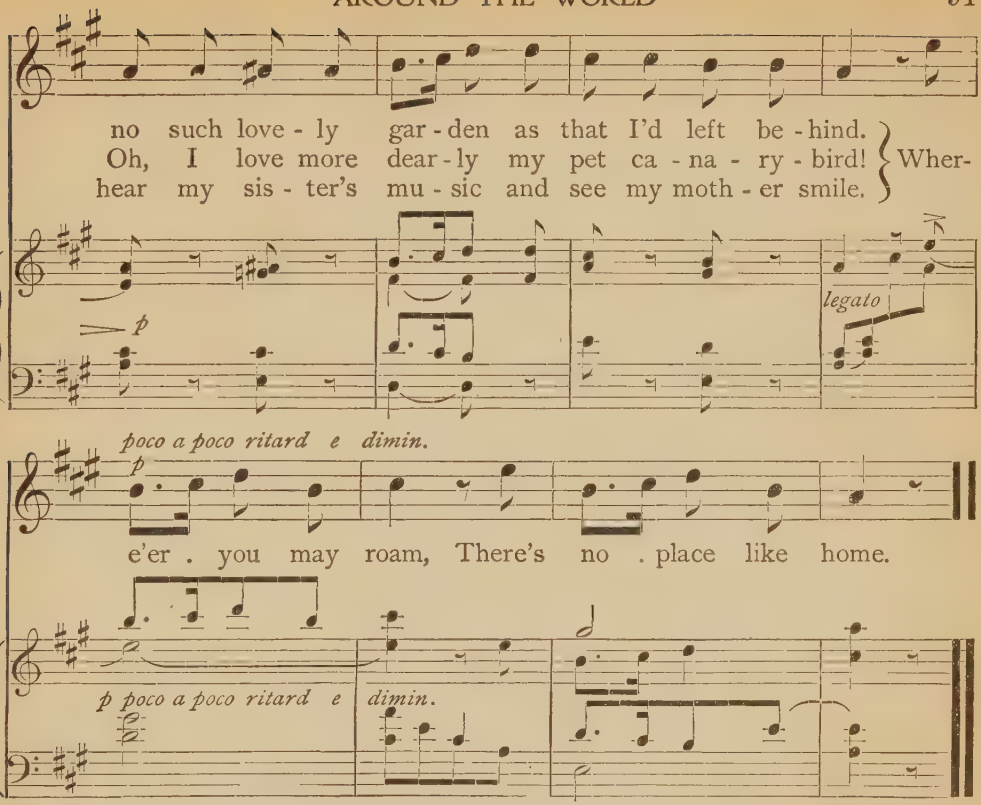
1 2 D.C.

wrong When fra-grant South-winds flut-ter a - long;
know, 'Twill rain and shine to - (*Omit*) geth-er, I know.

AROUND THE WORLD

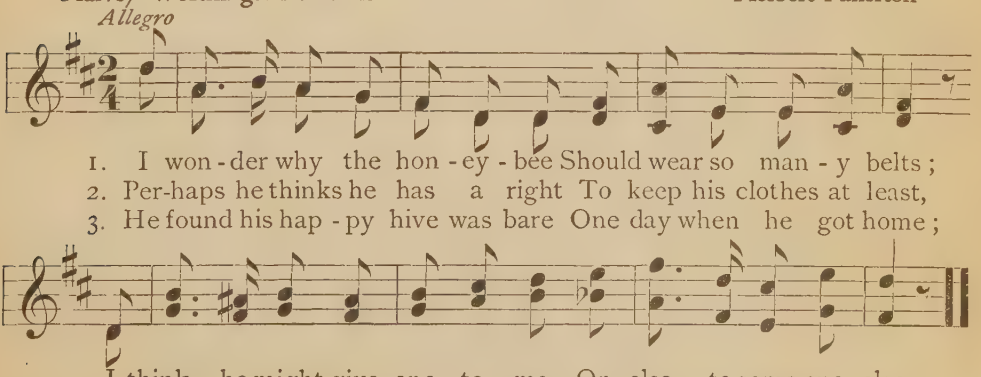
Melody by V. Miry


Grazioso
p
1. I took my lit - tle sail-boat to sail a - round the world, And
2. I sailed be-tween the mountains where brooks came tumbling down, And
3. The town was full of won-ders, and stat - ues made of stone, But
in and out the mead-ows the riv - er wound and curled. I
out be - yond a for - est I saw a for - eign town; The
no one saw them with me, for I was all a - lone, And
drift - ed by the bow - ers where rose and i - vy twined, But
birds were sing - ing gai - ly some songs I'd nev - er heard, But
I was long - ing on - ly to reach the mead-ow stile To
legato
mf


no such love - ly gar - den as that I'd left be - hind.
Oh, I love more dear - ly my pet ca - na - ry - bird!
hear my sis - ter's mu - sic and see my moth - er smile.
Wher-
p
legato
poco a poco ritard e dimin.
p
e'er . you may roam, There's no . place like home.
p poco a poco ritard e dimin.

THE UNFORTUNATE BEE

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Herbert Fullerton


Allegro
1. I won - der why the hon - ey - bee Should wear so man - y belts;
2. Per-haps he thinks he has a right To keep his clothes at least,
3. He found his hap - py hive was bare One day when he got home;
I think he might give one to me, Or else to some one else.
For peo - ple come like thieves at night, And steal his hon - ey feast.
He could - n't e - ven fix his hair, Be - cause he had no comb!

FAITHFUL JOHNNY

Scotch Folk Song
Accompaniment by Beethoven

Andantino semplice

GIRLS

1. "When will ye come a - gain, my faith - ful John - ny?
2. "When blaws the north-wind cauld, my faith - ful John - ny?
3. "E'er must we part a - gain, my faith - ful John - ny?

p legato

with Ped.

BOYS

When will ye come a - gain?" "When the corn is in the sheaves,
When blaws the north wind cauld?" "Tho' the snaw drifts day by day,
E'er must we part a - gain?" "Nay, as long as in mine eyes

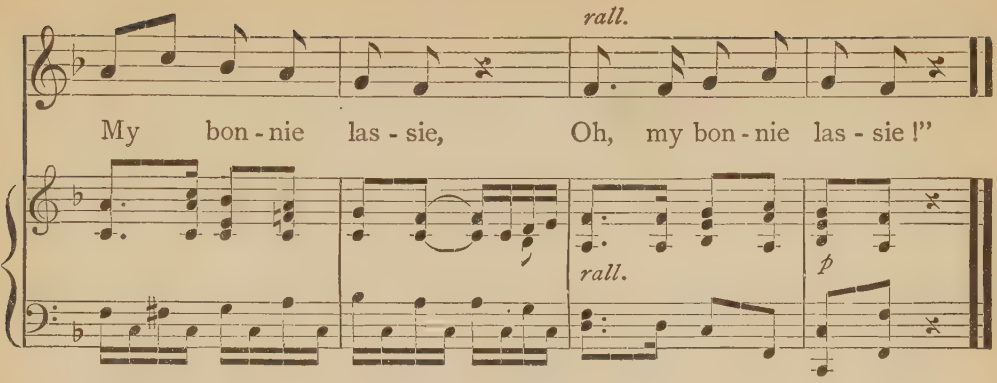
p

Ped. ✱

When the Au - tumn sheds her leaves, Then, Oh, then will I come back,
Tho' I scarce can find the way, Then will I come back to thee,
Thy dear face re - flect-ed lies; Nev - er, nev - er shall we part,

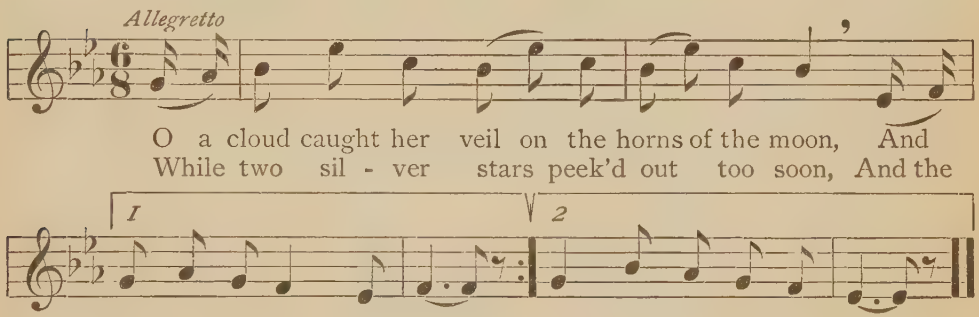
p

𝆕 short appoggiatura, (pronounce ahp-pod-jah-toó-rah), a very short grace note

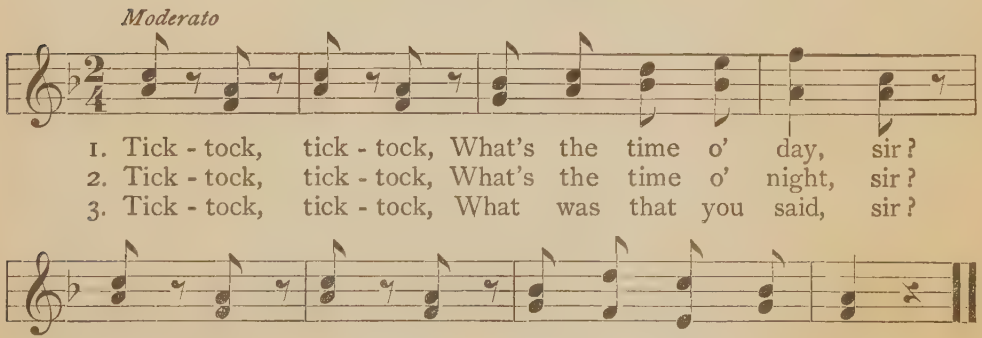


A SKY STORY

Frank S. Bainbridge


Allegretto
O a cloud caught her veil on the horns of the moon, And
While two sil - ver stars peek'd out too soon, And the
1
2
blush'd as the sun went down,
(Omit)
East looked on with a frown.

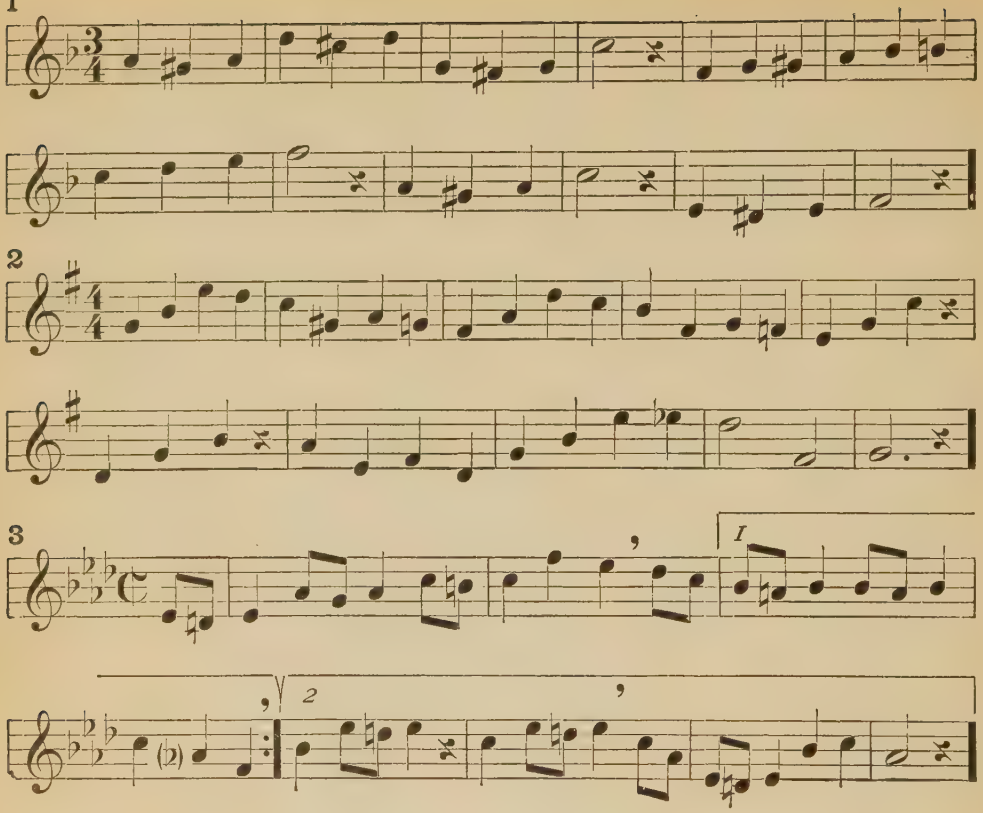
TICK–TOCK


Moderato
1. Tick - tock, tick - tock, What's the time o' day, sir?
2. Tick - tock, tick - tock, What's the time o' night, sir?
3. Tick - tock, tick - tock, What was that you said, sir?
Tick - tock, tick - tock, Time to work or play.
Tick - tock, tick - tock, Time to light the light.
Tick - tock, tick - tock, Time to go to bed.

1

2

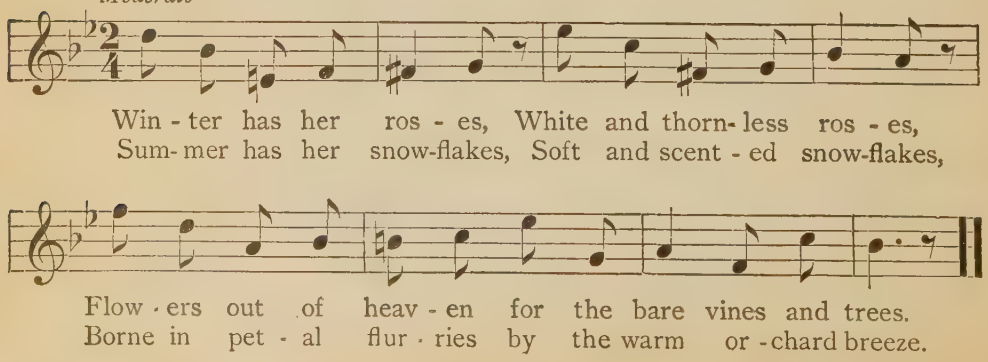
3



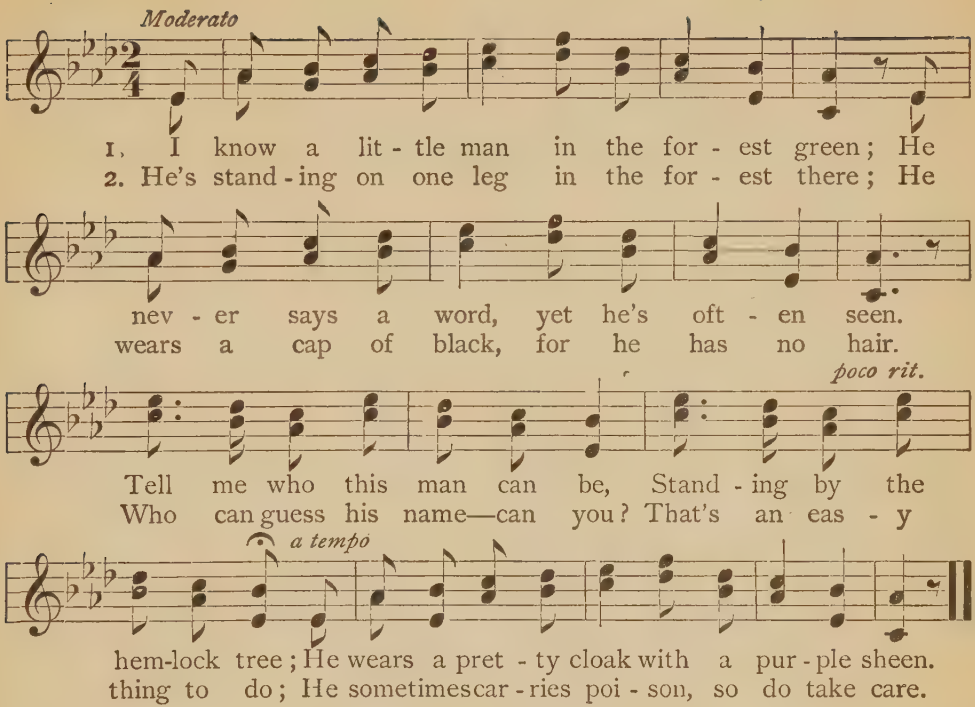
ROSES AND SNOW

Katharine Whitmore

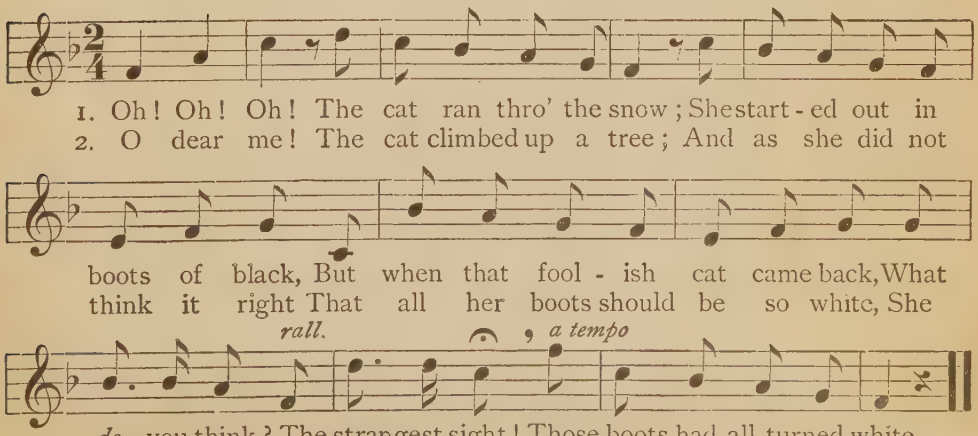
Moderato


Win - ter has her ros - es, White and thorn- less ros - es,
Sum- mer has her snow-flakes, Soft and scent - ed snow-flakes,
Flow - ers out of heav - en for the bare vines and trees.
Borne in pet - al flur - ries by the warm or - chard breeze.

A RIDDLE


Moderato
1. I know a lit - tle man in the for - est green; He
2. He's stand - ing on one leg in the for - est there; He
nev - er says a word, yet he's oft - en seen.
wears a cap of black, for he has no hair.
poco rit.
Tell me who this man can be, Stand - ing by the
Who can guess his name—can you? That's an eas - y
a tempo
hem-lock tree; He wears a pret - ty cloak with a pur - ple sheen.
thing to do; He sometimes car - ries poi - son, so do take care.

PUSS IN BOOTS

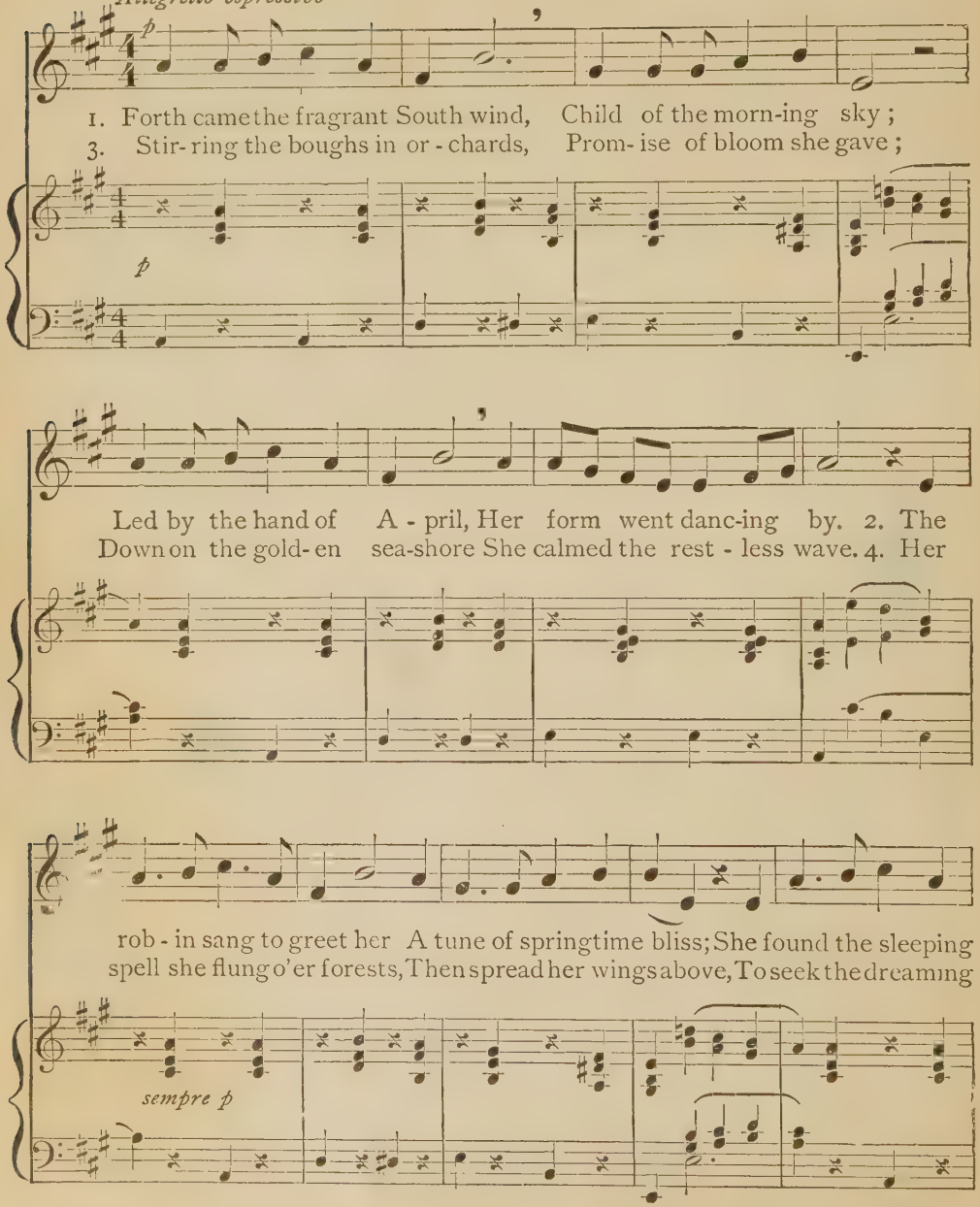

1. Oh! Oh! Oh! The cat ran thro' the snow; She start - ed out in
2. O dear me! The cat climbed up a tree; And as she did not
boots of black, But when that fool - ish cat came back, What
think it right That all her boots should be so white, She
rall.
a tempo
do you think? The strangest sight! Those boots had all turned white.
used her tongue, as oft be-fore, And washed them black once more.

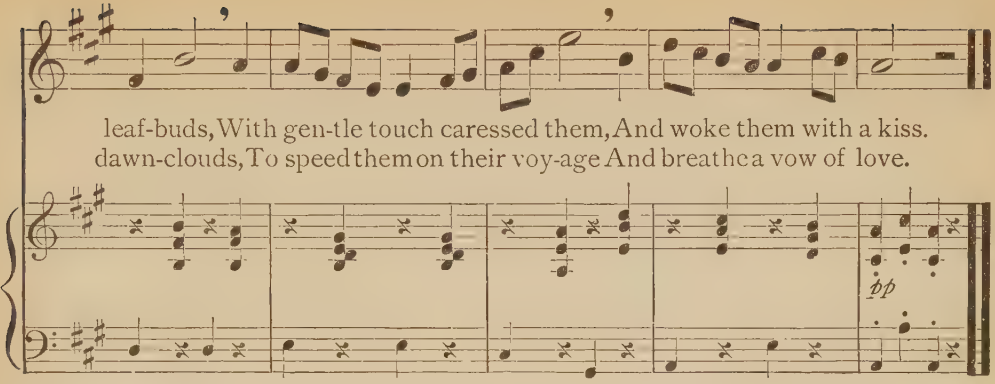
THE SOUTH WIND

Frederick Winthrop

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
in "Don Giovanni"

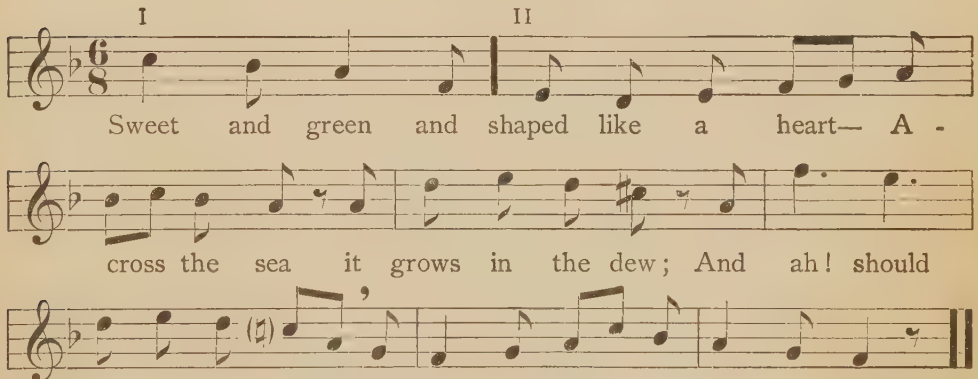
Allegretto espressivo


p
1. Forth came the fragrant South wind, Child of the morn-ing sky;
3. Stir-ring the boughs in or-chards, Prom-ise of bloom she gave;
p
Led by the hand of A-pril, Her form went danc-ing by. 2. The
Down on the gold-en sea-shore She calmed the rest-less wave. 4. Her
rob-in sang to greet her A tune of springtime bliss; She found the sleeping
spell she flung o'er forests, Then spread her wings above, To seek the dreaming
sempre p


leaf-buds, With gen-tle touch caressed them, And woke them with a kiss.
dawn-clouds, To speed them on their voy-age And breathe a vow of love.
pp

THE SHAMROCK

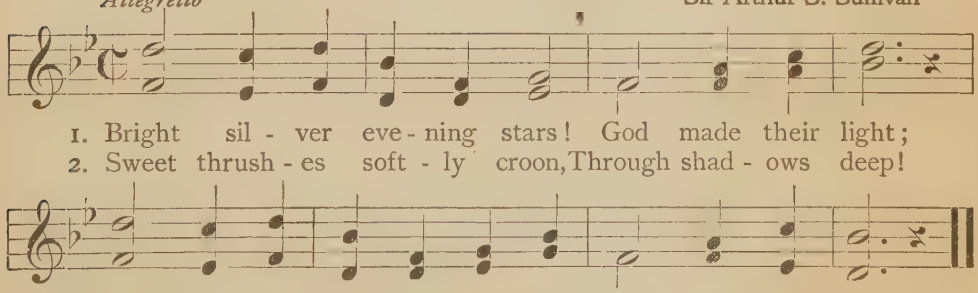
ROUND


I
II
Sweet and green and shaped like a heart— A -
cross the sea it grows in the dew; And ah! should
ev - er we part, The first I find I'll send to you!

EVENING THOUGHTS

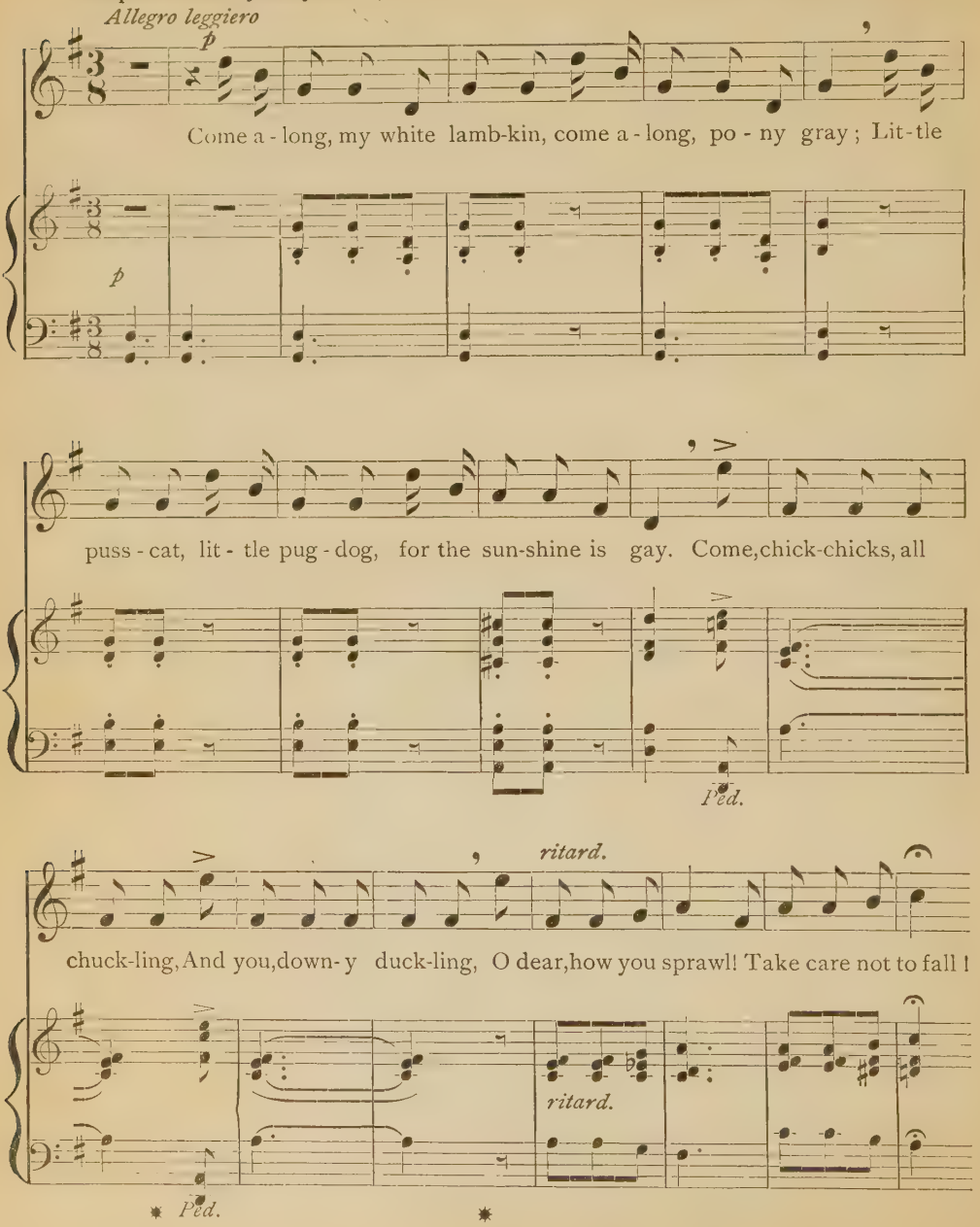
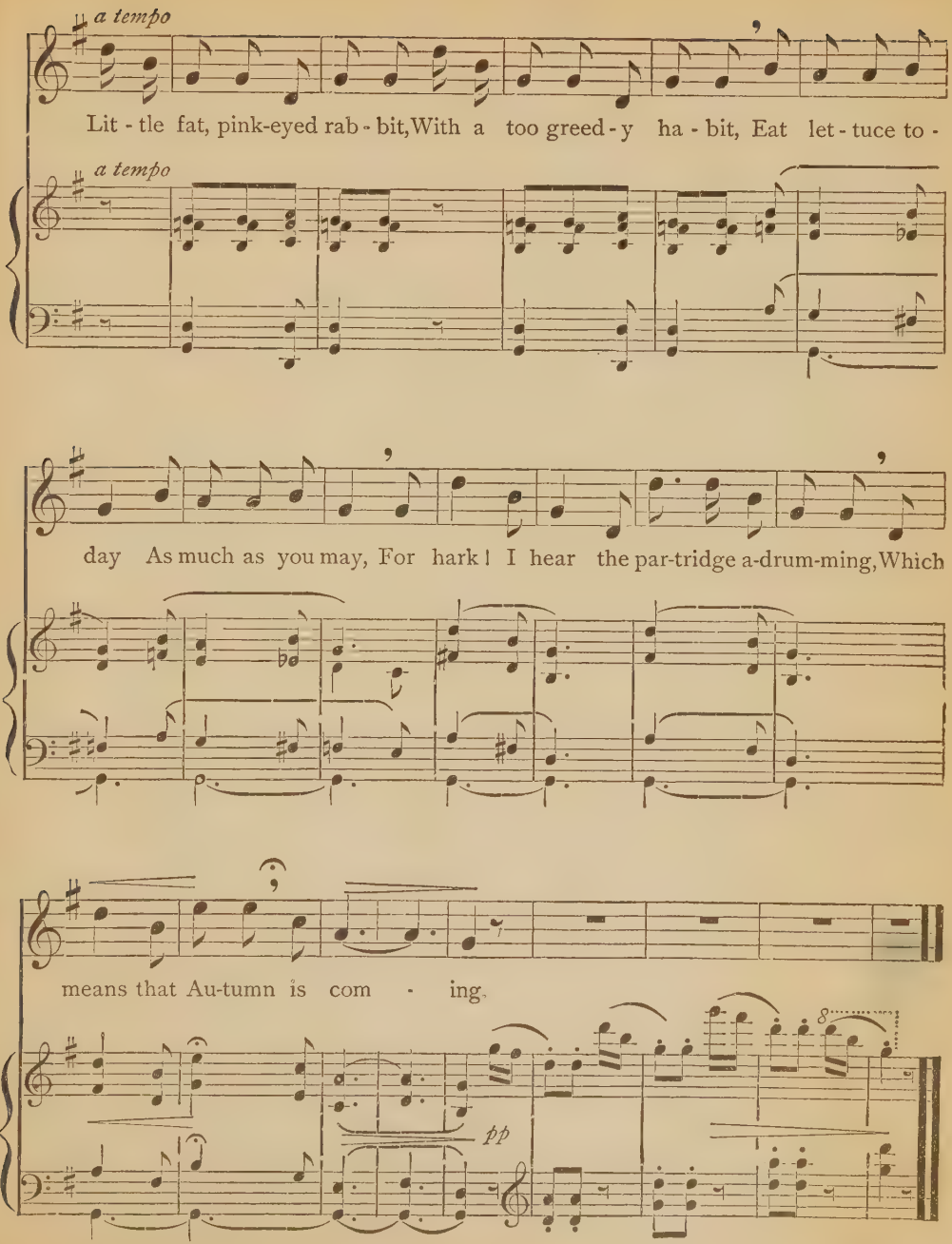
Allegretto

Sir Arthur S. Sullivan


1. Bright sil - ver eve - ning stars! God made their light;
2. Sweet thrush - es soft - ly croon, Through shad - ows deep!
He set them in the sky To watch through the night.
God taught them how to sing The for - est to sleep.

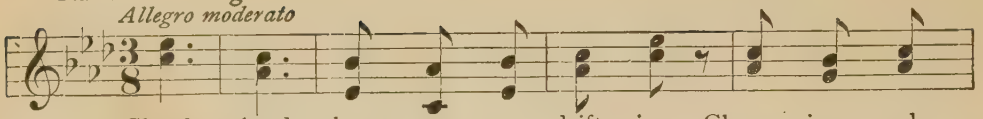
IN THE FARMYARD

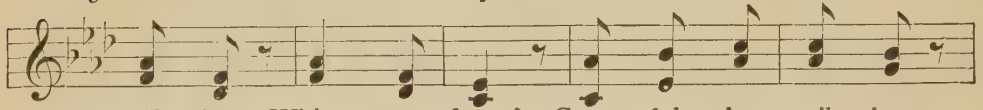
Adapted from Björnstjerne Björnson — Edvard Hagerup Grieg


Allegro leggiero
p
Come a - long, my white lamb-kin, come a - long, po - ny gray; Lit-tle
puss - cat, lit - tle pug - dog, for the sun-shine is gay. Come, chick-chicks, all
Ped.
ritard.
chuck-ling, And you, down- y duck-ling, O dear, how you sprawl! Take care not to fall!
ritard.
Ped.

a tempo
Lit - tle fat, pink-eyed rab - bit, With a too greed - y ha - bit, Eat let - tuce to -
a tempo
day As much as you may, For hark! I hear the par-tridge a-drum-ming, Which
means that Au-tumn is com - ing.
pp

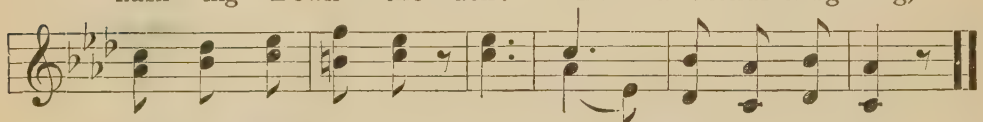
QUESTIONS

Russell M. Dodge — Herbert Fullerton

Allegro moderato

1. Cloud, cloud, where are you drift - ing, Chang - ing and
2. Breeze, breeze, where are you go - ing, Whist - ling and
3. Stream, stream, where are you dash - ing, Spark - ling and



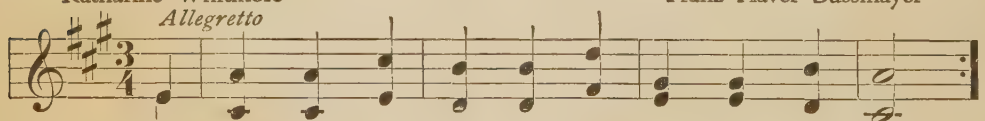
shift - ing, White as foam? Grace - ful - ly sail - ing,
blow - ing, East and west? Wak - ing and cry - ing,
flash - ing Down the dell? Di - a - monds fling - ing,

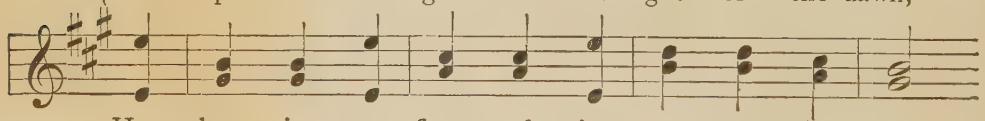


Blush - ing and pal - ing, Cloud, cloud, Where is your home?
Laugh - ing or sigh - ing, Breeze, breeze, Where do you rest?
Shout - ing and sing - ing, Stream, stream, Where do you dwell?

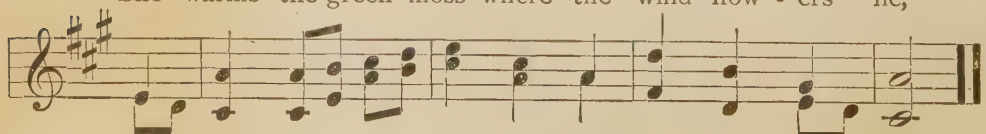
APRIL

Katharine Whitmore — Franz Xaver Süssmayer

Allegretto

1. Fair A - pril, the maid - en, comes down from the sky;
   Her tress - es are gold - en, and blue is her eye;
2. She flings her bright jew - els on pas - ture and lawn,
   To spar - kle and gleam in the light of the dawn;



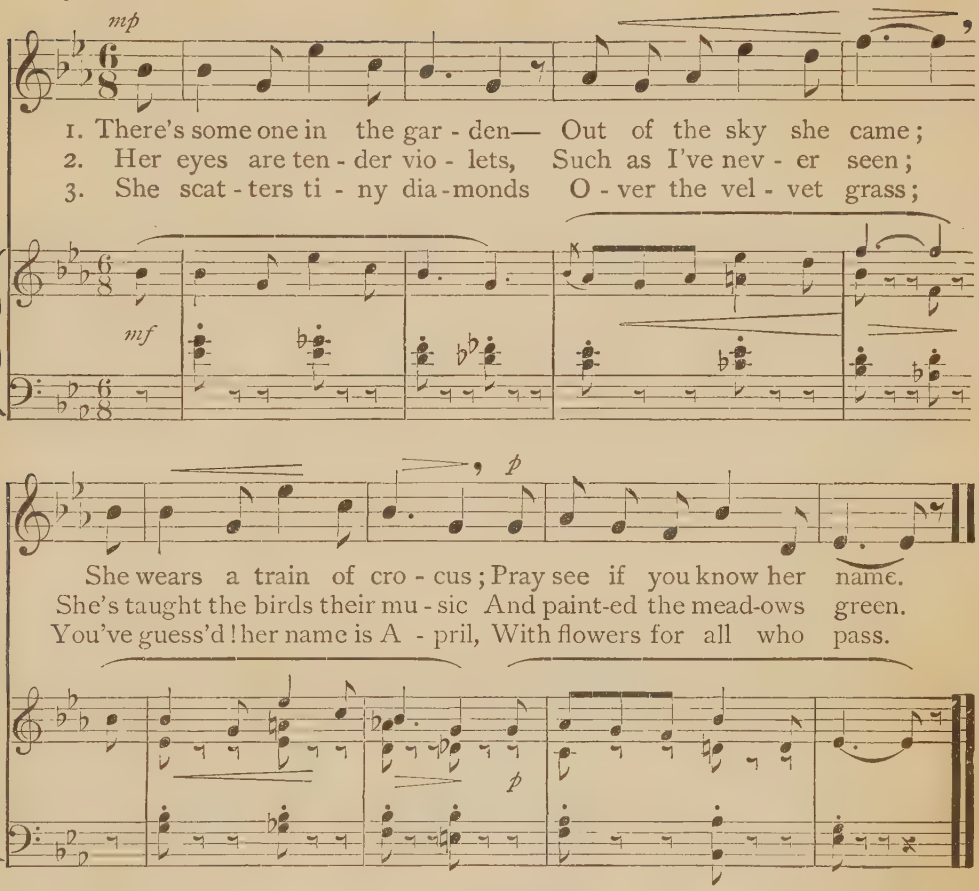
Her glance is re - flect - ed in stream and in lake;
She warms the green moss where the wind - flow - ers lie,



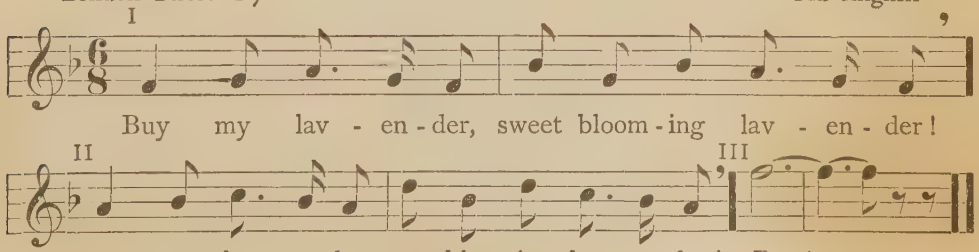
At sound of . her voice, all the flow - ers a - wake.
And teach - es . the blue - bird a tune of the sky.

A VISITOR

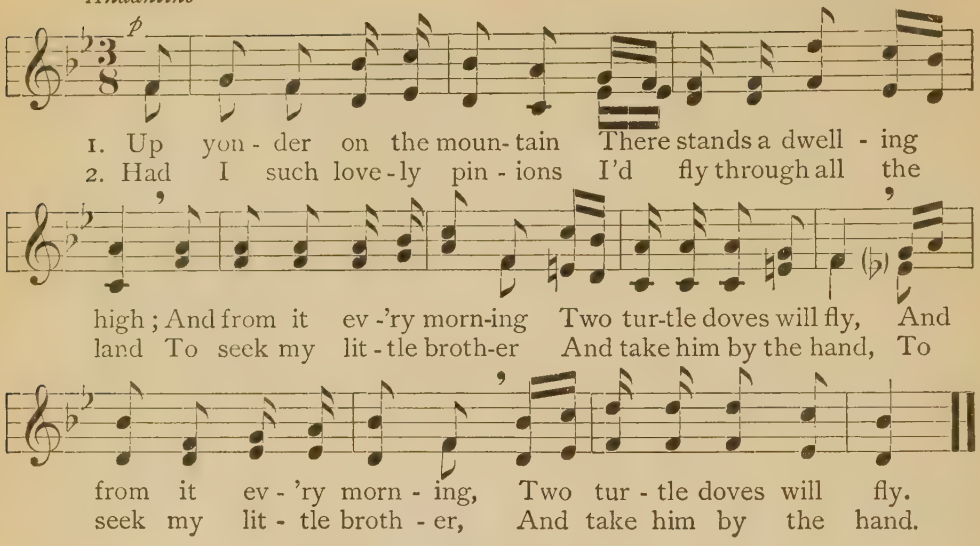
James F. Caldwell — Franz Ries


mp
1. There's some one in the gar - den— Out of the sky she came;
2. Her eyes are ten - der vio - lets, Such as I've nev - er seen;
3. She scat - ters ti - ny dia - monds O - ver the vel - vet grass;
mf
p
She wears a train of cro - cus; Pray see if you know her name.
She's taught the birds their mu - sic And paint-ed the mead-ows green.
You've guess'd! her name is A - pril, With flowers for all who pass.
p

LAVENDER

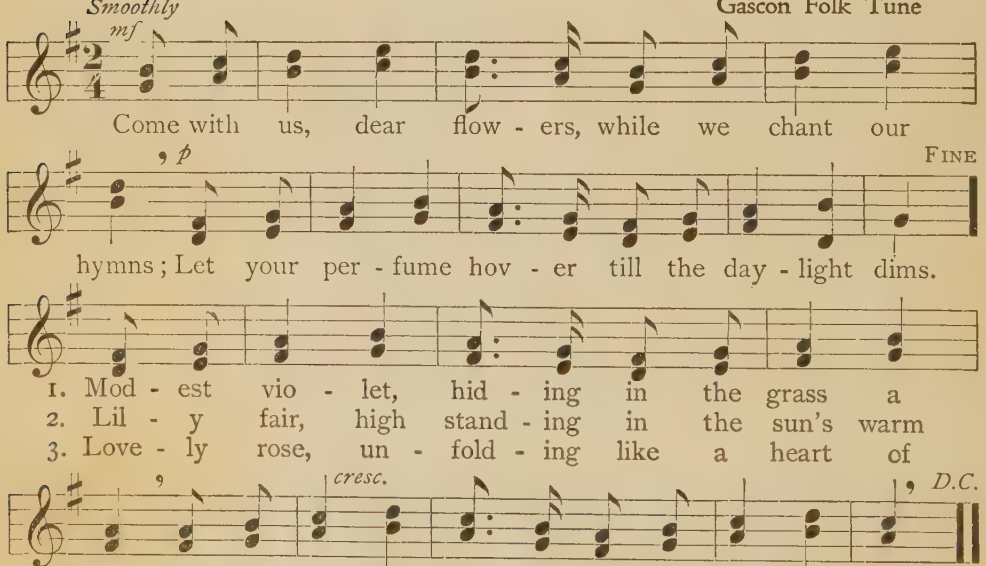
London Street Cry — ROUND — Old English

THE TURTLE DOVES

Andantino — Carl Reinecke


p
1. Up yon - der on the moun - tain There stands a dwell - ing
2. Had I such love - ly pin - ions I'd fly through all the
high; And from it ev - 'ry morn - ing Two tur - tle doves will fly, And
land To seek my lit - tle broth - er And take him by the hand, To
from it ev - 'ry morn - ing, Two tur - tle doves will fly.
seek my lit - tle broth - er, And take him by the hand.

AN EASTER CAROL

Smoothly — Gascon Folk Tune


mf
Come with us, dear flow - ers, while we chant our
p
FINE
hymns; Let your per - fume hov - er till the day - light dims.
1. Mod - est vio - let, hid - ing in the grass a
2. Lil - y fair, high stand - ing in the sun's warm
3. Love - ly rose, un - fold - ing like a heart of
cresc.
D.C.
part, Thou shalt teach thy les - son of a hum - ble heart.
light, May we all be pure as is thy beau - ty bright.
love, Teach us all sweet les - sons of the Lord a - bove.

A LITTLE DUTCH GARDEN

Hattie Whitney — Victor Herbert

(To be sung in a dainty, detached style)

p

I passed by a gar-den, a

Moderately fast

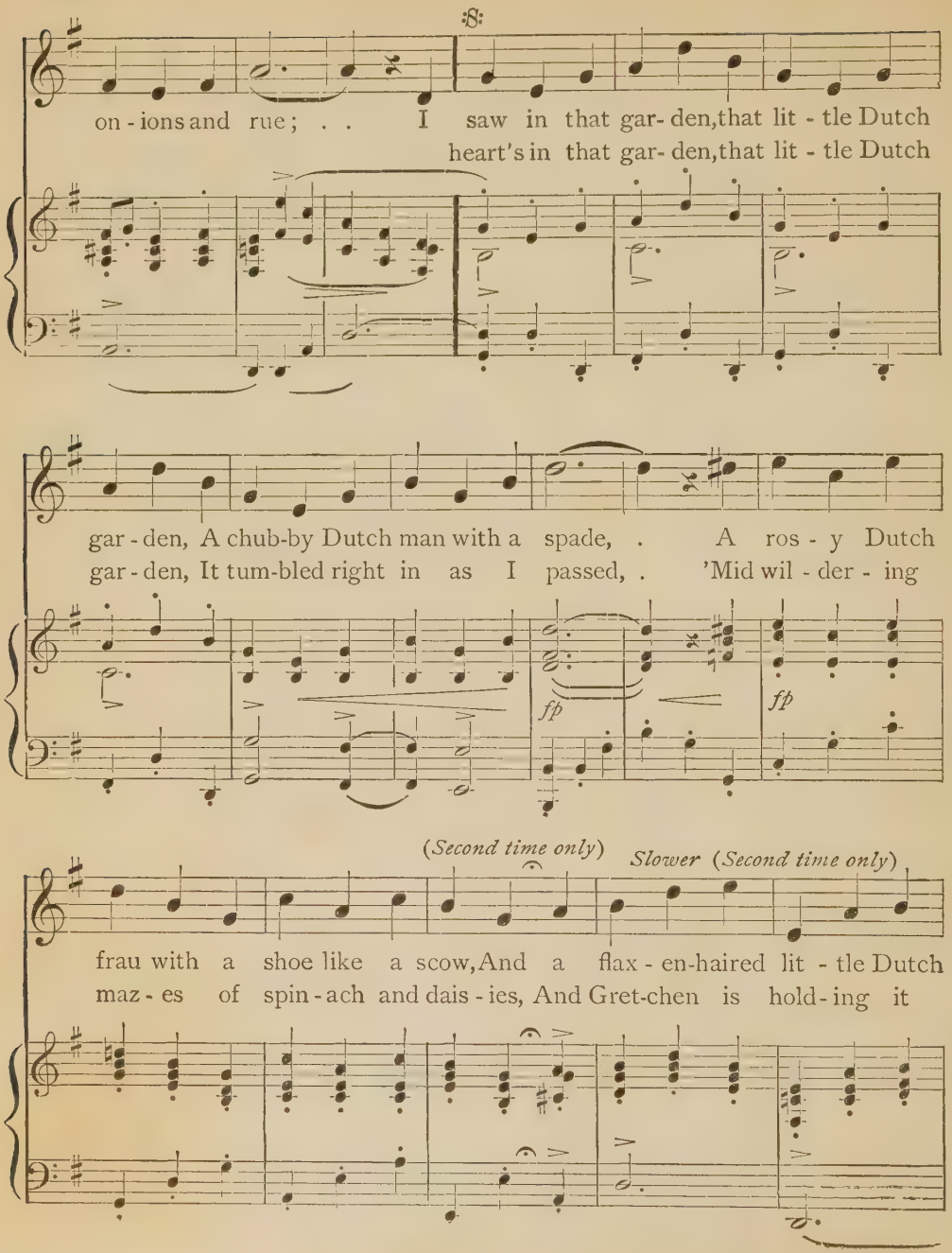
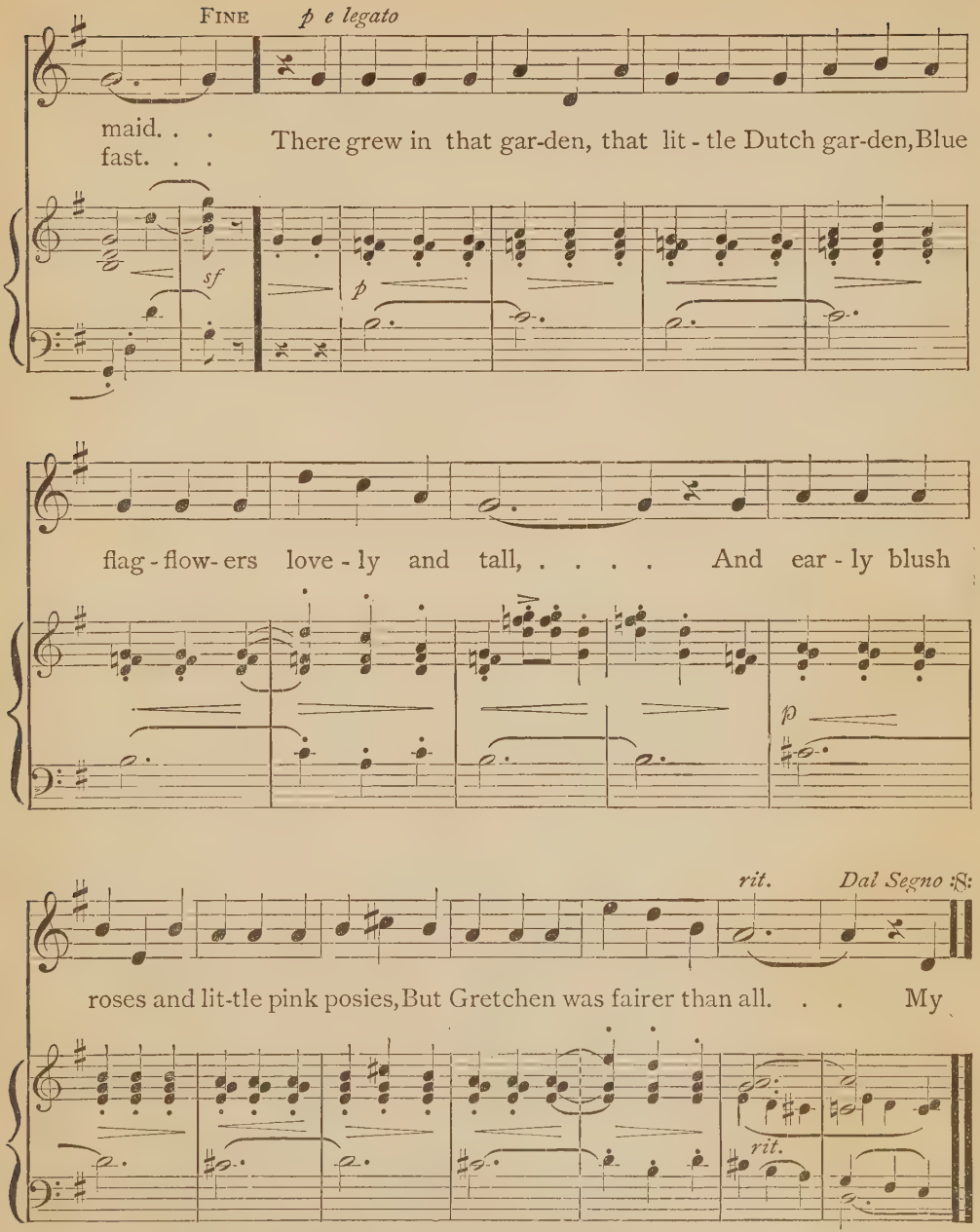
mf *p* *p*

lit - tle Dutch gar-den Where use-ful and pret - ty things grew— . Heart's-

fp

ease and to - ma - toes and pinks and po - ta - toes And li - lies and

fp

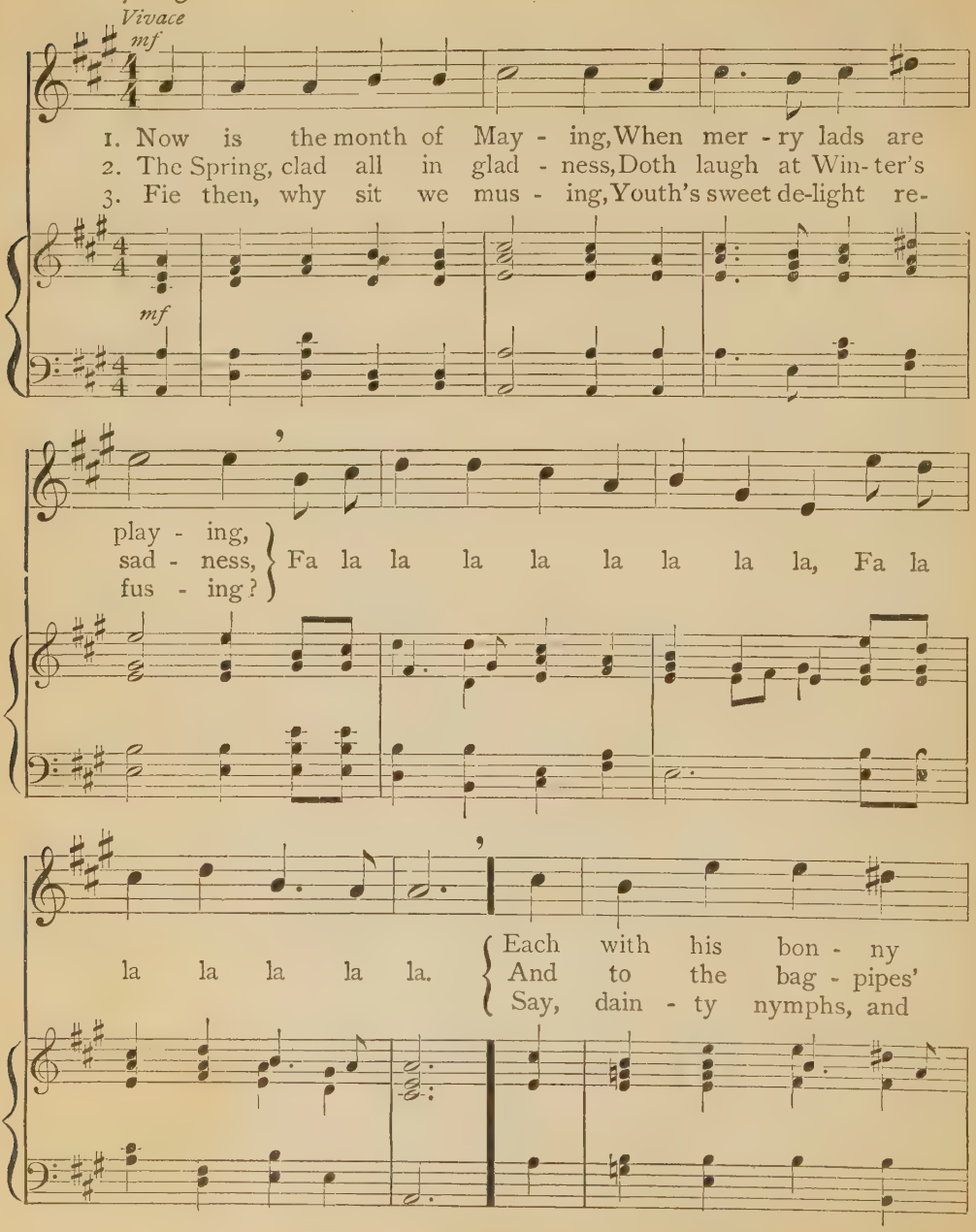
fp, loud, then immediately soft

on - ions and rue; . . I saw in that gar- den, that lit - tle Dutch
heart's in that gar- den, that lit - tle Dutch
gar - den, A chub-by Dutch man with a spade, . A ros - y Dutch
gar - den, It tum-bled right in as I passed, . 'Mid wil - der - ing
fp
fp
(Second time only)
Slower (Second time only)
frau with a shoe like a scow, And a flax - en-haired lit - tle Dutch
maz - es of spin - ach and dais - ies, And Gret-chen is hold - ing it

FINE
p e legato
maid. . .
fast. . .
There grew in that gar-den, that lit - tle Dutch gar-den, Blue
sf
p
flag - flow- ers love - ly and tall, ... And ear - ly blush
p
rit.
Dal Segno :S:
roses and lit-tle pink posies, But Gretchen was fairer than all. . . My
rit.

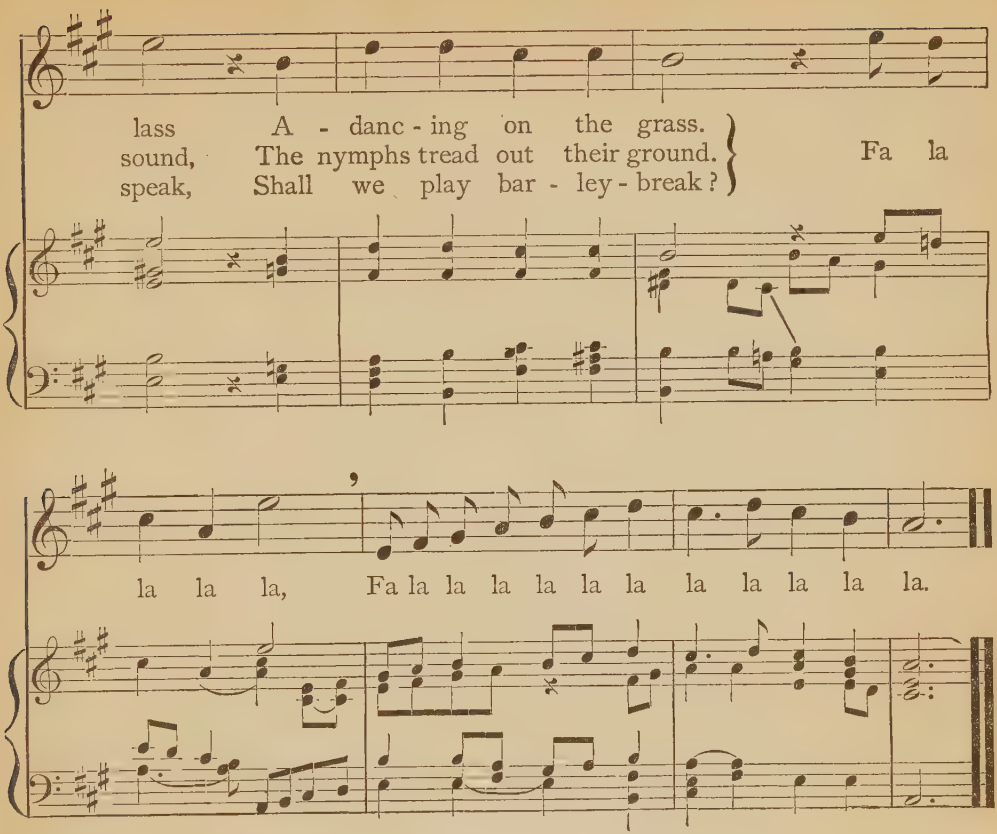
Fine, the end; *rit.*, gradually slower; *Dal Segno*, from the sign

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING

Early English

Thomas Morley (1595)

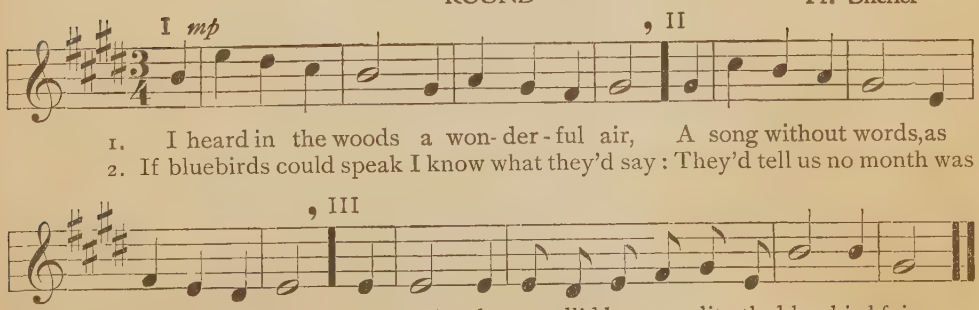

Vivace
mf
1. Now is the month of May - ing, When mer - ry lads are
2. The Spring, clad all in glad - ness, Doth laugh at Win-ter's
3. Fie then, why sit we mus - ing, Youth's sweet de-light re-
mf
play - ing,
sad - ness,
fus - ing?
Fa la la la la la la la la, Fa la
la la la la la.
Each with his bon - ny
And to the bag - pipes'
Say, dain - ty nymphs, and


lass A - danc - ing on the grass.
sound, The nymphs tread out their ground.
speak, Shall we play bar - ley - break?
Fa la
la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la.

A BLUEBIRD SONG

ROUND

Fr. Silcher

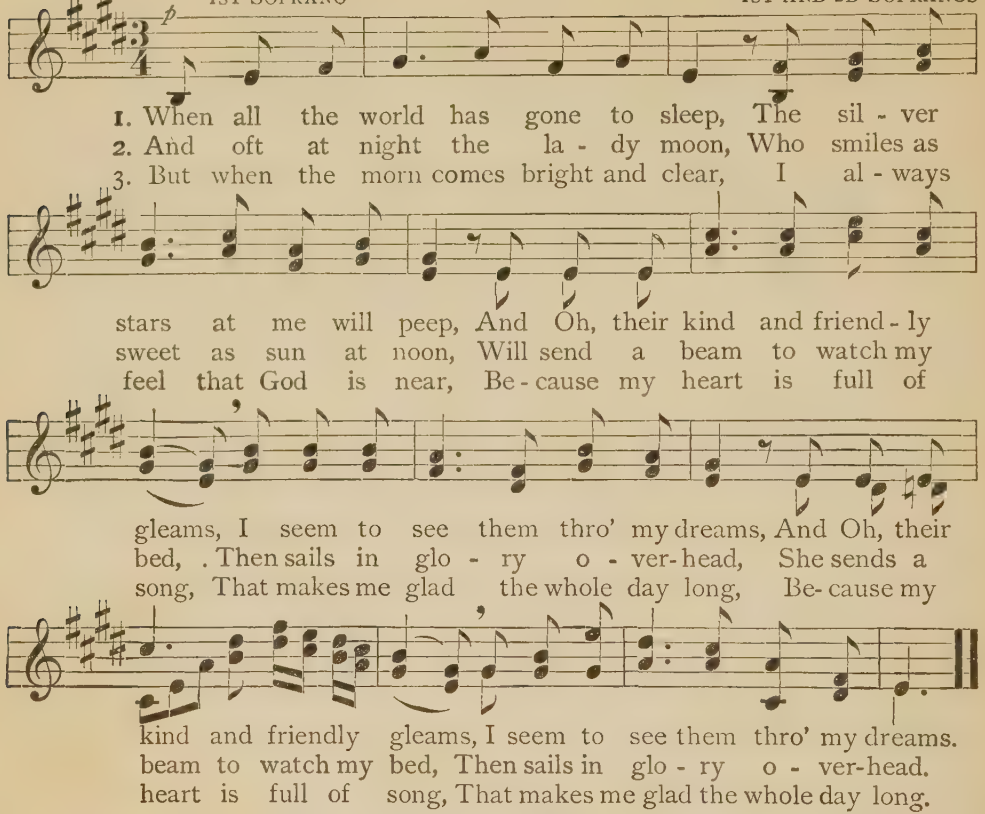

I mp
II
III
1. I heard in the woods a won - der - ful air, A song without words, as
2. If bluebirds could speak I know what they'd say: They'd tell us no month was
sweet as a pray'r; 'Twas soft - ly caroll'd by a lit - tle blue-bird fair.
fair - er than May, For then they're happy as a lit - tle flow'r is gay.

WATCHERS IN THE SKY

James F. Caldwell

1ST SOPRANO

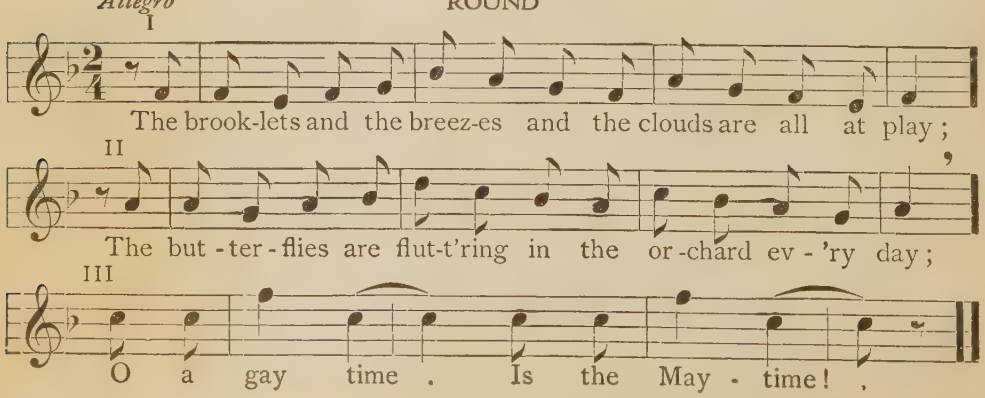
1ST AND 2D SOPRANOS

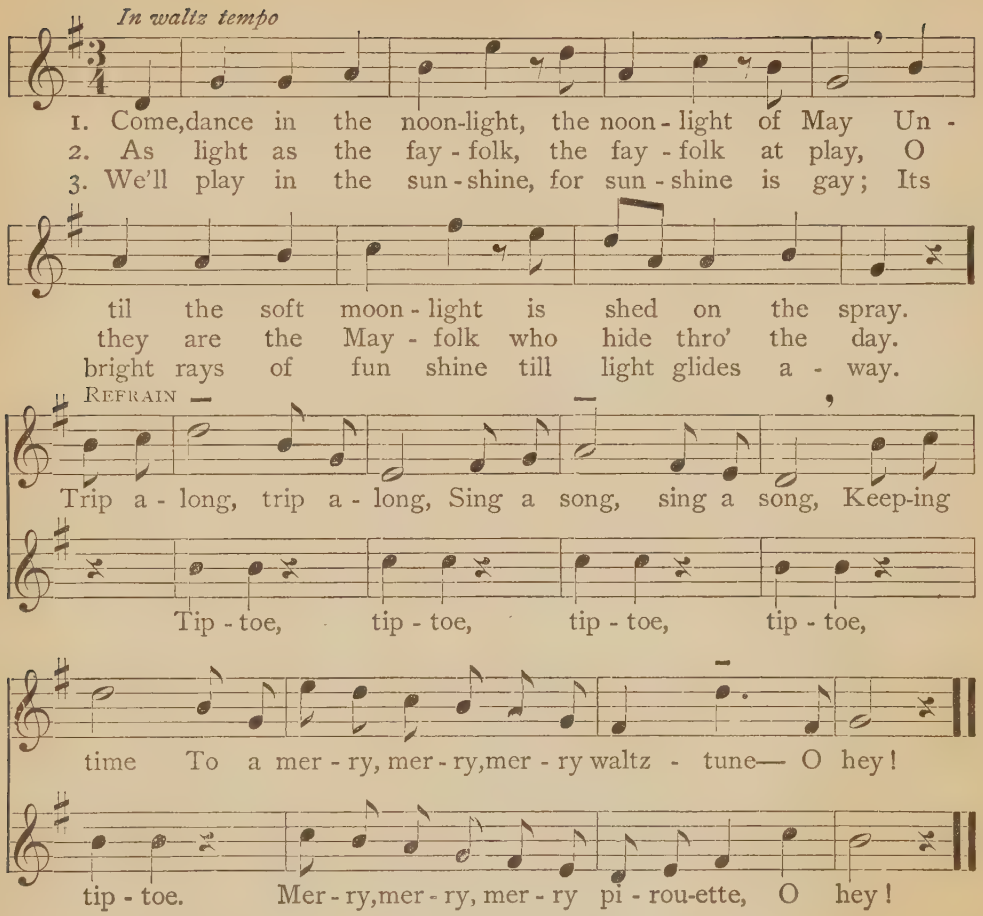

p
1. When all the world has gone to sleep, The sil - ver stars at me will peep, And Oh, their kind and friend - ly gleams, I seem to see them thro' my dreams, And Oh, their kind and friendly gleams, I seem to see them thro' my dreams.
2. And oft at night the la - dy moon, Who smiles as sweet as sun at noon, Will send a beam to watch my bed, . Then sails in glo - ry o - ver-head, She sends a beam to watch my bed, Then sails in glo - ry o - ver-head.
3. But when the morn comes bright and clear, I al - ways feel that God is near, Be - cause my heart is full of song, That makes me glad the whole day long, Be- cause my heart is full of song, That makes me glad the whole day long.

PLAYTIME

Allegro

ROUND

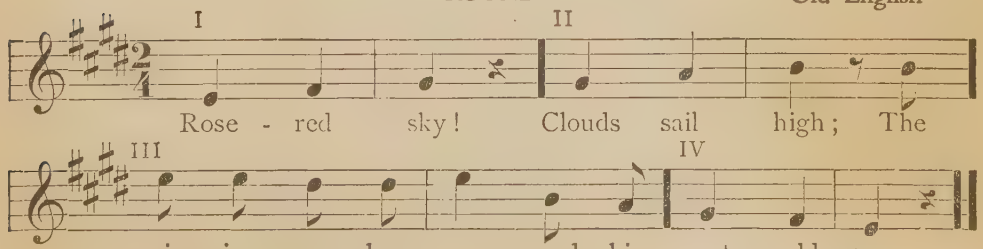

I
The brook-lets and the breez-es and the clouds are all at play ;
II
The but - ter - flies are flut-t'ring in the or - chard ev - 'ry day ;
III
O a gay time . Is the May - time! ,

DANCING SONG

In waltz tempo
1. Come, dance in the noon-light, the noon-light of May Un-
2. As light as the fay-folk, the fay-folk at play, O
3. We'll play in the sun-shine, for sun-shine is gay; Its
til the soft moon-light is shed on the spray.
they are the May-folk who hide thro' the day.
bright rays of fun shine till light glides a-way.
Refrain
Trip a-long, trip a-long, Sing a song, sing a song, Keep-ing
Tip-toe, tip-toe, tip-toe, tip-toe,
time To a mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry waltz-tune— O hey!
tip-toe. Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry pi-rou-ette, O hey!

THE RISING SUN

ROUND

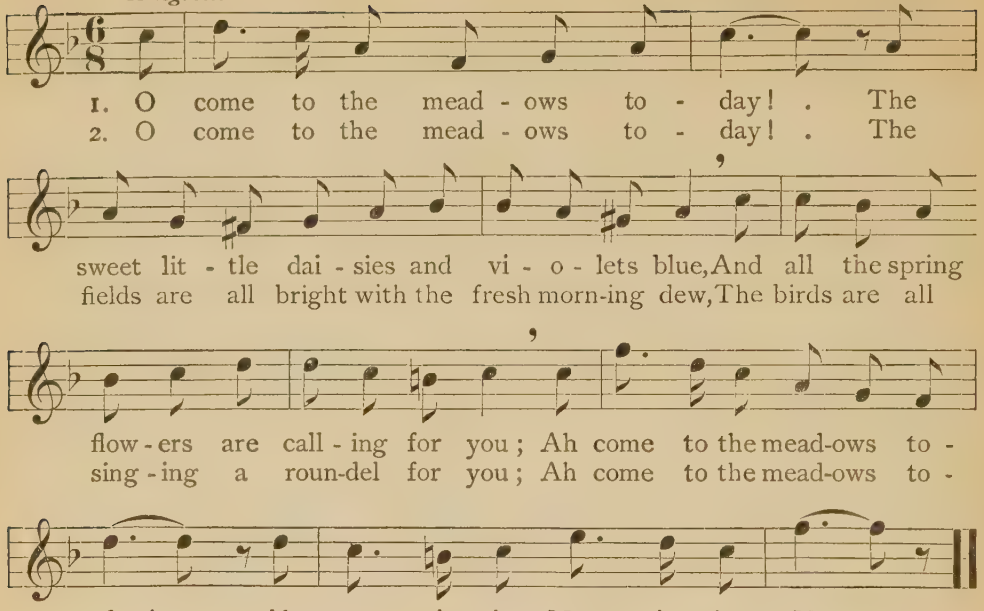
Old English



MAY SONG

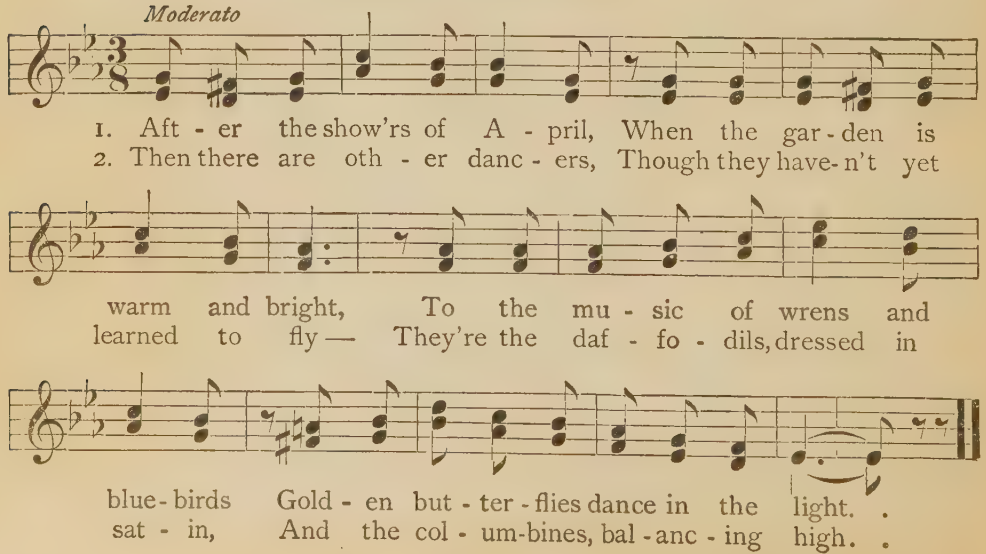
Allegretto

Wm. Luton Wood


1. O come to the mead - ows to - day! . The
2. O come to the mead - ows to - day! . The
sweet lit - tle dai - sies and vi - o - lets blue, And all the spring
fields are all bright with the fresh morn-ing dew, The birds are all
flow - ers are call - ing for you; Ah come to the mead-ows to -
sing - ing a roun-del for you; Ah come to the mead-ows to -
day! . Ah come, it is May, it is May! .
day! . Ah come, it is May, it is May! .

SPRING DANCERS

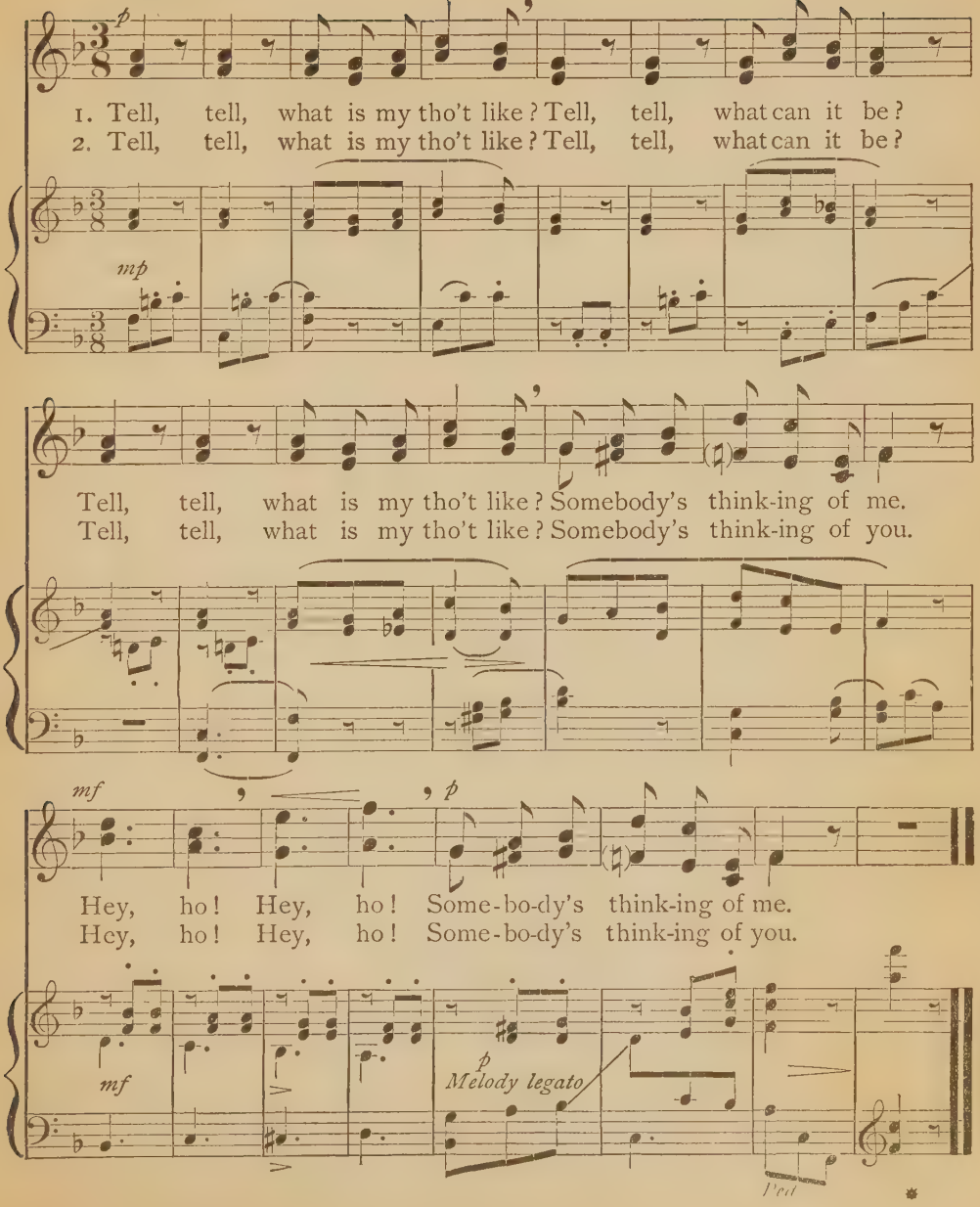
Moderato


1. Aft - er the show'rs of A - pril, When the gar - den is
2. Then there are oth - er danc - ers, Though they have - n't yet
warm and bright, To the mu - sic of wrens and
learned to fly — They're the daf - fo - dils, dressed in
blue - birds Gold - en but - ter - flies dance in the light. .
sat - in, And the col - um-bines, bal - anc - ing high. .

SOMEBODY

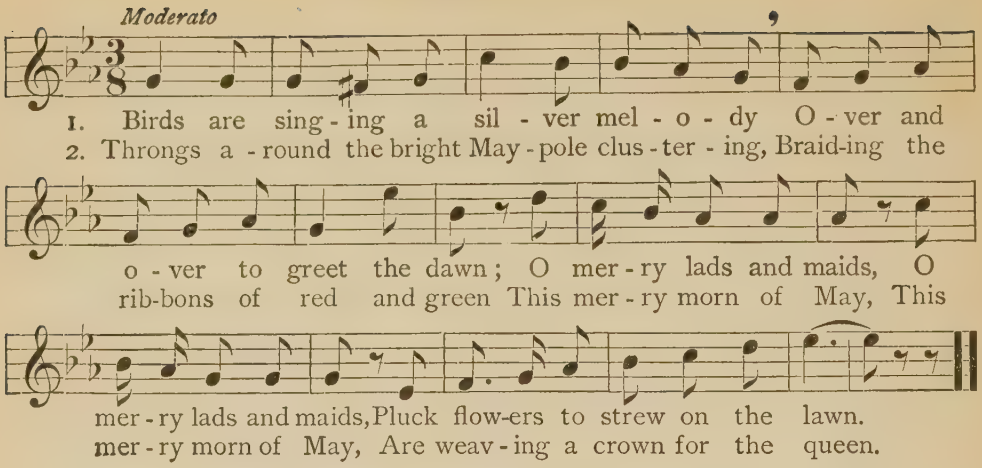
Children's Game

Allegretto


p
1. Tell, tell, what is my tho't like? Tell, tell, what can it be?
2. Tell, tell, what is my tho't like? Tell, tell, what can it be?
mp
Tell, tell, what is my tho't like? Somebody's think-ing of me.
Tell, tell, what is my tho't like? Somebody's think-ing of you.
mf
p
Hey, ho! Hey, ho! Some-bo-dy's think-ing of me.
Hey, ho! Hey, ho! Some-bo-dy's think-ing of you.
mf
p
Melody legato
Fed

A MAY SONG

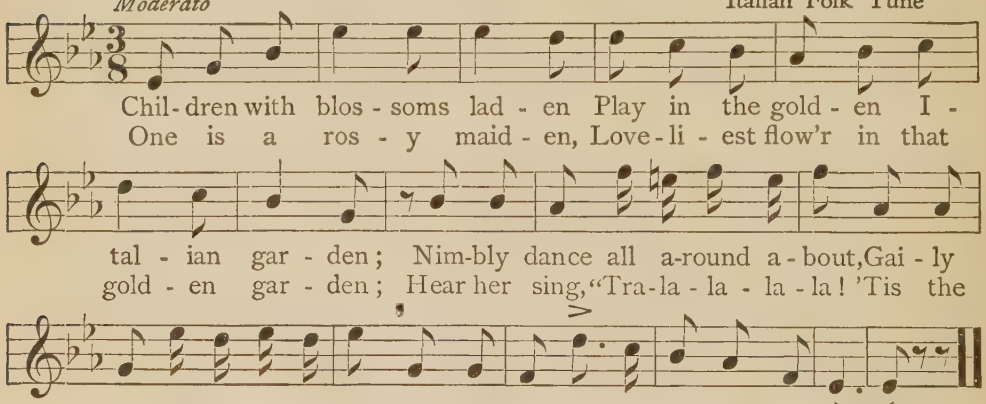
Moderato


1. Birds are sing - ing a sil - ver mel - o - dy O - ver and
2. Throngs a - round the bright May - pole clus - ter - ing, Braid-ing the
o - ver to greet the dawn; O mer - ry lads and maids, O
rib-bons of red and green This mer - ry morn of May, This
mer - ry lads and maids, Pluck flow-ers to strew on the lawn.
mer - ry morn of May, Are weav - ing a crown for the queen.

THE ITALIAN GARDEN

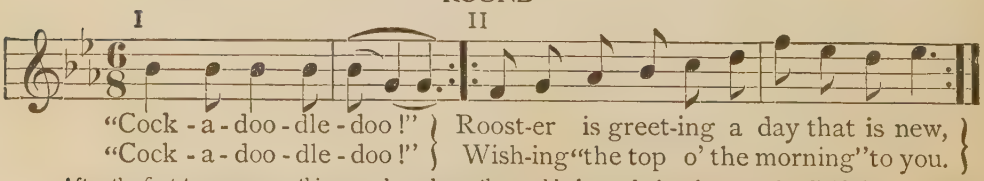
Moderato

Italian Folk Tune


Chil - dren with blos - soms lad - en Play in the gold - en I -
One is a ros - y maid - en, Love - li - est flow'r in that
tal - ian gar - den; Nim-bly dance all a-round a - bout, Gai - ly
gold - en gar - den; Hear her sing, "Tra - la - la - la - la! 'Tis the
prance all a-round a-bout, Light as air, how they ca - per a - long!
spring, tra - la - la - la - la! 'Tis the birthday of blos-soms and song."

CHANTICLEER

ROUND

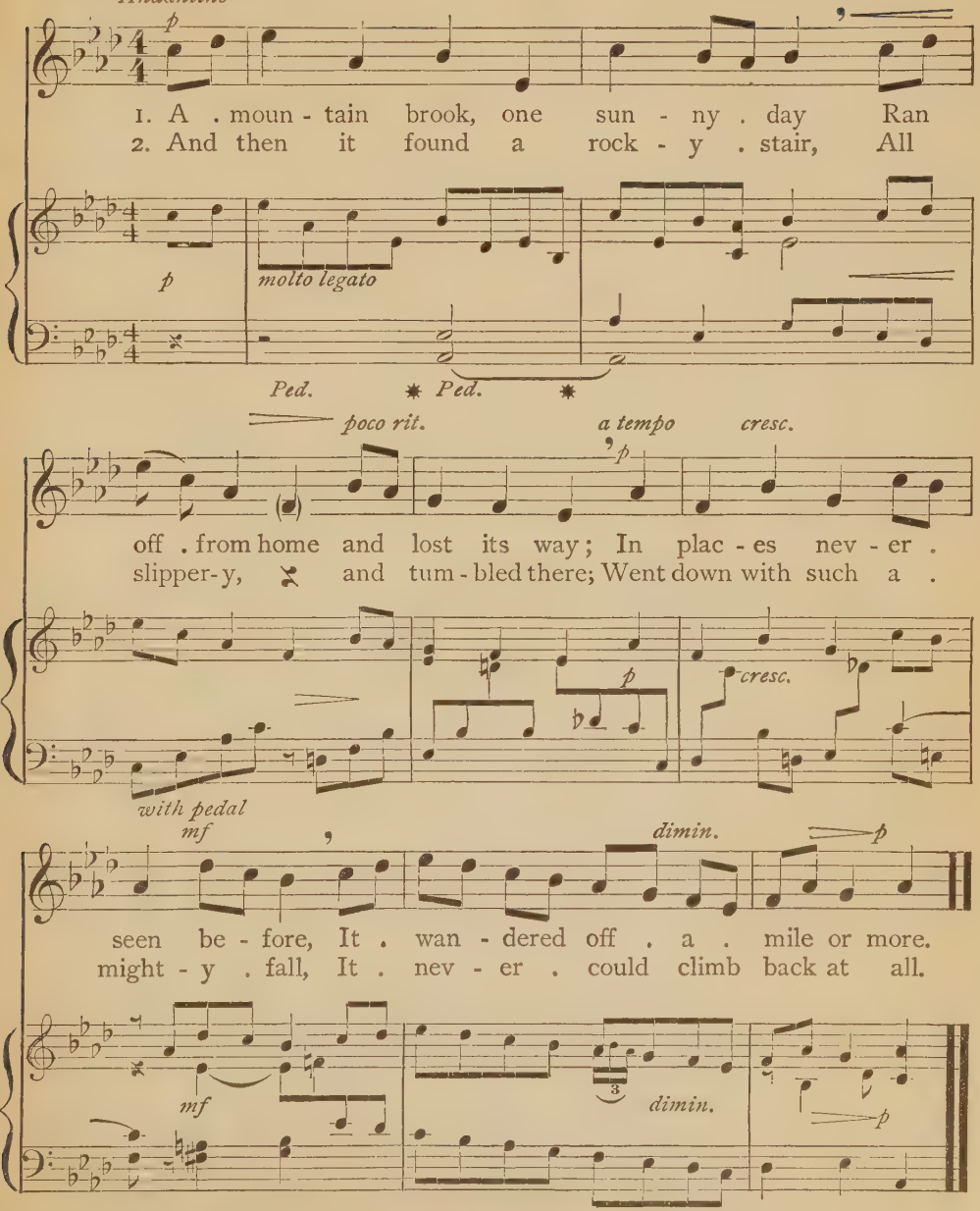


After the first two songs on this page have been thoroughly learned, the class may be divided, one section singing "A May Song" while the other section sings "The Italian Garden."

THE WATERFALL

M. M. (St. Nicholas)

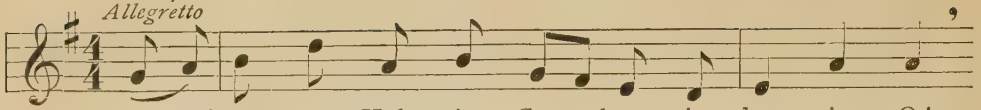
Andantino


p
1. A . moun - tain brook, one sun - ny . day Ran
2. And then it found a rock - y . stair, All
p
molto legato
Ped. Ped.
poco rit.
a tempo
cresc.
p
off . from home and lost its way; In plac - es nev - er .
slipper-y, and tum - bled there; Went down with such a .
p
cresc.
with pedal
mf
dimin.
p
seen be - fore, It . wan - dered off . a . mile or more.
might - y . fall, It . nev - er . could climb back at all.
mf
3
dimin.
p

KELVIN GROVE

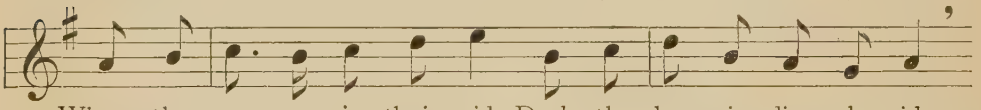
Thomas Lyle — Scotch Tune

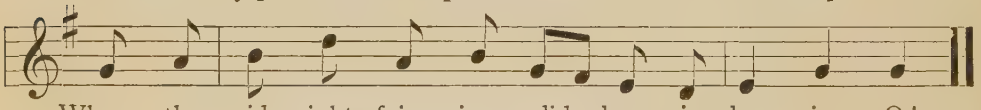
Allegretto



1. Let us haste to Kel - vin Grove, bon - nie las - sie, O!
2. Let us wan - der by the mill, bon - nie las - sie, O!
3. O . Kel - vin's banks are fair, bon - nie las - sie, O!

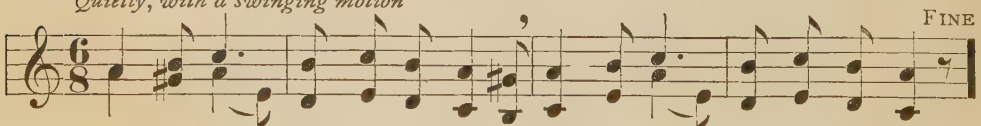
Thro' its maz - es let us rove, bon - nie las - sie, O!
To the cove be - side the rill, bon - nie las - sie, O!
When in sum - mer we are there, bon - nie las - sie, O!

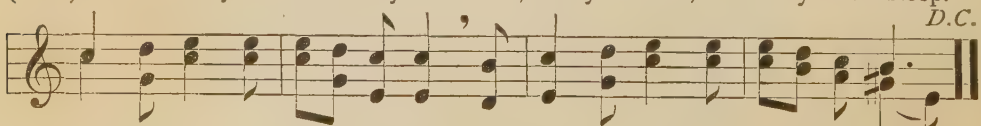


Where the ros - es in their pride Deck the bon - nie din - gle - side,
Where the glens re-bound the call Of the roar - ing wa - ters' fall
There the May-pink's crim - son plume Throws a soft but sweet per - fume

Where the mid - night fair - ies glide, bon - nie las - sie, O!
Thro' the moun - tain's rock - y hall, bon - nie las - sie, O!
Round the yel - low banks o' broom, bon - nie las - sie, O!

A LULLABY

Basque Air

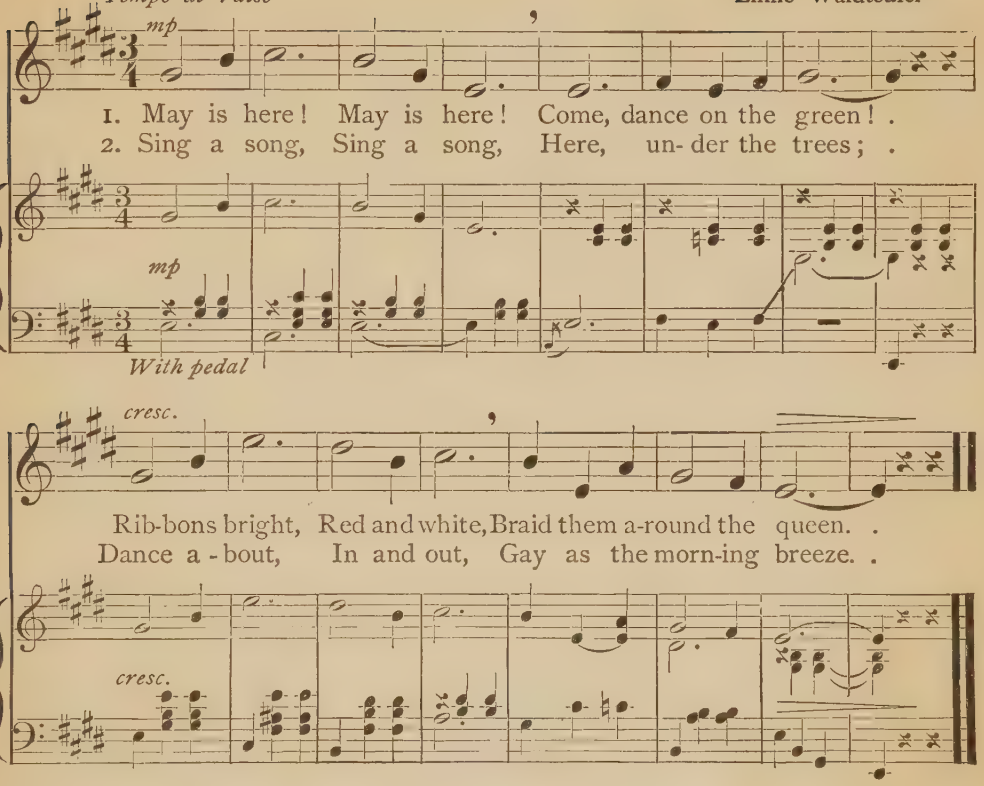
Quietly, with a swinging motion

1. Eyes of love, Shine on your cra-dle, Stars a - bove, Watch-ing your sleep.
2. An - gel throngs Stand by your cra-dle Croon-ing songs, Watch-ing your sleep.
(*D.C.*) Moth - er's eyes Shine on your cra-dle; Soon you'll rise, Ros - y from sleep.



"Lull - a - by," the breezes sigh, And "Lull - a - by," the waves re - ply.
"Lull - a - by," the brooklet sings, And "Lull-a - by," the bel - fry rings.

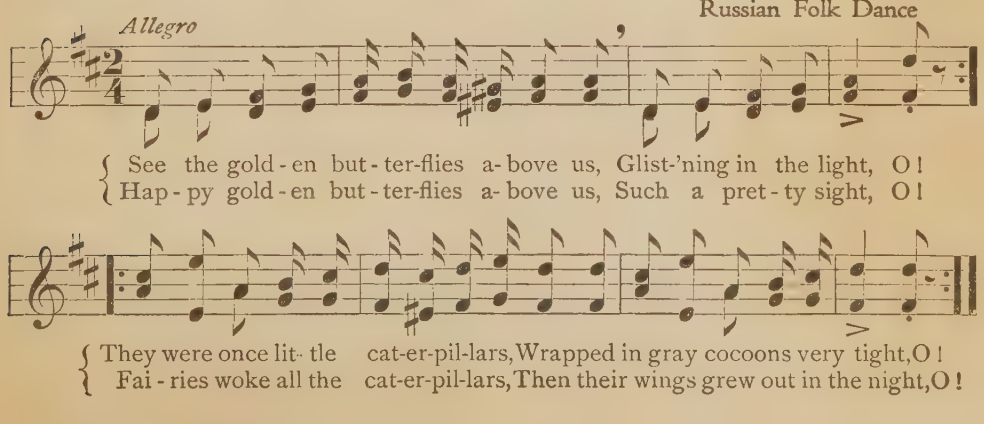
A MAY DANCE

Tempo di Valse Emile Waldteufel


mp
1. May is here! May is here! Come, dance on the green!
2. Sing a song, Sing a song, Here, un-der the trees;
mp
With pedal
cresc.
Rib-bons bright, Red and white, Braid them a-round the queen.
Dance a-bout, In and out, Gay as the morn-ing breeze.
cresc.

MAGIC

Russian Folk Dance

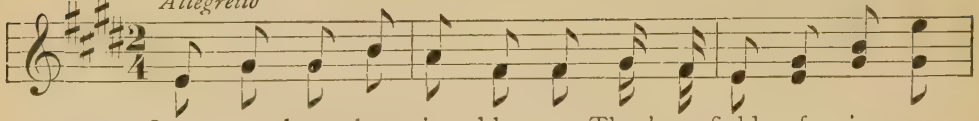

Allegro
See the gold-en but-ter-flies a-bove us, Glist-'ning in the light, O!
Hap-py gold-en but-ter-flies a-bove us, Such a pret-ty sight, O!
They were once lit-tle cat-er-pil-lars, Wrapped in gray cocoons very tight, O!
Fai-ries woke all the cat-er-pil-lars, Then their wings grew out in the night, O!

THE HARE AND THE TURTLE

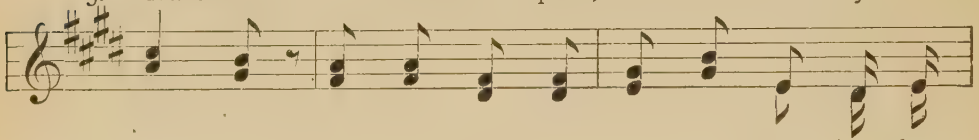
Adapted from Æsop

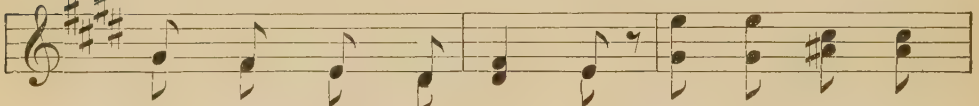
French Folk Tune

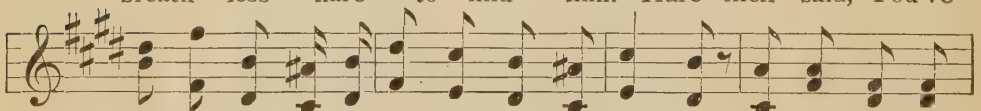
Allegretto



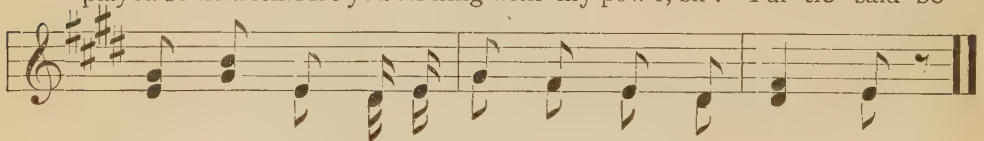
1. Once a hare that nim - bly ran Thro' a field of i - vy
2. "What's your work" the hare then said, "Have you ver - y much to
3. Hare starts off at break-neck speed, But the tur - tle stays be -



myr - tle Stopped his play to speak a word To a
do, sir?" "Run - ning rac - es all day long; I will
hind him, Goes to sleep and wakes in time For the

ver - y drow - sy tur - tle. "Hey, good day!" the
run a race with you, sir." Said the hare, "I'll
breath - less hare to find him. Hare then said, "You've

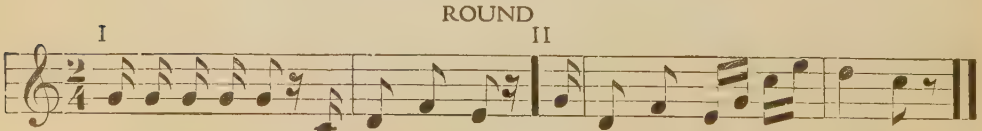


hare cried out, "Are you feel-ing well, good neighbor?" "I'm quite well," his
take you up, For a race is just my line, sir; I will race you
played some trick? Are you tri-fling with my pow'r, sir?" Tur-tle said be -



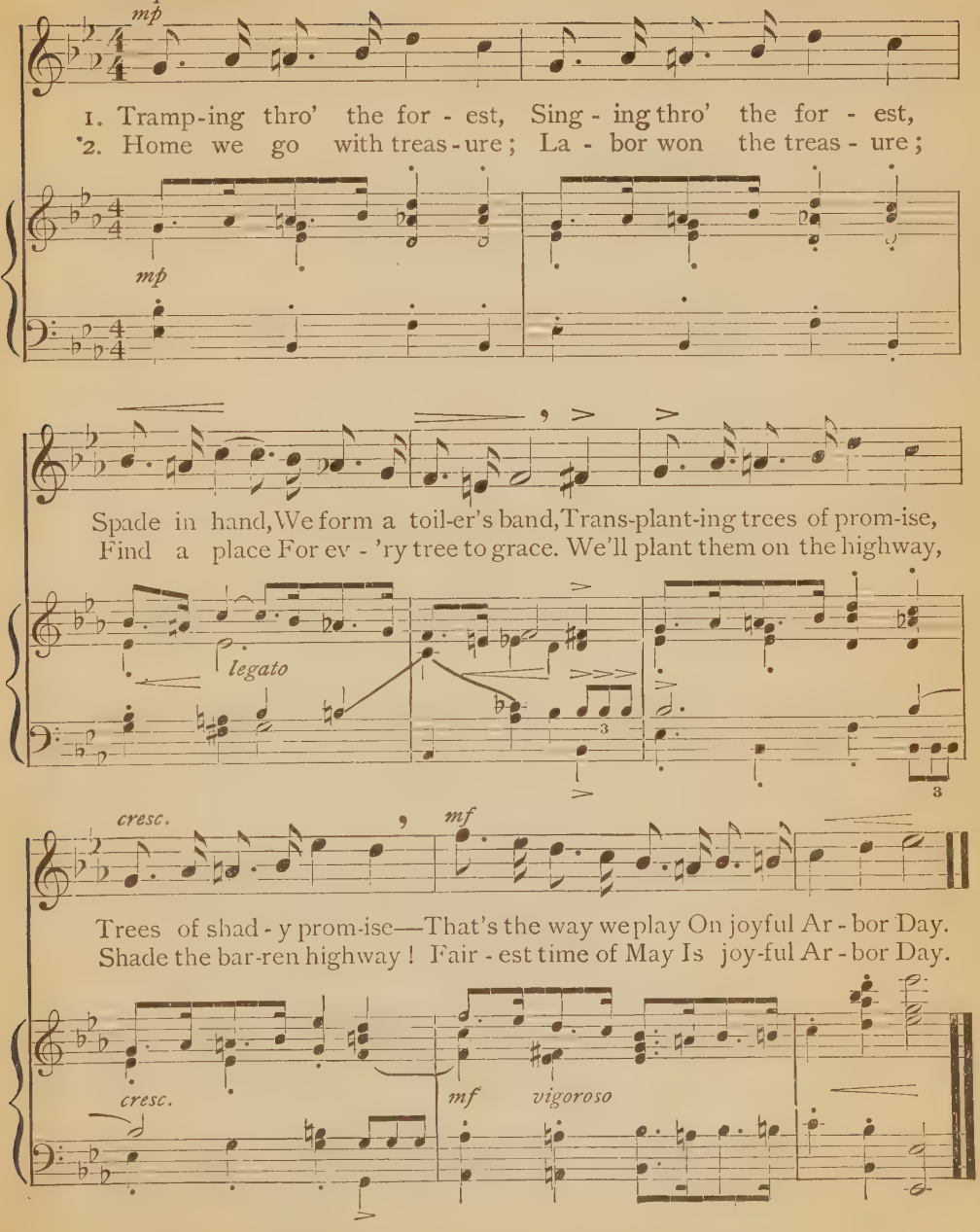
friend re - plied, "But I'm rest - ing from my la - bor."
round the field, And the track is ver - y fine, sir."
tween two yawns, "I have beat you by an hour, sir."

THE WOODPECKER

ROUND

"Tap-a-tap-a-tap"—A bird in gray; Ob-serve him drive that drill in.
"Tap-a-tap-a-tap"—The worms must pay, And so he sends his bill in.

ARBOR DAY

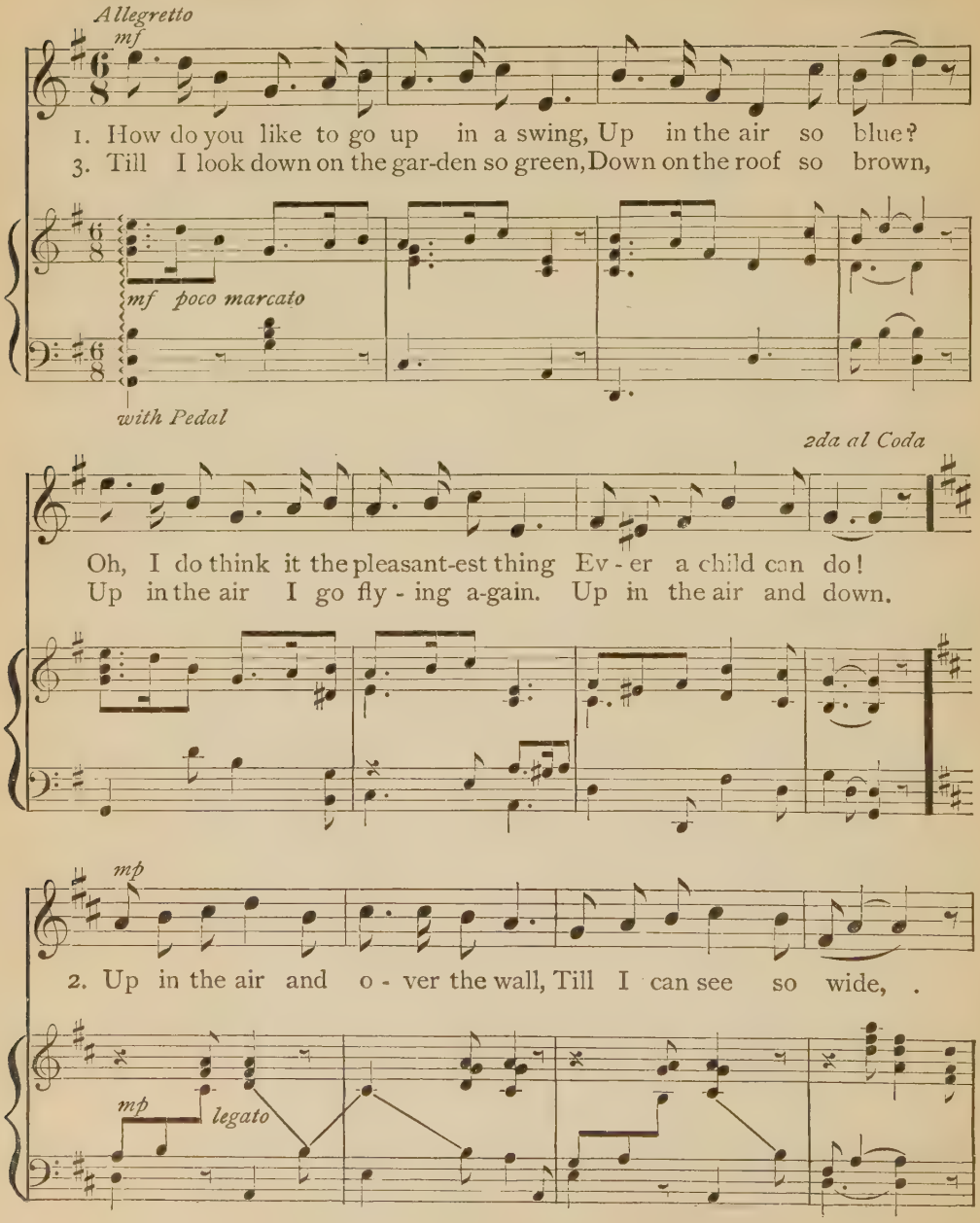
Tempo di marcia Herbert Fullerton

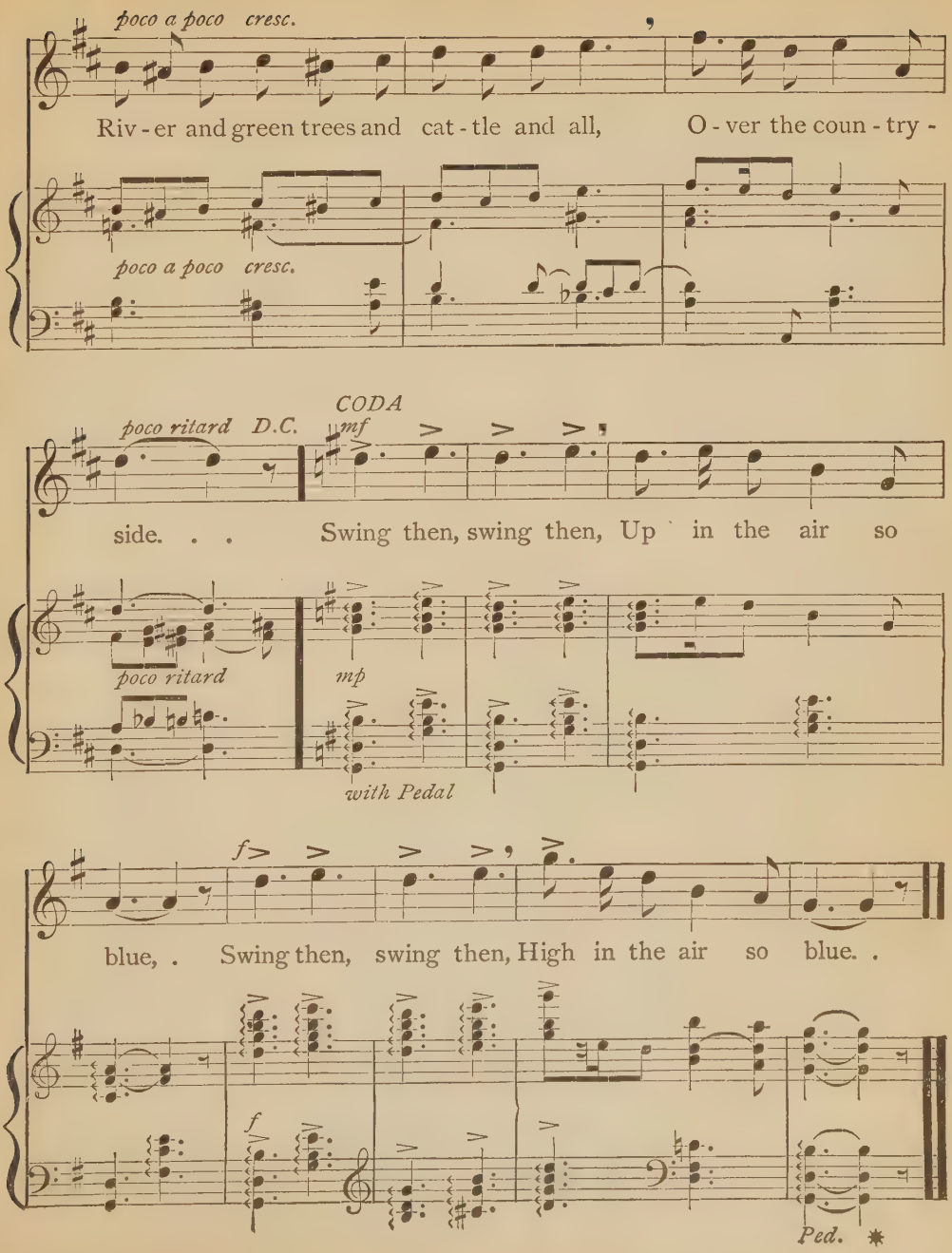

mp
1. Tramp-ing thro' the for - est, Sing - ing thro' the for - est,
2. Home we go with treas - ure; La - bor won the treas - ure;
mp
Spade in hand, We form a toil-er's band, Trans-plant-ing trees of prom-ise,
Find a place For ev - 'ry tree to grace. We'll plant them on the highway,
legato
cresc.
mf
Trees of shad - y prom-ise—That's the way we play On joyful Ar - bor Day.
Shade the bar-ren highway! Fair - est time of May Is joy-ful Ar - bor Day.
cresc.
mf
vigoroso

THE SWING

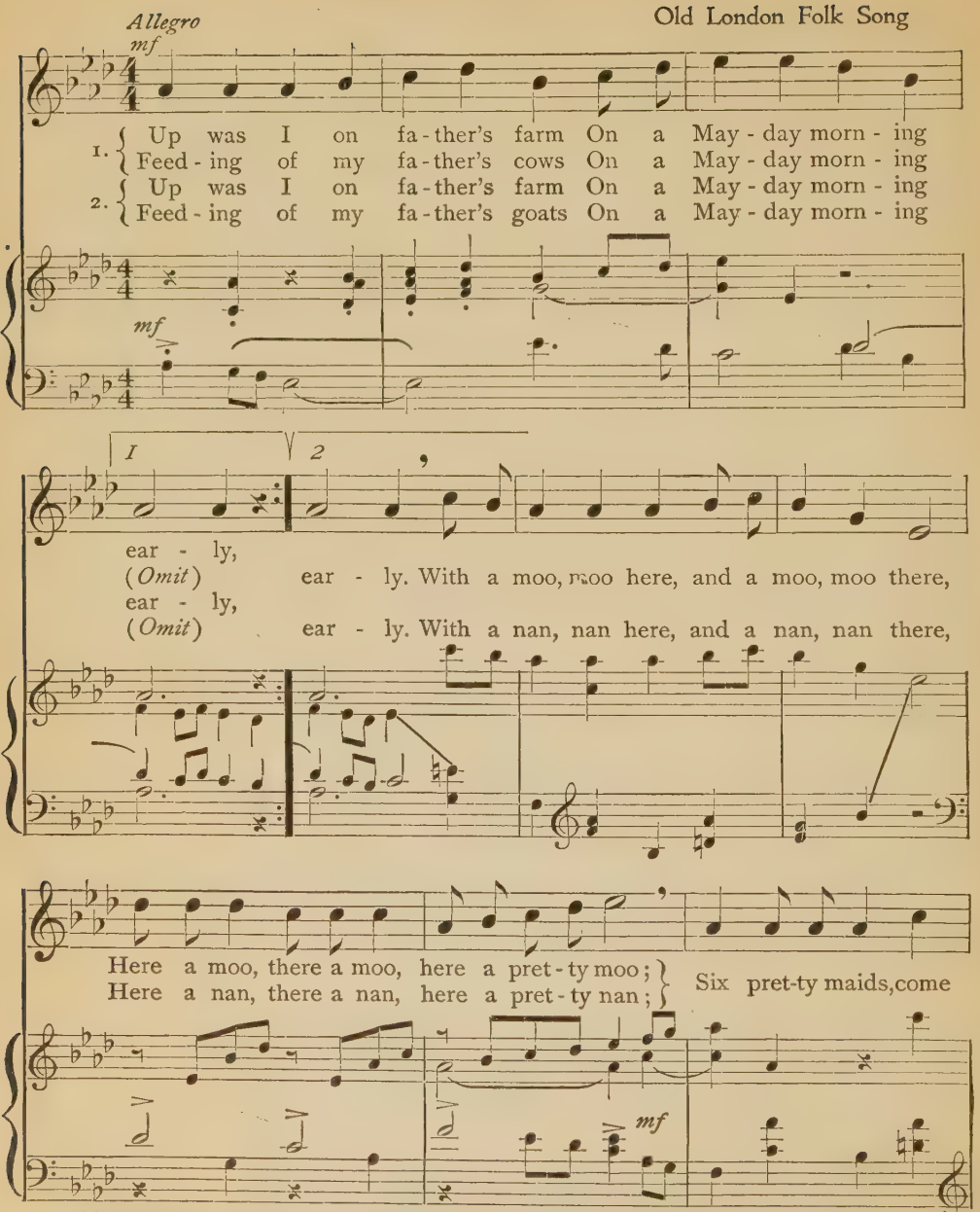
Robert Louis Stevenson

Wm. Luton Wood

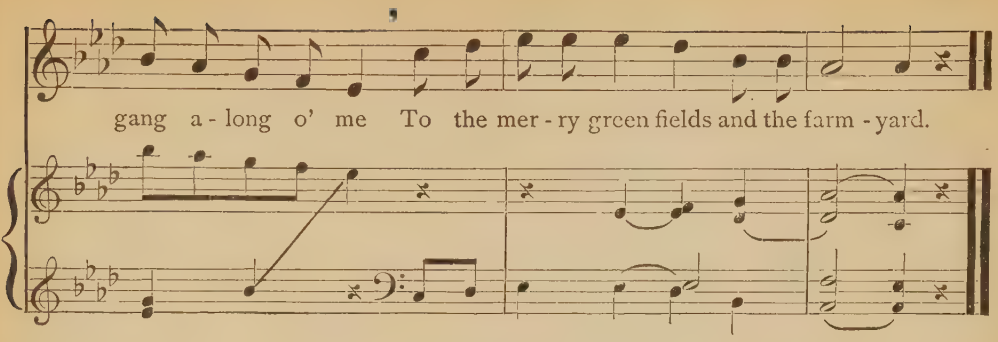

Allegretto
mf
1. How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so blue?
3. Till I look down on the gar-den so green, Down on the roof so brown,
mf poco marcato
with Pedal
2da al Coda
Oh, I do think it the pleasant-est thing Ev-er a child can do!
Up in the air I go fly-ing a-gain. Up in the air and down.
mp
2. Up in the air and o-ver the wall, Till I can see so wide,
mp legato


poco a poco cresc.
Riv - er and green trees and cat - tle and all, O - ver the coun - try -
poco a poco cresc.
CODA
poco ritard D.C.
mf
side. . . Swing then, swing then, Up in the air so
poco ritard
mp
with Pedal
f
blue, . Swing then, swing then, High in the air so blue. .
f
Ped.

THE FARMYARD

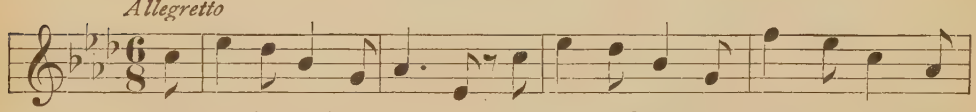
Old London Folk Song

Allegro
mf
1. Up was I on fa-ther's farm On a May-day morn-ing
Feed-ing of my fa-ther's cows On a May-day morn-ing
2. Up was I on fa-ther's farm On a May-day morn-ing
Feed-ing of my fa-ther's goats On a May-day morn-ing
mf
1
2
ear-ly,
(Omit) ear-ly. With a moo, moo here, and a moo, moo there,
ear-ly,
(Omit) ear-ly. With a nan, nan here, and a nan, nan there,
Here a moo, there a moo, here a pret-ty moo;
Here a nan, there a nan, here a pret-ty nan;
Six pret-ty maids, come
mf

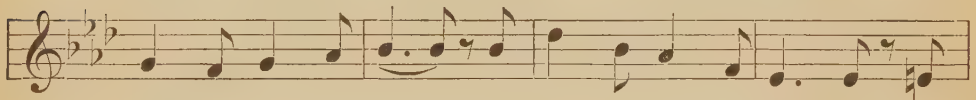
This song may be continued by enumerating other animals and their cries, as sheep (baa-baa), ducks (cluck-cluck), etc.

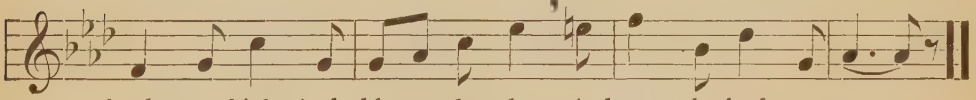


A SUMMER SONG

Allegretto

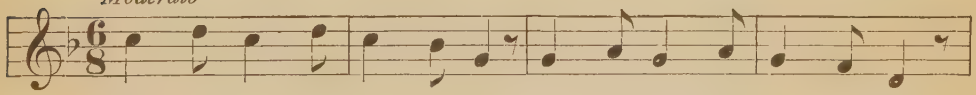
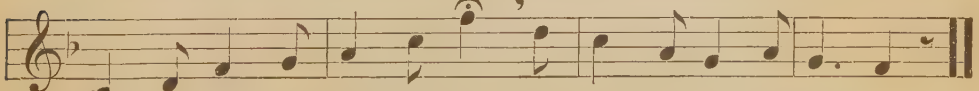


1. 'Twas ear - ly, pearl - y morn- ing ; The air was keen, The grass was green, The
2. A maid-en tripped it light- ly ; She trilled an air With ca-dence rare To

brook - let run - ning free, For sum - mer time was dawn - ing ; The
make the woods re - joice. And Oh ! she sang so bright - ly The



clouds were high, And blue the sky A - bove the leaf - y tree.
birds of June All stopped their tune To hark the gold - en voice.

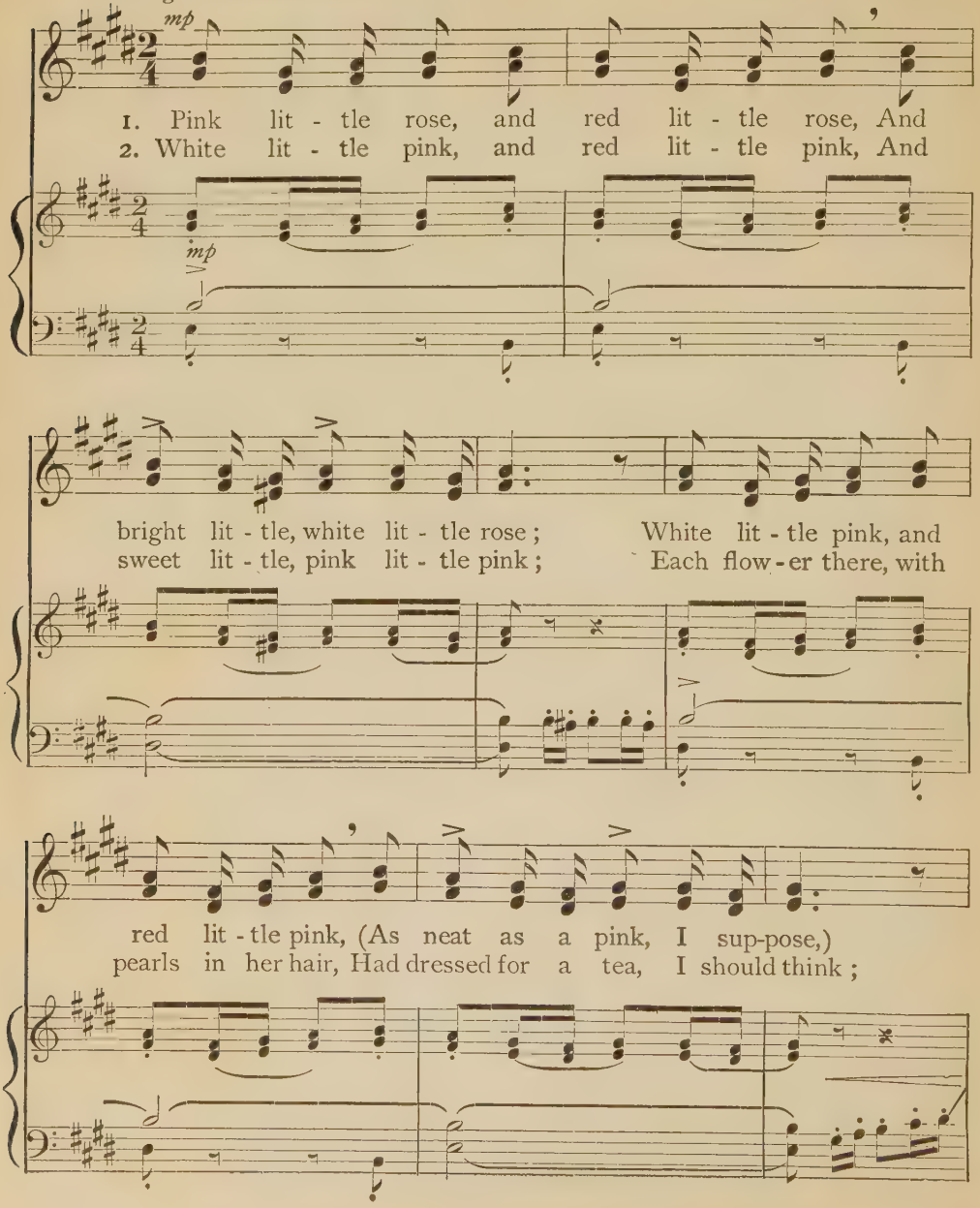
CLOVER

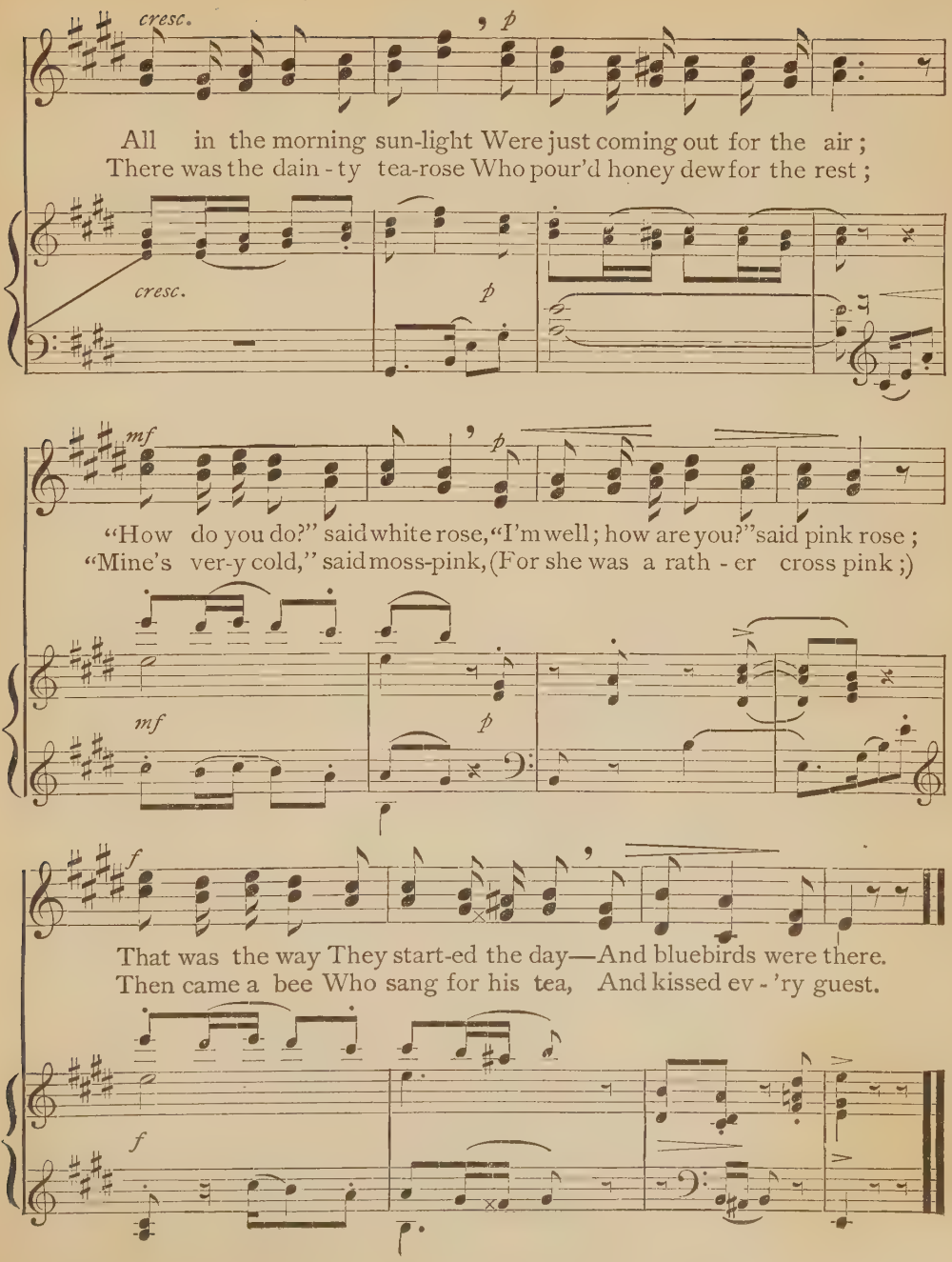
Moderato

Clo - ver, when she falls a-sleep Down in fra - grant mead- ow deep,
Dreams of gold - en hon - ey-bees, Dreams of birds that sing in trees ;

Folds her ti - ny leaves up tight, And dreams un - til the day - time ;
All her dreams come true, I know, Each ros - y morn of May - time.

A COMING-OUT PARTY

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Spanish Melody

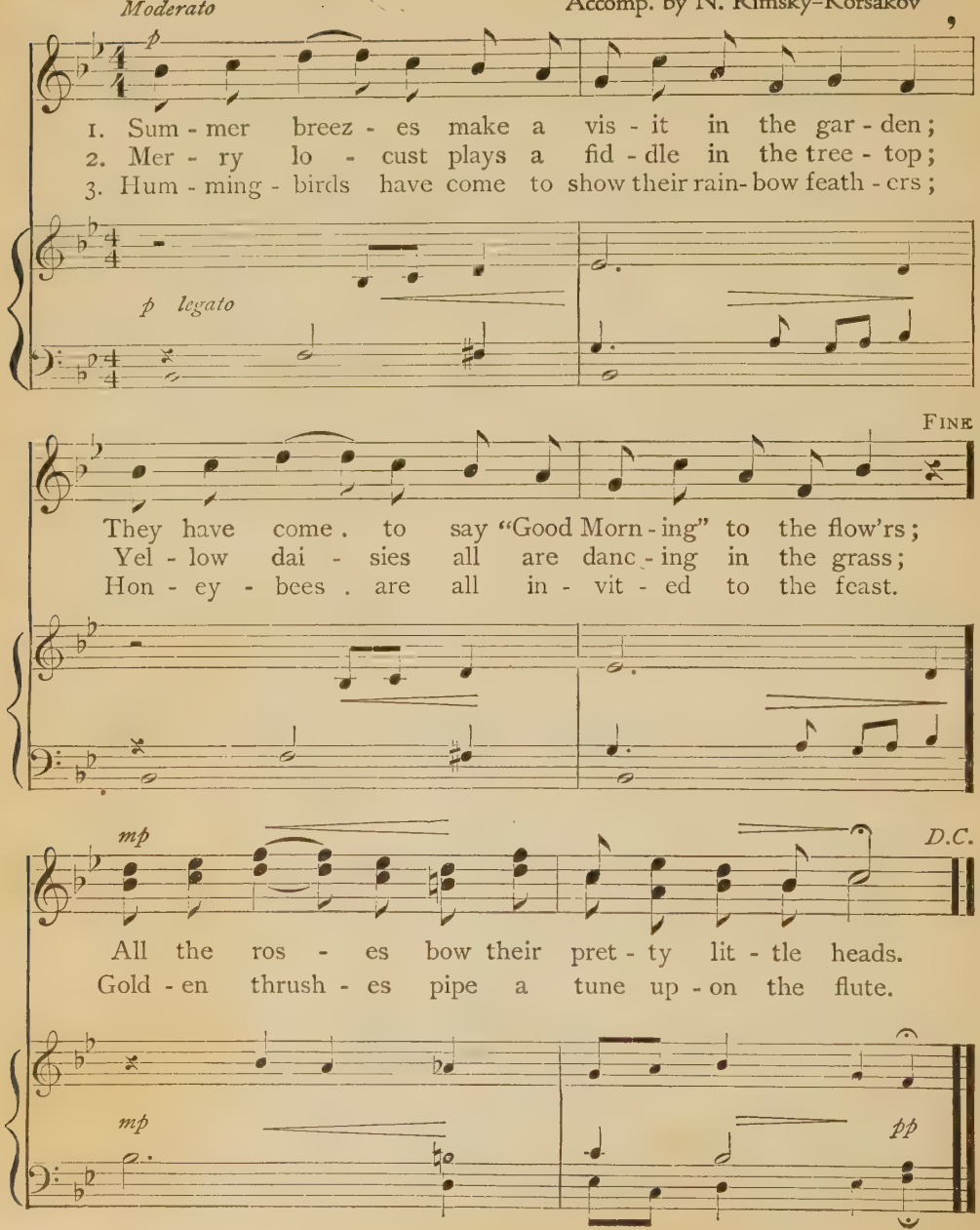
Allegretto


mp
1. Pink lit - tle rose, and red lit - tle rose, And
2. White lit - tle pink, and red lit - tle pink, And
mp
bright lit - tle, white lit - tle rose ; White lit - tle pink, and
sweet lit - tle, pink lit - tle pink ; Each flow - er there, with
red lit - tle pink, (As neat as a pink, I sup-pose,)
pearls in her hair, Had dressed for a tea, I should think ;


cresc.
p
All in the morning sun-light Were just coming out for the air;
There was the dain-ty tea-rose Who pour'd honey dew for the rest;
cresc.
p
mf
p
"How do you do?" said white rose, "I'm well; how are you?" said pink rose;
"Mine's ver-y cold," said moss-pink, (For she was a rath-er cross pink;)
mf
p
f
That was the way They start-ed the day—And bluebirds were there.
Then came a bee Who sang for his tea, And kissed ev-'ry guest.
f

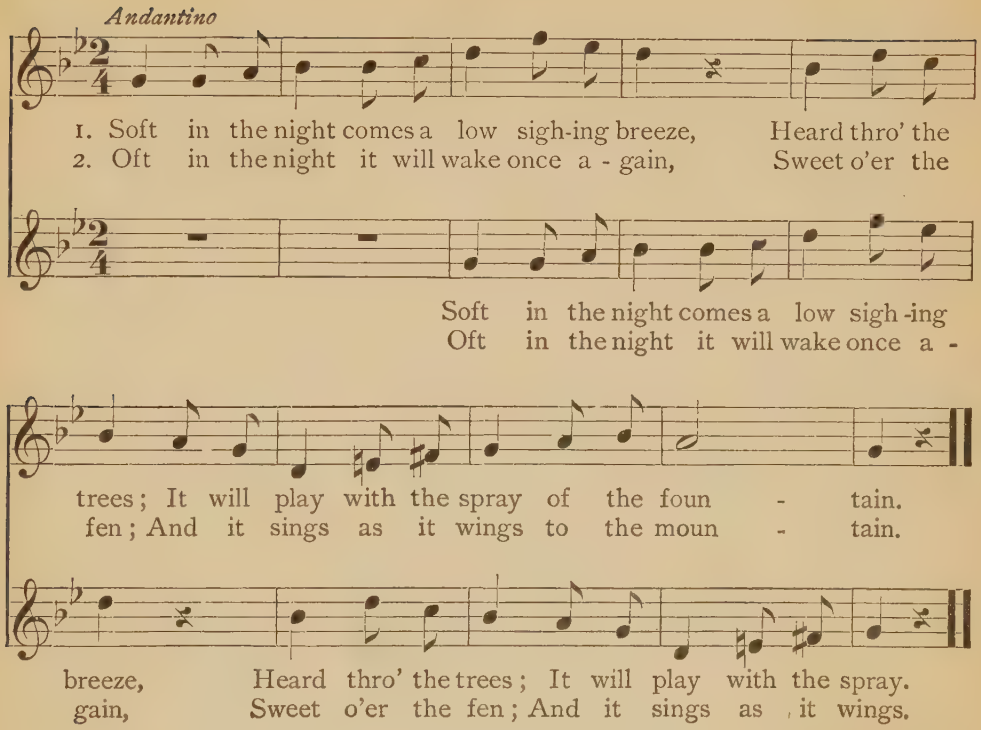
A GARDEN PARTY

Russian Folk Tune
Accomp. by N. Rimsky-Korsakov

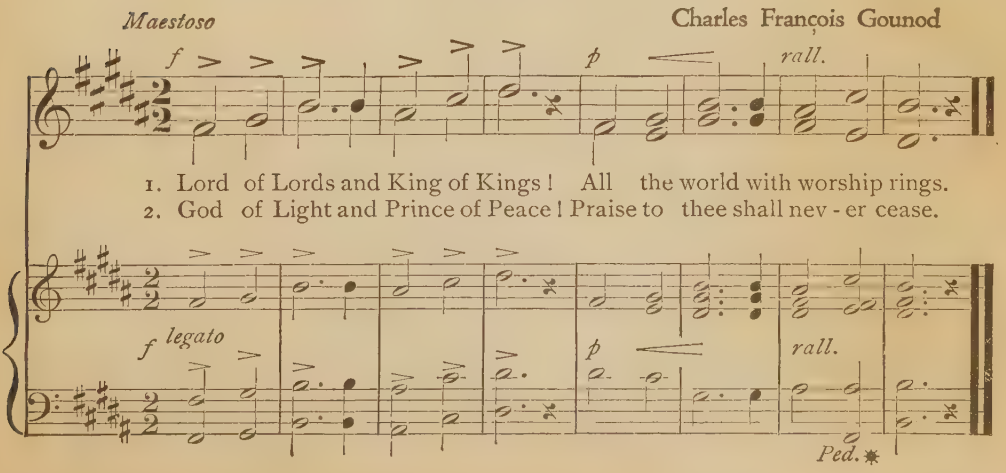

Moderato
p
1. Sum - mer breez - es make a vis - it in the gar - den;
2. Mer - ry lo - cust plays a fid - dle in the tree - top;
3. Hum - ming - birds have come to show their rain-bow feath - ers;
p legato
FINE
They have come. to say "Good Morn - ing" to the flow'rs;
Yel - low dai - sies all are danc - ing in the grass;
Hon - ey - bees. are all in - vit - ed to the feast.
mp
D.C.
All the ros - es bow their pret - ty lit - tle heads.
Gold - en thrush - es pipe a tune up - on the flute.
mp
pp

BREEZE OF THE NIGHT

TWO-PART CANON


Andantino
1. Soft in the night comes a low sigh-ing breeze, Heard thro' the
2. Oft in the night it will wake once a - gain, Sweet o'er the
Soft in the night comes a low sigh -ing
Oft in the night it will wake once a -
trees; It will play with the spray of the foun - tain.
fen; And it sings as it wings to the moun - tain.
breeze, Heard thro' the trees; It will play with the spray.
gain, Sweet o'er the fen; And it sings as it wings.

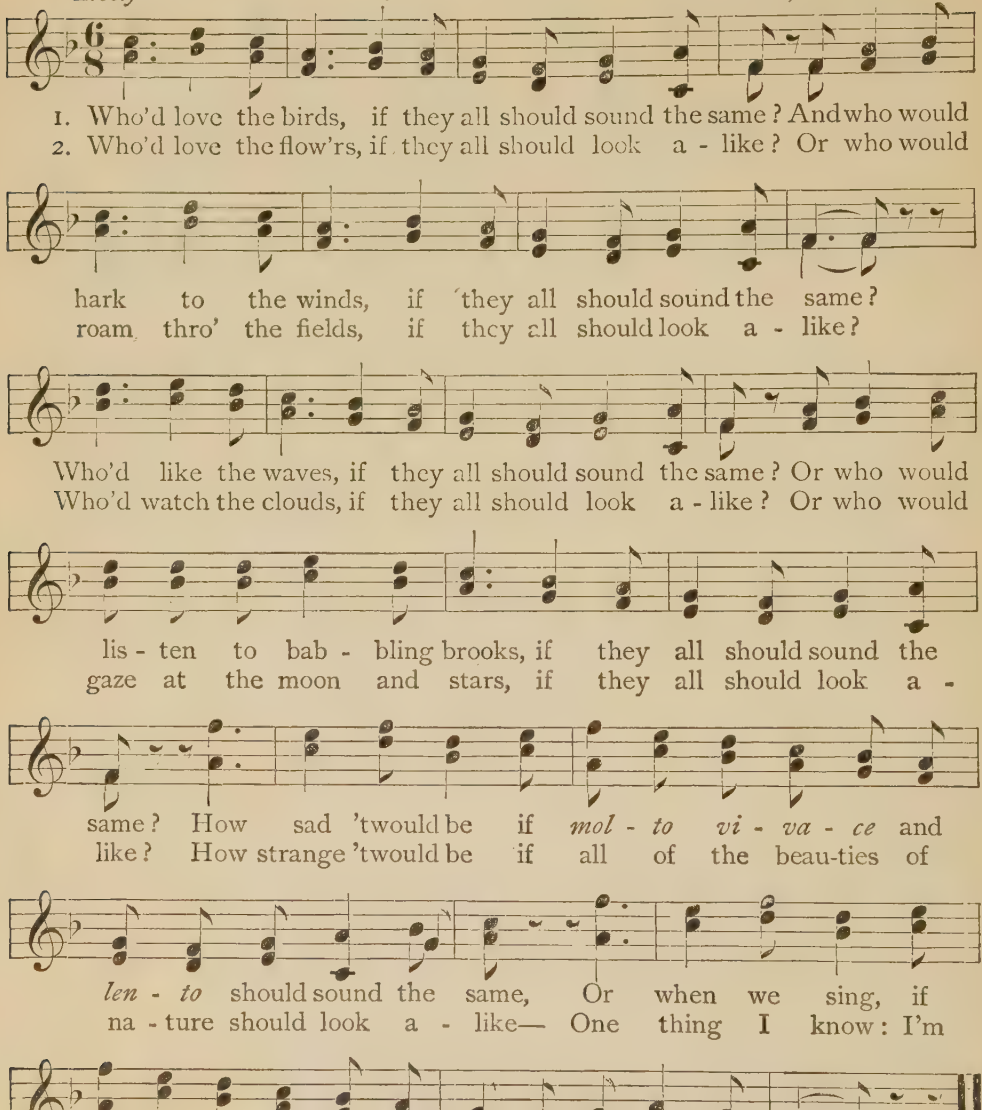
PRAISE



A DIFFERENT SONG

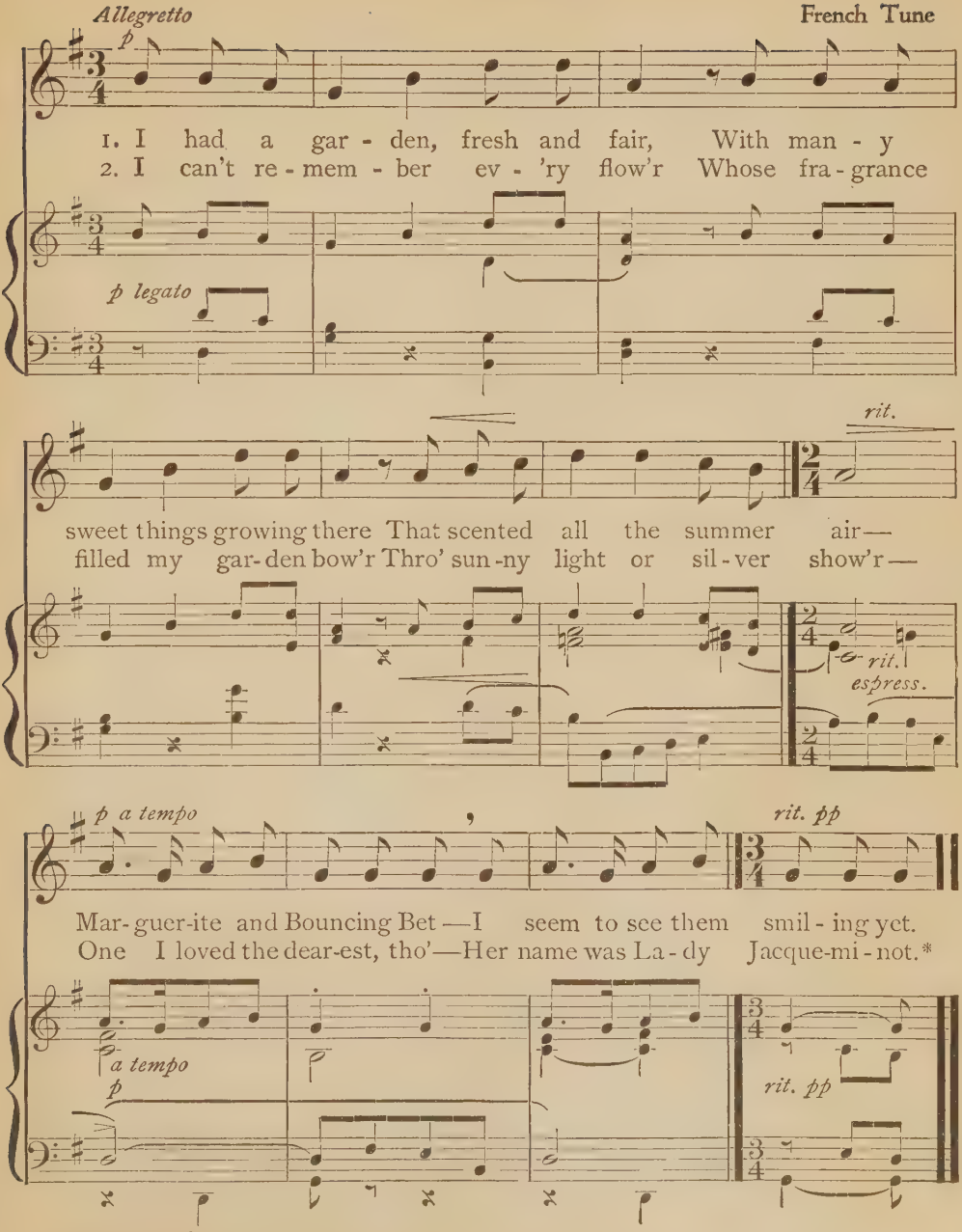
Frederick Winthrop
Lively

Melody (abridged) by
Charles François Gounod


1. Who'd love the birds, if they all should sound the same? And who would
2. Who'd love the flow'rs, if they all should look a - like? Or who would
hark to the winds, if they all should sound the same?
roam thro' the fields, if they all should look a - like?
Who'd like the waves, if they all should sound the same? Or who would
Who'd watch the clouds, if they all should look a - like? Or who would
lis - ten to bab - bling brooks, if they all should sound the
gaze at the moon and stars, if they all should look a -
same? How sad 'twould be if *mol - to vi - va - ce* and
like? How strange 'twould be if all of the beau-ties of
len - to should sound the same, Or when we sing, if
na - ture should look a - like— One thing I know: I'm
for - te and *pia - no* should both of them sound the same
ev - er so glad we don't all of us look a - like!

MY GARDEN

Allegretto French Tune

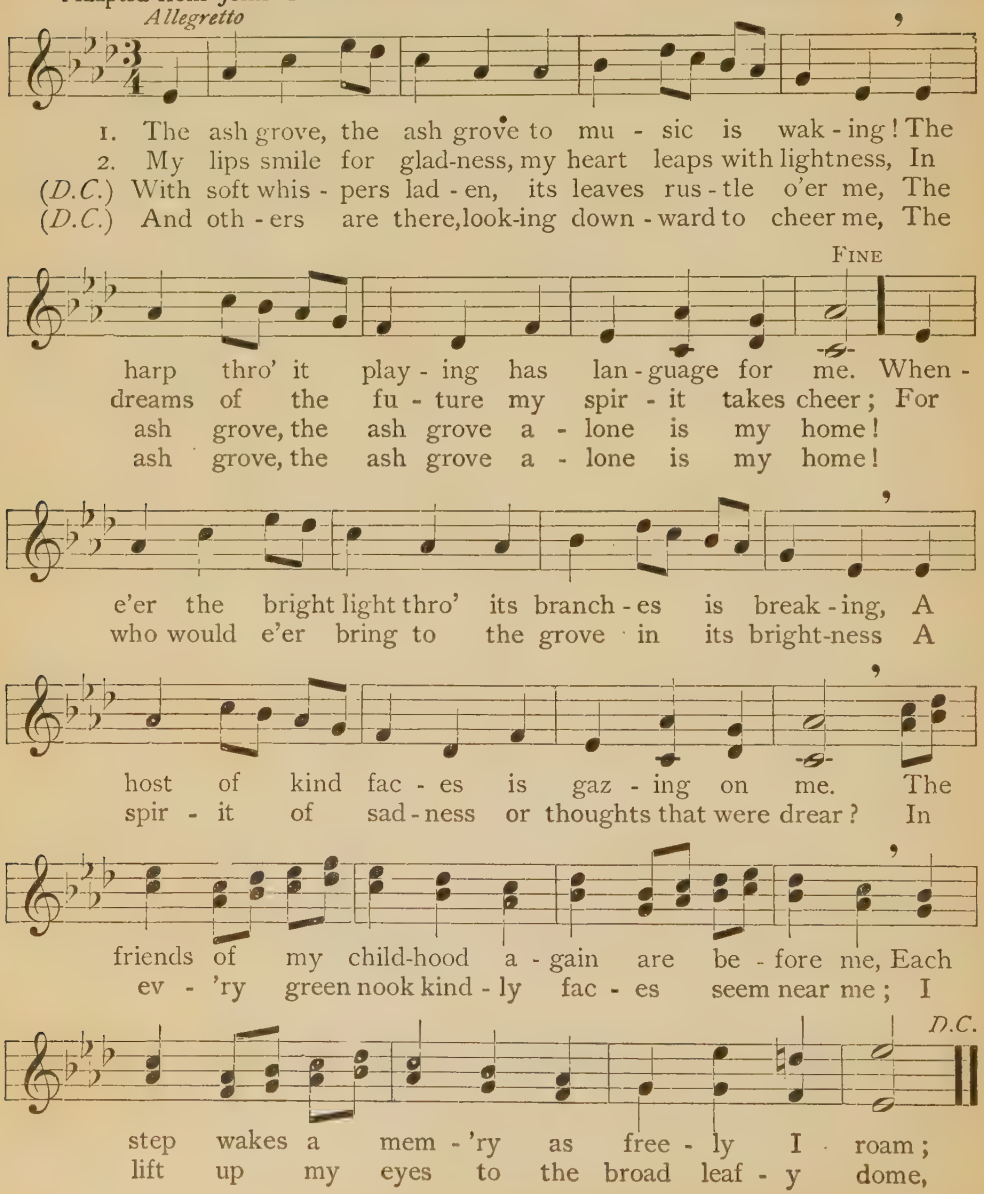

p
1. I had a gar - den, fresh and fair, With man - y
2. I can't re - mem - ber ev - 'ry flow'r Whose fra - grance
p legato
rit.
sweet things growing there That scented all the summer air—
filled my gar-den bow'r Thro' sun-ny light or sil-ver show'r—
rit.
espress.
p a tempo
rit. pp
Mar-guer-ite and Bouncing Bet—I seem to see them smil - ing yet.
One I loved the dear-est, tho'—Her name was La - dy Jacque-mi - not.*
a tempo
p
rit. pp

* Pronounce Jaḱ-me-no

COMMUNITY SONGS

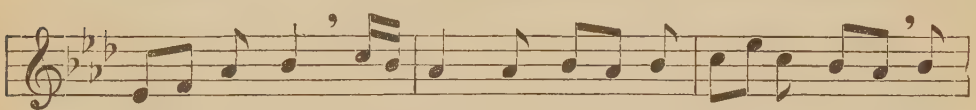
THE ASH GROVE

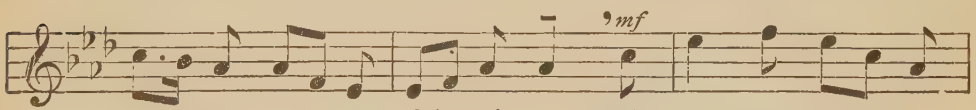
Adapted from John Oxenford's translation — Welsh Folk Tune


Allegretto
1. The ash grove, the ash grove to mu - sic is wak - ing! The harp thro' it play - ing has lan - guage for me. When -
2. My lips smile for glad-ness, my heart leaps with lightness, In dreams of the fu - ture my spir - it takes cheer; For
(D.C.) With soft whis - pers lad - en, its leaves rus - tle o'er me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home!
(D.C.) And oth - ers are there, look-ing down - ward to cheer me, The ash grove, the ash grove a - lone is my home!
FINE
e'er the bright light thro' its branch - es is break - ing, A host of kind fac - es is gaz - ing on me. The
who would e'er bring to the grove in its bright-ness A spir - it of sad - ness or thoughts that were drear? In
friends of my child-hood a - gain are be - fore me, Each step wakes a mem - 'ry as free - ly I roam;
ev - 'ry green nook kind - ly fac - es seem near me; I lift up my eyes to the broad leaf - y dome,
D.C.

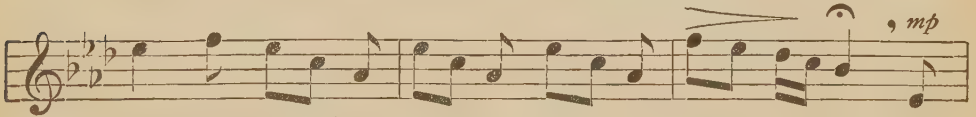
BONNIE DOON

Moderato *mp* Scotch Folk Song

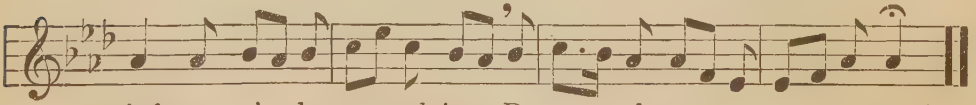
1. Ye banks and braes o' bon- nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae
2. Aft hae I roved by bon- nie Doon, To see the rose and

fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And
wood-bine twine; And ilk - a bird sang o' its luve, And



I'm sae wea - ry, fu' . o' care? Ye'll break my heart, ye
fond - ly sae did I . o' mine! Wi' light - some heart I



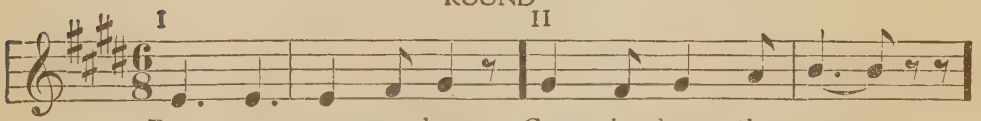
war - bling bird, That wan-tons on . the flow - 'ry thorn. Ye
pu'd a rose Fu' sweet up - on . its thorn - y tree; But



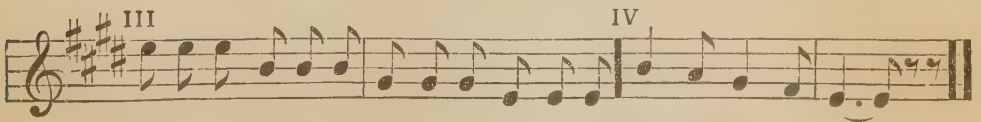
mind me o' de - part-ed joys, De-part - ed nev-er to . re-turn!
my fause lov - er stole the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

ROW YOUR BOAT

ROUND



Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;



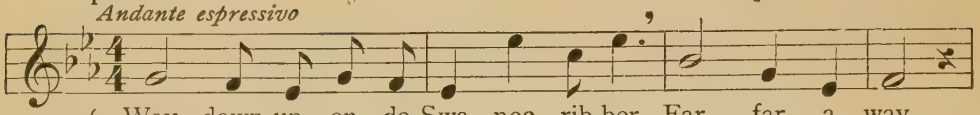
Mer-ri ly, mer-ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer- ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

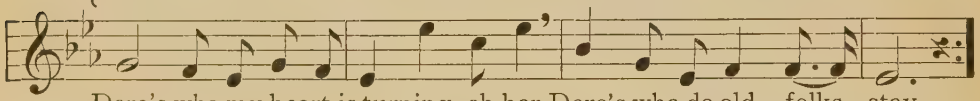
Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

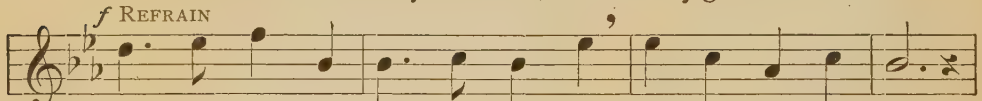
Andante espressivo



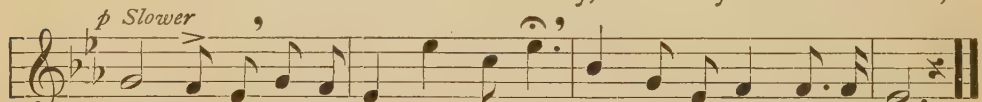
1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib-ber, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
   When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
   When will I see de bees a - hum-min' All 'round de comb?



Dere's wha my heart is turning eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for the old plan-ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap-py days I squander'd, Man-y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tummin', Down in my good old home?

f REFRAIN

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry-where I roam;

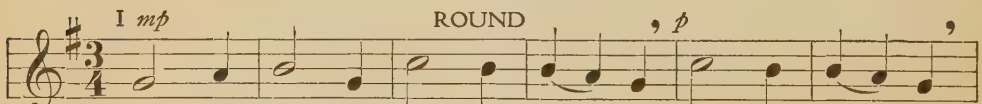
p Slower



Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

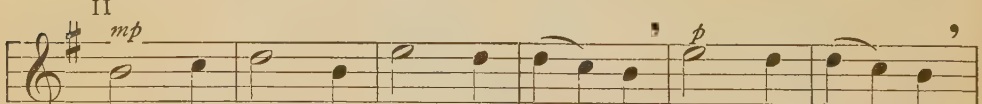
LOVELY EVENING

I *mp* ROUND *p*



Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning

II *mp* *p*



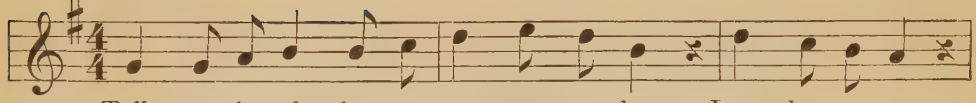
When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing,

III *mp* *dimin.* *p*

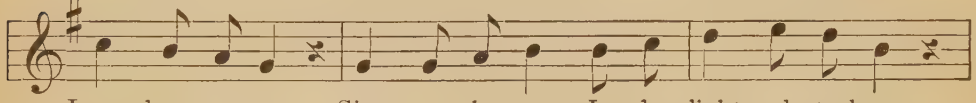
Bim, bom, bim, bom, bim, bom.

LONG, LONG AGO

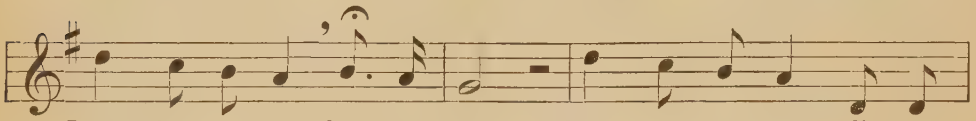
T. H. Bayly T. H. Bayly



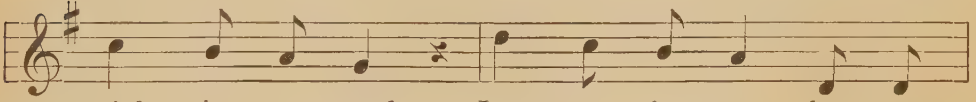
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,
3. Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,

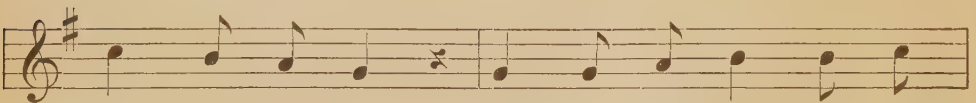


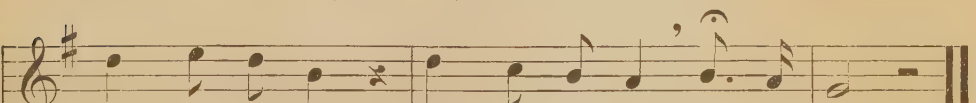
Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,
Long, long a - go? Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for-get,
Long, long a - go; You, by more el - o-quent lips have been praised,



Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then to all oth - ers my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your



grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so
smile you pre - ferred, Love when you spoke gave a
truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I

long you have roved, Let me be - lieve that you
charm to each word, Still my heart trea - sures the
lis - ten with pride, Blest as I was when I

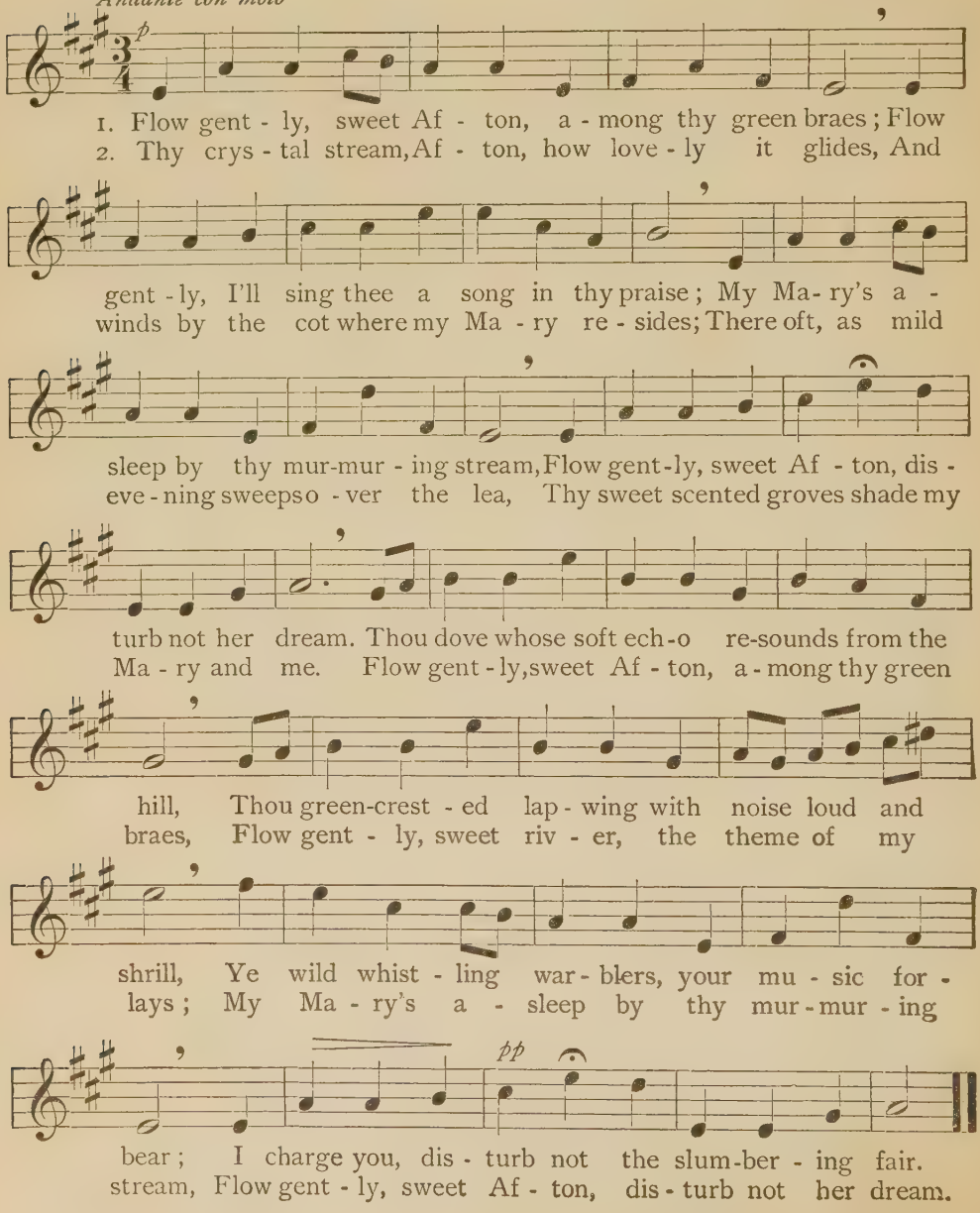


love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Robert Burns — James E. Spilman

Andante con moto

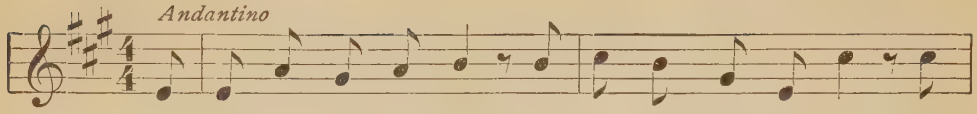
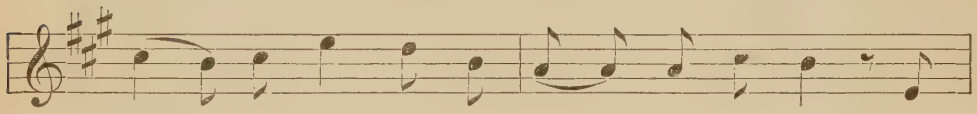
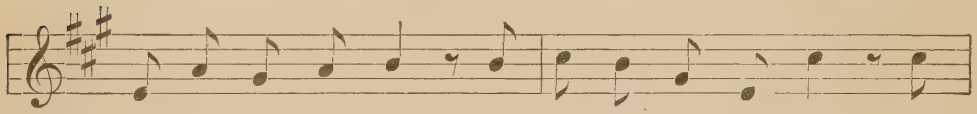

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow
2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And
gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a -
winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There oft, as mild
sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis -
eve - ning sweeps o - ver the lea, Thy sweet scented groves shade my
turb not her dream. Thou dove whose soft ech - o re-sounds from the
Ma - ry and me. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green
hill, Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing with noise loud and
braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my
shrill, Ye wild whist - ling war - blers, your mu - sic for -
lays; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing
pp
bear; I charge you, dis - turb not the slum-ber - ing fair.
stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

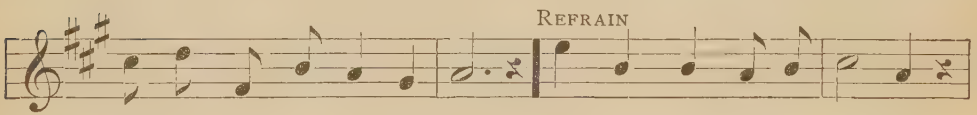
con, with; *moto*, motion

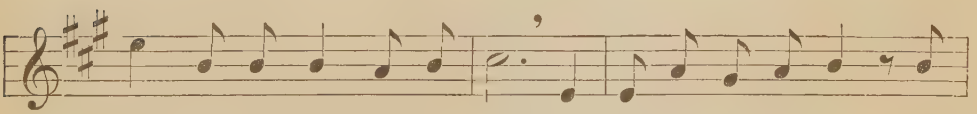
OLD DOG TRAY

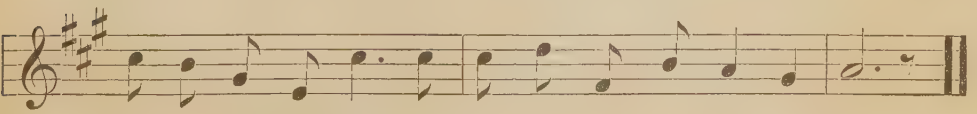
Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster

Andantino

1. The morn of life is past, And eve-ning comes at last; It
2. The forms I called my own Have van-ished one by one, The
3. When tho'ts re-call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

brings me a dream of a once . hap-py day, Of
loved ones, the dear ones have all . . passed a-way; The
know . he feels what my break-ing heart would say; Al-

mer-ry forms I've seen Up-on the vil-lage green,
hap-py smiles have flown, Their gen-tle voic-es gone, I've
tho' he can-not speak, I'll vain-ly, vain-ly seek A

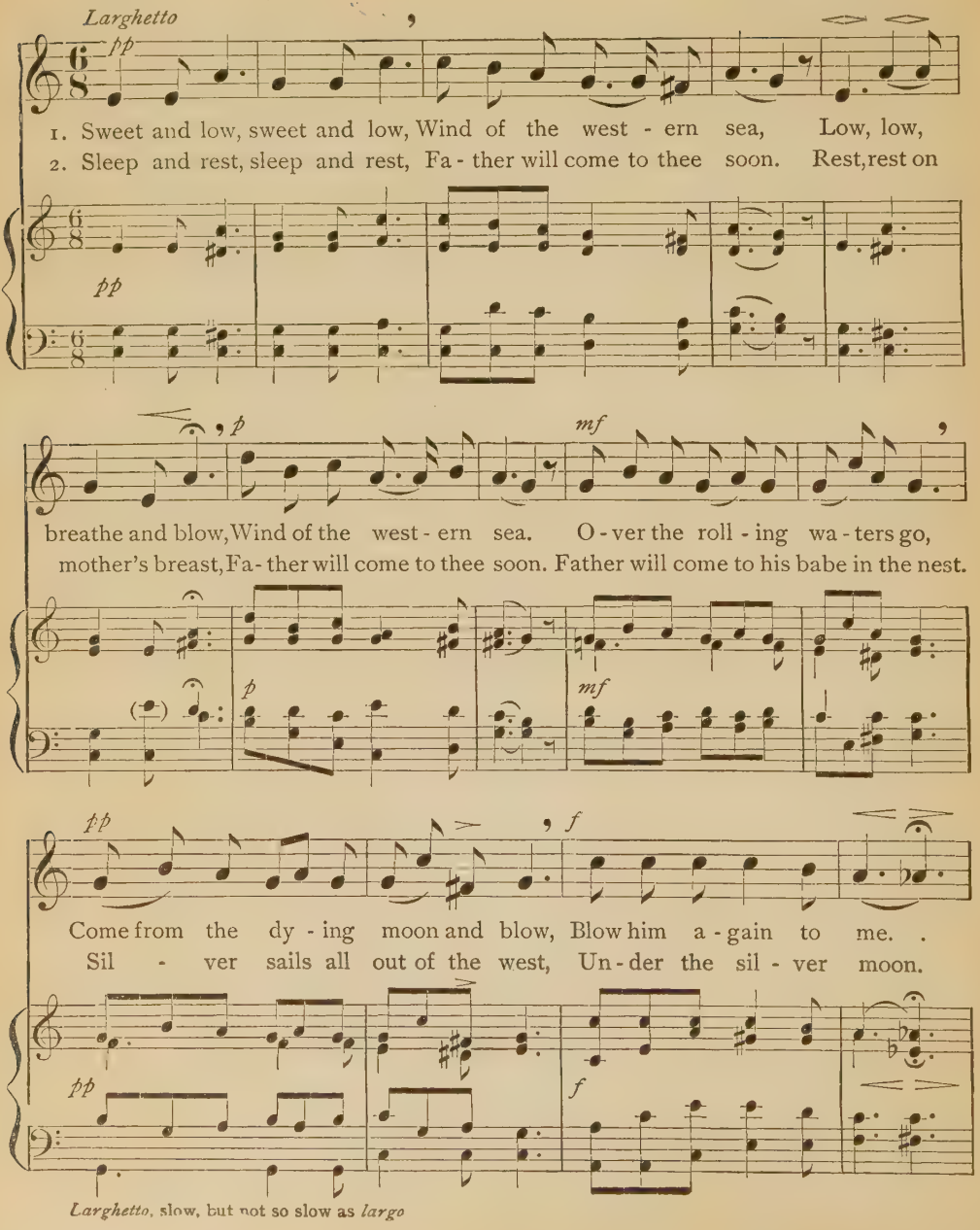
REFRAIN

Sport-ing with my old dog Tray.
noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.
} Old dog Tray, ev-er faith-ful;

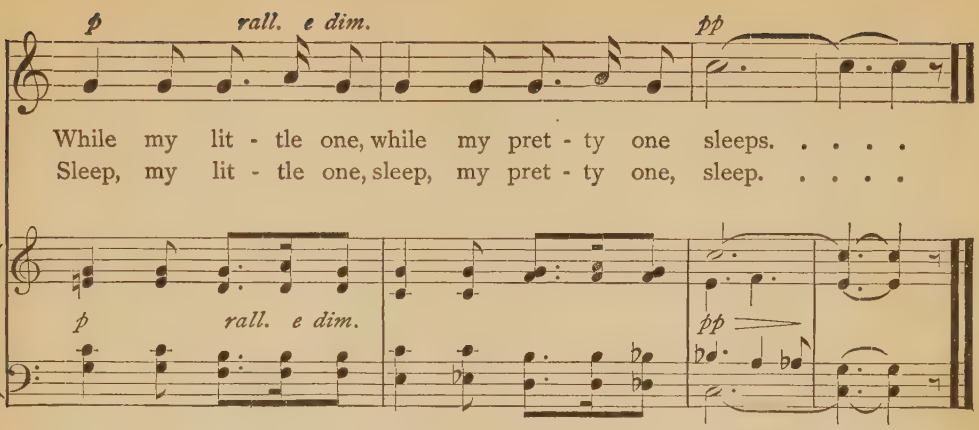


Grief can-not drive him a-way; He's gen-tle, he is kind, I'll

nev-er, nev-er find A bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

SWEET AND LOW

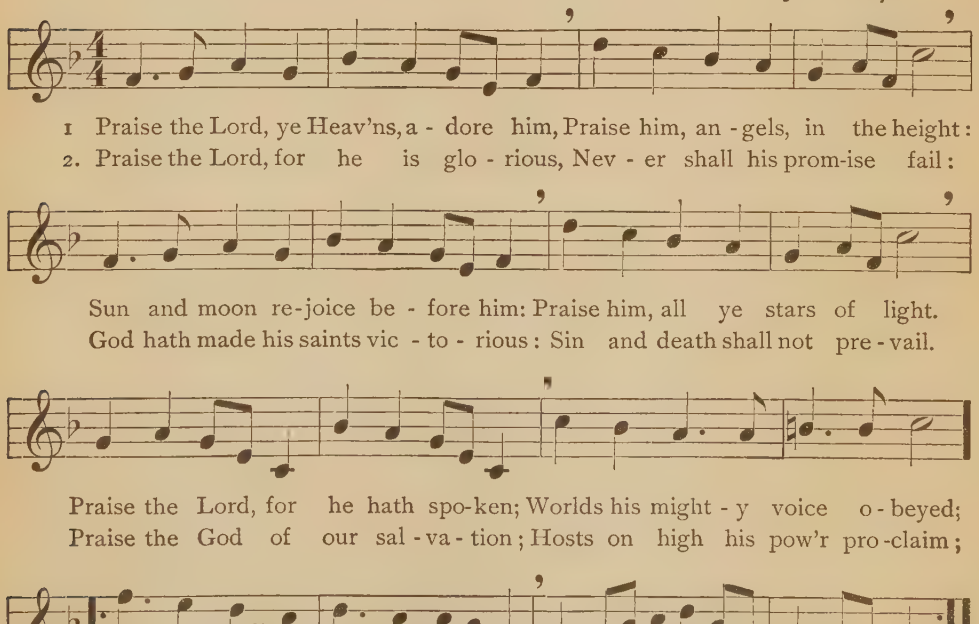
Alfred, Lord Tennyson — Joseph Barnby


Larghetto
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on
pp
p
mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go,
mother's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Father will come to his babe in the nest.
p
mf
pp
f
Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me.
Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon.
pp
f
Larghetto, slow, but not so slow as largo



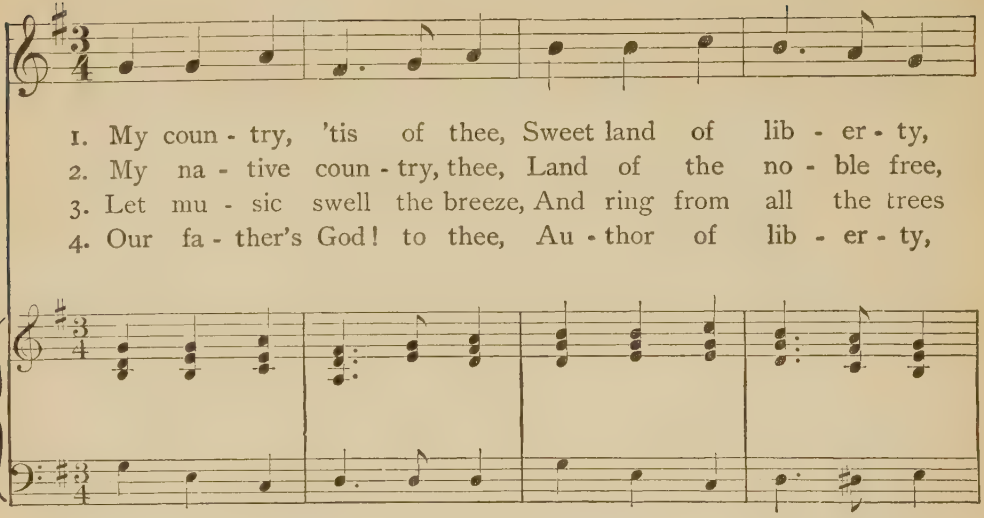
PRAISE THE LORD, YE HEAVENS, ADORE

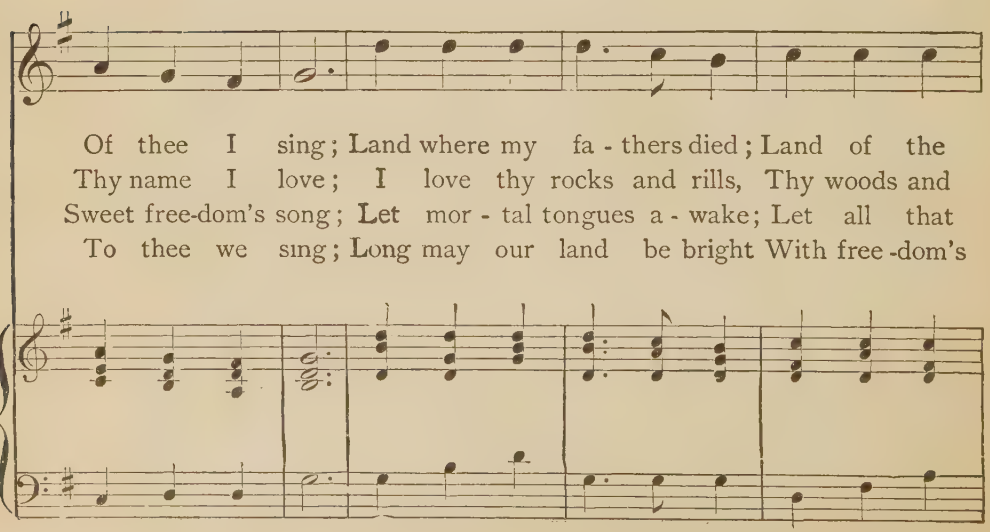
Rev. R. Mant — Josef Haydn

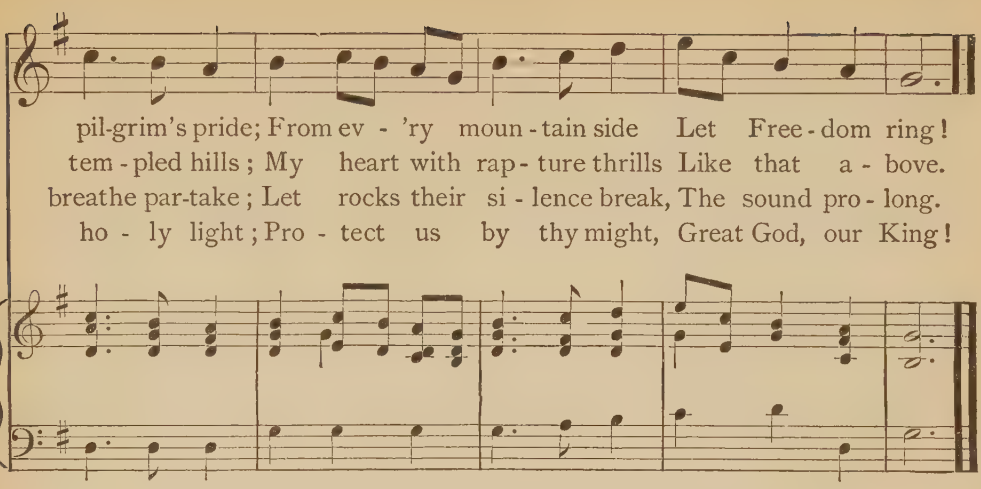

1 Praise the Lord, ye Heav'ns, a - dore him, Praise him, an - gels, in the height:
2. Praise the Lord, for he is glo - rious, Nev - er shall his prom-ise fail:
Sun and moon re-joice be - fore him: Praise him, all ye stars of light.
God hath made his saints vic - to - rious: Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spo-ken; Worlds his might - y voice o - beyed;
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high his pow'r pro-claim;
Laws which nev - er shall be bro- ken, For their guid-ance he hath made.
Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion Laud and mag-ni - fy his name.

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith — Henry Carey

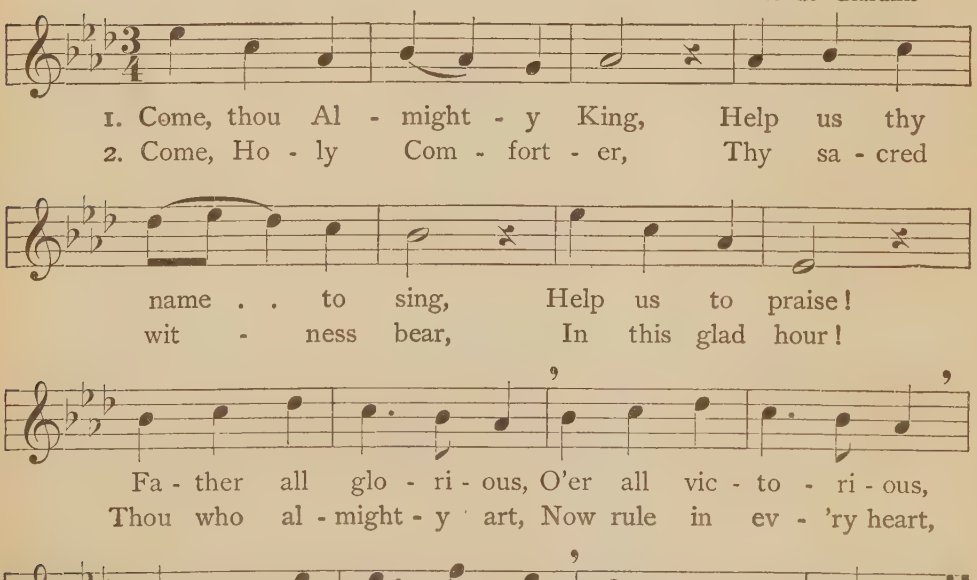

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,


Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's


pil-grim's pride; From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let Free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

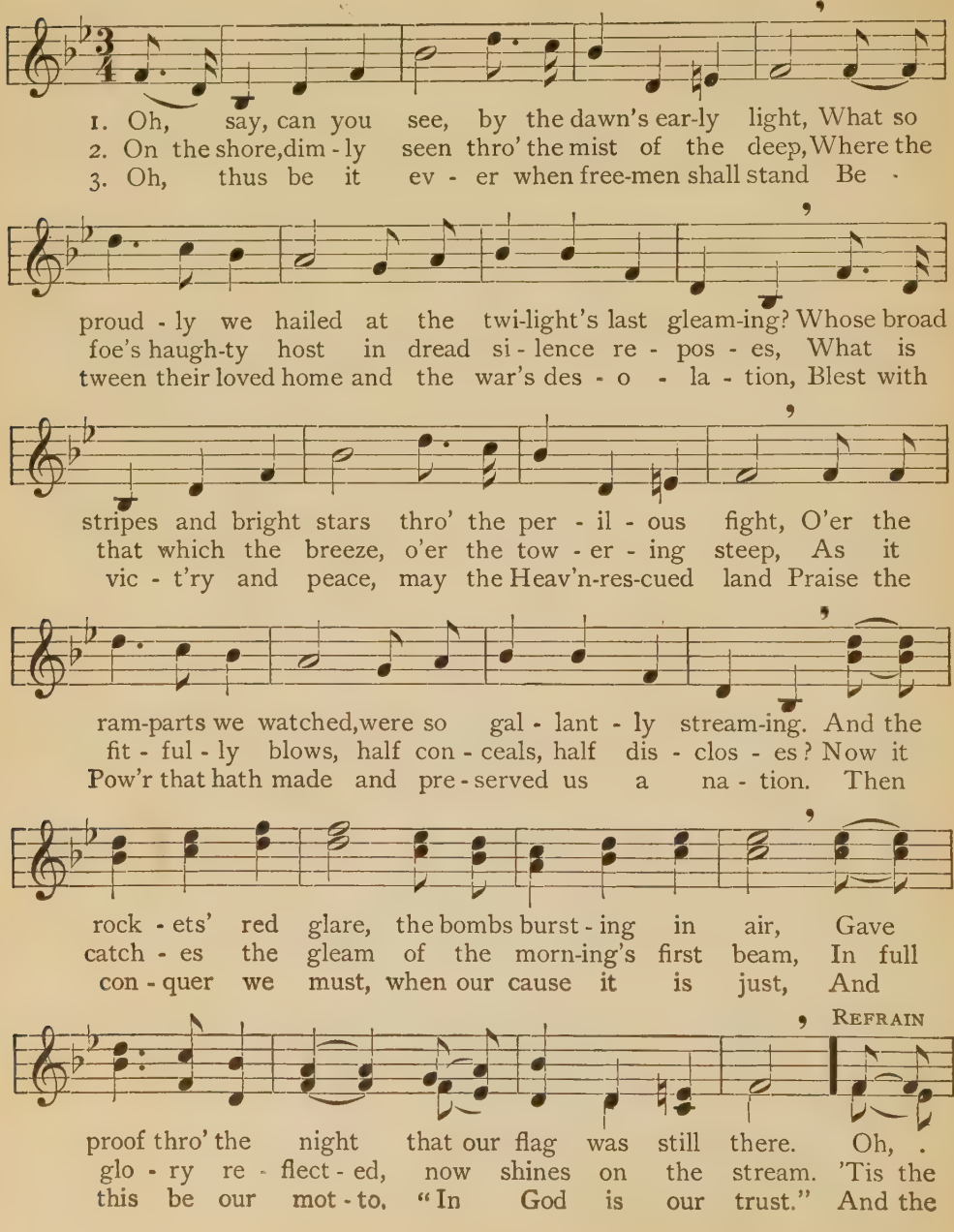
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

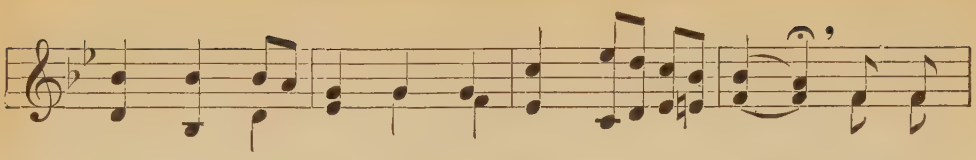
Felice de Giardini


1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy
2. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred
name . . to sing, Help us to praise!
wit - ness bear, In this glad hour!
Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,
Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart,
Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!

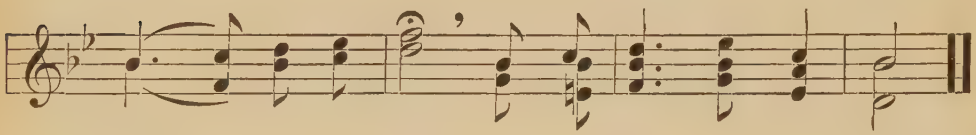
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
3. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-
proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is
tween their loved home and the war's des-o-la-tion, Blest with
stripes and bright stars thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
vic-t'ry and peace, may the Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the
ram-parts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing. And the
fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na-tion. Then
rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
REFRAIN
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh,
glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream. 'Tis the
this be our mot-to, "In God is our trust." And the



say, does the star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner, Oh, long may it wave O'er the
star-span-gled ban-ner, in ' tri-umph shall wave O'er the

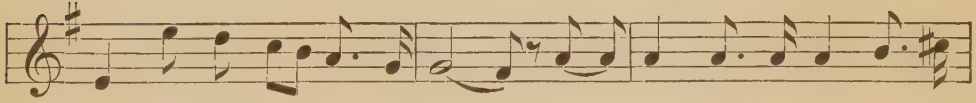


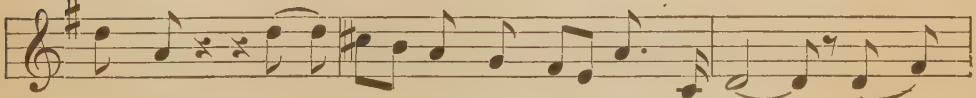
land . . of the free and the home of the brave!

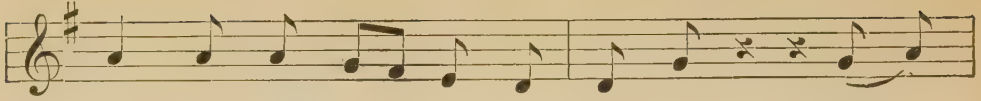
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

D. T. Shaw D. T. Shaw

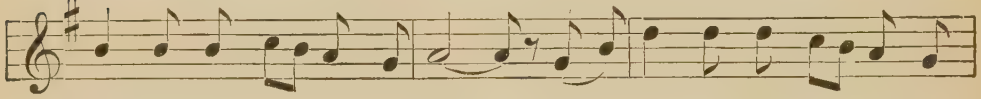
1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The
2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-

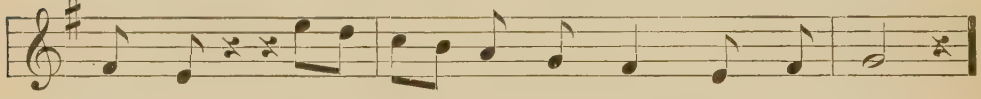


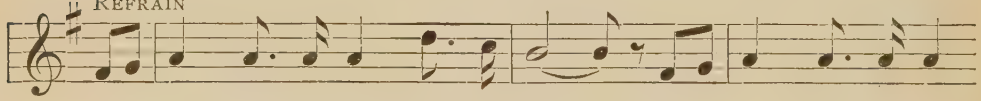
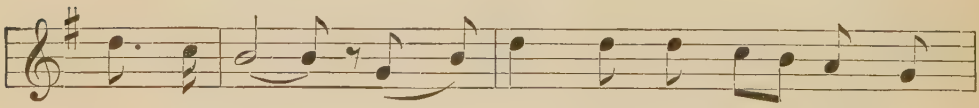
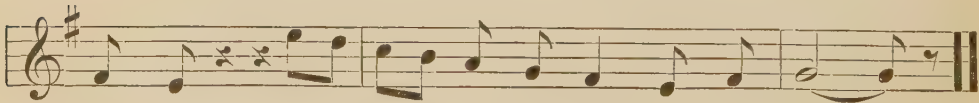
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa-triot's de-
threat-en'd the land to de-form, The ark then of freedom's foun-
lum-bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won never

vo-tion, A . world of-fers hom-age to thee! Thy
da-tion, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the
with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the



man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When
gar - land of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But



Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; Thy ban-ners make tyr - an - ny
proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proudly float-ing be -
hold to their col - ors so true; The Ar - my and Na - vy for -

trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

REFRAIN

When borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red,
The boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three cheers for the red,

white, and blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
white, and blue, With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
white, and blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for -

trem - ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

ITALIAN TERMS
COMMONLY USED IN MUSIC

Accelerando	(ăk-sĕl-ē̆r-*ăn*-dō)	Gradually faster
Ad libitum	(ăd-*lĭb*-ĭ-tŭm)	At pleasure
Adagio	(á-*dă*-jĭō)	Slow; leisurely
Al	(ăl)	To the
Alla	(*ăl*-lä)	In the style of
Allegretto	(äl-lā-*grĕt*-tō)	Slower than *Allegro*
Allegro	(äl-*lā*-grō)	Quick; lively
Andante	(än-*dăn*-tā)	Moderately slow
Andantino	(än-*dăn-tē*-nō)	Faster than *Andante*
Assai	(äs-*sä*-ē)	Very
Attacca	(ät-täk-kä)	Begin without pausing
Ben	(bĕn)	Well
Cantabile	(kän-*tä*-bē-lā)	In a singing style
Coda	(*kō*-dȧ)	A few closing measures
Col or *con*	(kŏl, kŏn)	With
Commodo	(*kŏm*-mō-dō)	Leisurely; convenient
Crescendo (*cresc.*)	(krê-*shĕn*-dō)	Gradually louder
Da Capo (*D.C.*)	(dä-*kä*-pō)	From the beginning
Dal Segno (*D.S.*)	(däl-*sā*-nyō)	From the sign 𝄋
Decrescendo	(dā-krĕ-*shĕn*-dō)	Gradually softer
Delicato	(dêl-ē-*kä*-tō)	Delicate
Di	(dē)	Of
Diminuendo (*dim.*)	(dĭ-mĭn-ū̆-*ĕn*-dō)	Gradually softer
Dolce	(*dōl*-tshā)	Sweet
E or *ed*	(ā or ād)	And
Espressivo	(ĕs-prĕs-*sē*-vō)	With expression
Fine	(*fē*-nā)	The end
Forte (*f*)	(*fôr*-tā)	Loud
Fortissimo (*ff*)	(fôr-*tĭs*-ĭ-mō)	Very loud
Giocoso	(jĭō-*kō*-sō)	Playful
Giojoso	(jĭō-*yō*-sō)	Joyfully
Grazioso	(grä-tsē-*ō*-sō)	Gracefully
Larghetto	(lär-*gĕt*-tō)	Less slow than *Largo*

Largo	(*lär*-gō)	Broad and slow
Legato	(lā-*gä*-tō)	"Bound"; smoothly
Leggiero	(lĕd-*jā*-rō)	Lightly
Lento	(*lĕn*-tō)	Slow
Ma	(mä)	But
Maestoso	(mä-ĕs-*tō*-sō)	Majestic
Marcato	(mär-*kä*-tō)	With emphasis
Marzia	(*mär*-tsē-ä)	A march
Marziale	(mär-tsē-*ä*-lĕ)	In a martial manner
Meno	(*mā*-nō)	Less
Menuetto	(mĕ-nōō-*ĕt*-tō)	A minuet
Mezzo (*m*)	(*mĕd*-zo)	Half; medium
Moderato	(mōd-ĕ-*rä*-tō)	In moderate tempo
Molto	(*mōl*-tō)	Much; very
Mosso	(*mô*s-sō)	Rapid
Moto	(*mō*-tō)	Motion
Non	(nŏn)	Not
Pianissimo (*pp*)	(pē-ä-*nĭs*-ĭ-mō)	Very soft
Piano (*p*)	(pē-*ä*-nō)	Soft
Piu	(pyōō)	More
Poco a poco	(*pō*-kō ä *pō*-kō)	Little by little
Presto	(*prĕs*-tō)	Very fast
Primo	(*prē*-mō)	First
Rallentando (*rall.*) *Ritardando* (*rit.*) *Ritenuto* (*riten.*)	(räl-lĕn-*tän*-dō) (rē-tär-*dän*-dō) (rē-tĕ-*nōō*-tō)	Gradually slower
Semplice	(sĕm-*plē*-tshĕ)	Simple; unaffected
Sempre	(*sĕm*-prā)	Always
Senza	(*sĕn*-tsä)	Without
Sforzando	(sfôr-*tsän*-dō)	Strongly accented
Simile	(*sē*-mē-lā)	In the same manner
Sostenuto	(sōs-tā-*nōō*-tō)	Sustained
Staccato	(stä-*kä*-tō)	Detached; separated
Tempo; a tempo	(*tĕm*-pō)	Time; in time
Tenuto	(tā-*nōō*-tō)	Hold the full value
Troppo	(*trôp*-pō)	Too much
Tutti	(*tōōt*-tē)	All together
Vigoroso	(vē-gō-*rō*-sō)	Energetic
Vivace	(vē-*vä*-tshĕ)	In a spirited manner

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